



# SONGS OF GLADNESS

FOR THE

## Sabbath School,

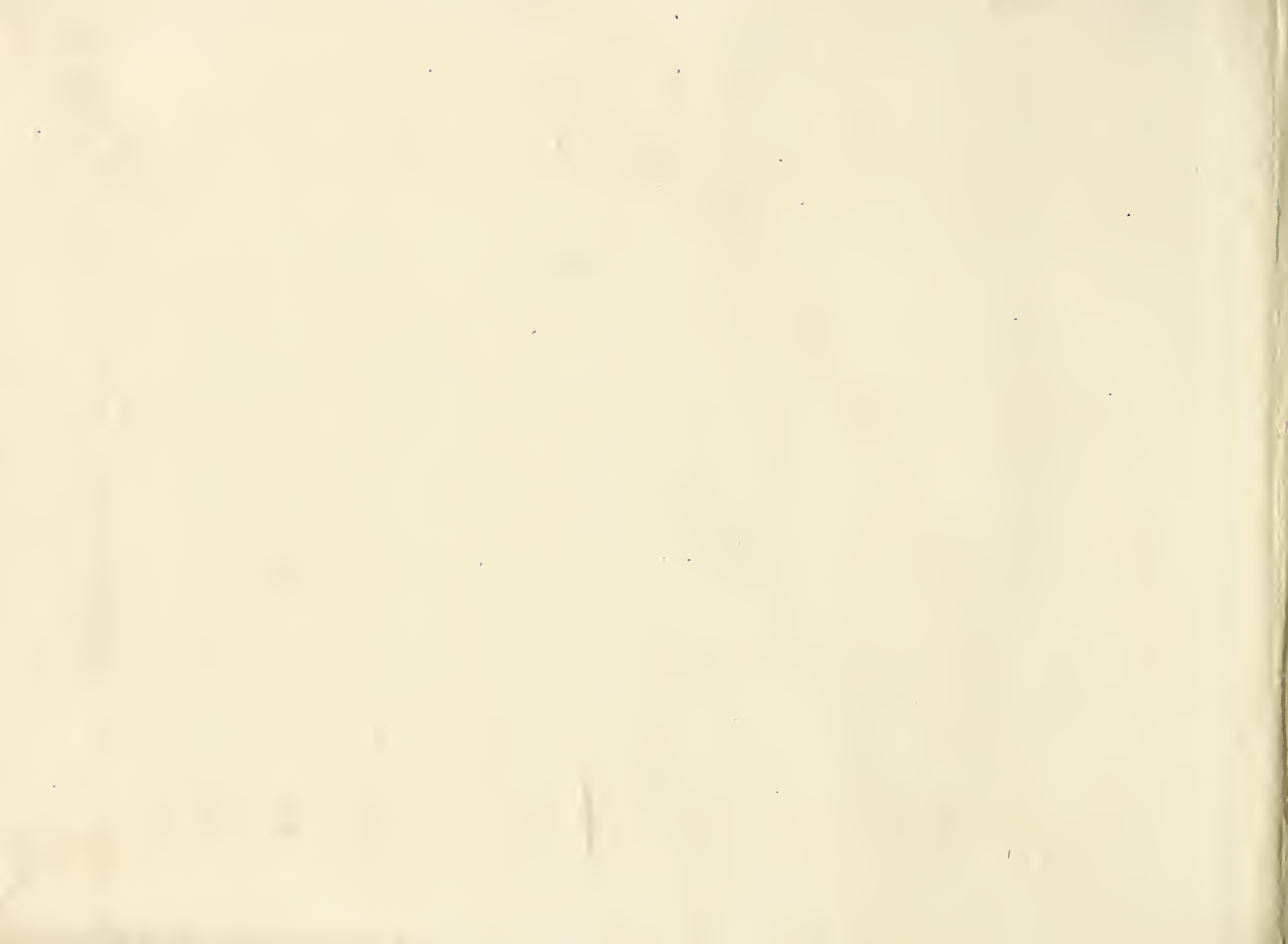
PRAYER MEETING,

AND CHOIR.

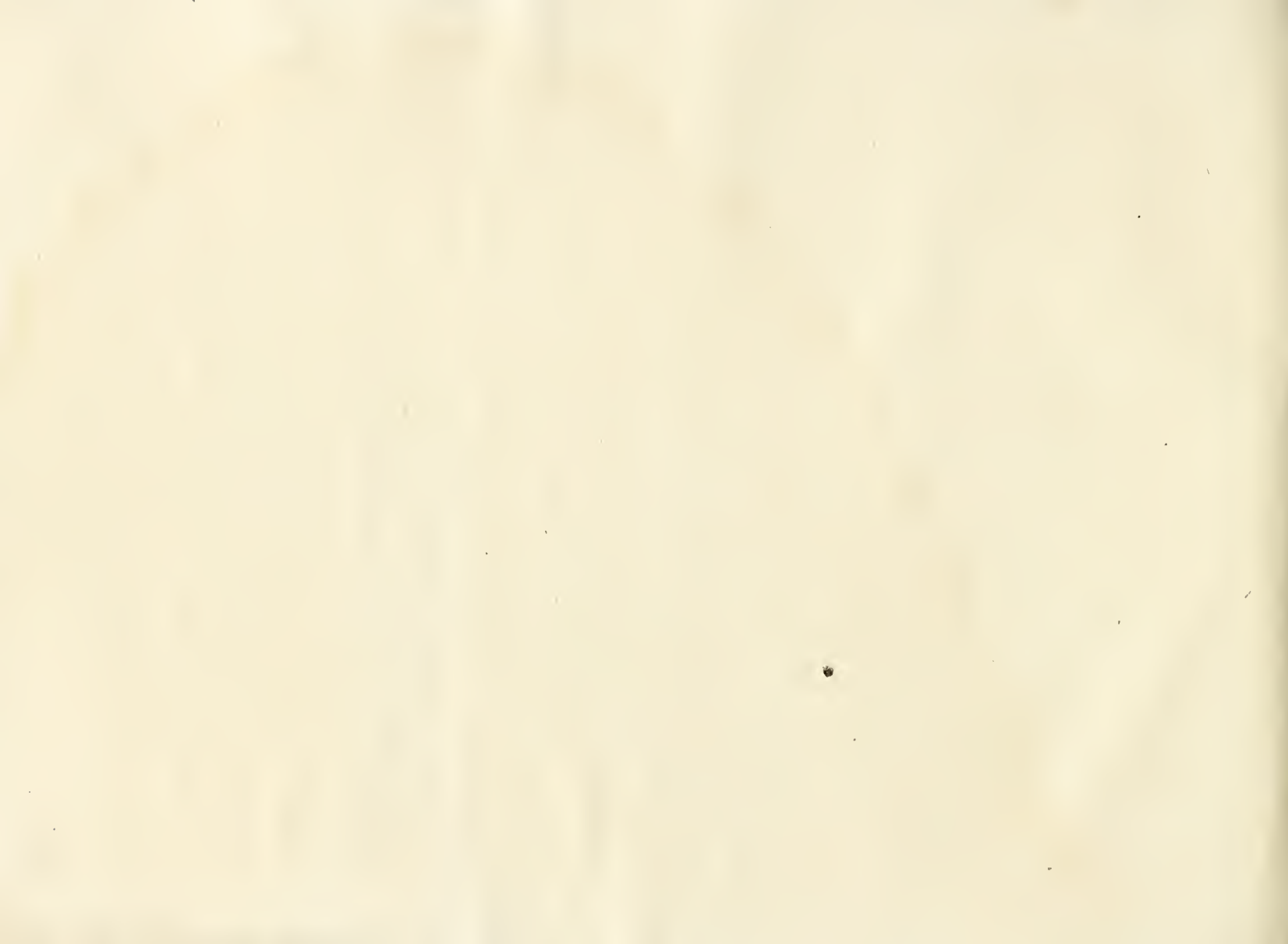
## By J. E. GOULD.

PHILADELPHIA:

Published by J. C. GARRIGUES & CO., 608 Arch Street.











Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2013

<http://archive.org/details/songsofgladnessf00goul>



# SONGS OF GLADNESS FOR THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

CONTAINING MUSIC AND HYMNS SUITED TO OVER  
THIRTY PURELY SABBATH-SCHOOL OCCASIONS.

ALSO A CHOICE SELECTION OF  
PRAYER-MEETING AND CHOIR TUNES,

WITH OVER

ONE HUNDRED OF THE CHOICEST OLD STANDARD HYMNS.

BY J. E. GOULD,

AUTHOR OF "SACRED CHORUS BOOK," "MODERN HARP," "TYROLEAN LYRE," "AMPHION," ETC.

---

PHILADELPHIA :

PUBLISHED BY J. C. GARRIGUES & CO., 608 ARCH STREET.  
FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

---

WITHOUT explaining why "SONGS OF GLADNESS" makes its appearance, and what it is expected to do—which would apply as well to any new book—we simply send it forth, well aware that if it is liked it will be used, but if not, it will be left in the obscurity it deserves.

We feel under great obligations to the contributors of both poetry and music, who are many, as will be seen by referring to the pages of the book. It has been made a special feature to obtain the names of authors, so far as possible, and give due credit—save in those cases where names are suppressed by special request—which every compiler should feel to be a sacred obligation. Still, we cannot satisfy a sense of duty without mentioning in particular the names of Drs. MASON and HASTINGS, and Mr. GEO. KINGSLEY, those living pillars of sacred music, who so long and so nobly have sustained the dignity and character of this part of church service. Nor can we pass without mentioning Mr. BRADBURY, who, in the midst of his labors, as one of the most faithful workers in the cause of Sabbath-school music, has ceased his work on earth for a brighter one above. It is only want of space—surely not of will—that prevents us from giving in full the names of both authors and publishers who have so generously aided in this work by their valuable contributions. Then, once for all, to these, as also to those for whose contributions room could not be found, we render our most hearty thanks.

Several new features will be noticed, such as arrangements for *male voices*; the disposition made of *old church tunes*; the special attention given to *chants*, etc., etc., making it an unusually complete book for all occasions, with an index concise and convenient.

Thus "SONGS OF GLADNESS" goes forth with the prayer that, with the aid of the Holy Spirit, it may bring *gladness* to many a heavy heart, and assist in pointing the erring into the way that leads to everlasting joy.

---

## COPYRIGHT NOTICE.

So common has become the habit of reprinting, without permission, copyright words and music, that the author feels called upon to say that *all* the matter contained in this work is his property, except the old standard hymns, and the poetry and tunes obtained by arrangement with owners of copyrights, and which bear the author's name or the work from which they are taken; and that any unauthorized use made of either words or music will render those thus infringing upon the copyright-law, liable to its provisions.

---

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by J. C. GARRIGUES & CO., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

---

# SONGS OF GLADNESS.

Words by Dr. J. D. VINTON.

*Joyous.*

1. Hark how the songs of Christian gladness Swell from our happy, youthful band! Not like the sounds of mingled madness Rising from a  
 2. *New SONGS OF GLADNESS* we are bringing, Cheer for the fearful, weak and sad; Sing! for the soul to Je - sus clinging Must be - come ex -

Chorus.

1st.

2d.

heathen land! { Come, come, come, singing SONGS OF GLADNESS! Let us all awake our loudest strains! }  
 ceed - ing glad! { He who soothes in the hour of sad - ness, (*Omit.*) . . . . . } In glad triumph ev - er reigns!

3. *Sweet SONGS OF GLADNESS* angel voices  
 Sing in that shining world above—  
 Yes, where the ransomed host rejoices  
 In a risen Saviour's love!

CHORUS.—Come, come, come, &c.

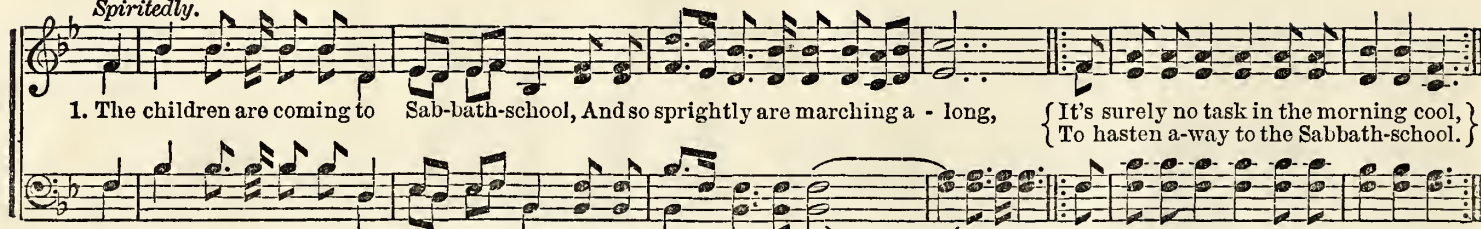
4. Then *SONGS OF GLADNESS* sing we ever,  
 Long as we dwell on earth below:  
 Some early day the ties will sever,  
 And with angels we will go.

CHORUS.—Come, come, come, &c.



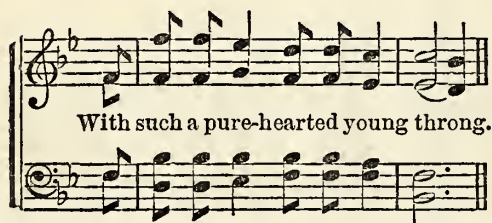
Words by DR. J. D. VINTON.  
*Spiritedly.*

# The Children are Coming.



1. The children are coming to Sab-bath-school, And so sprightly are marching a - long, { It's surely no task in the morning cool, }  
To hasten a-way to the Sabbath-school.

March - - ing along.



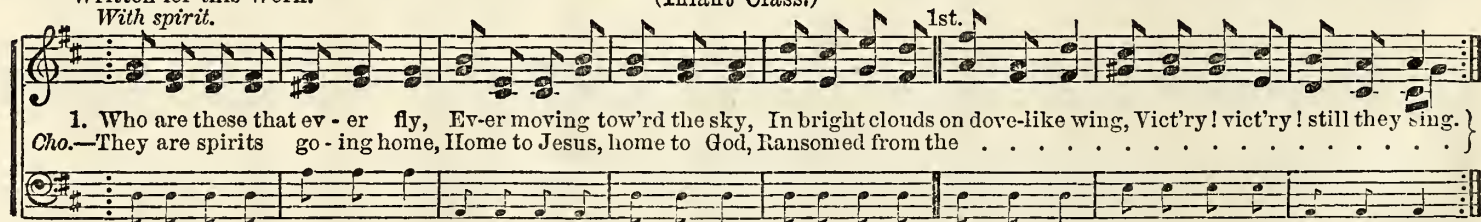
With such a pure-hearted young throng.

2. From mountain and valley they're gath'ring there,  
And their greetings, how cordial and free!  
Such smiling, sweet faces they always wear,  
And flock in such crowds to the house of prayer,  
Oh! who would not one of them be?
3. How happy such children must be to learn,  
Every Sabbath, from God's holy word,
- The way of salvation so many spurn,  
And bid the loved Spirit a glad return,  
Where Sabbath-school lessons are heard!  
Oh, children, be careful and ne'er do wrong,  
As to Sabbath-school early you go! [song;  
Praise God with the heart in the morning  
In prayer be attentive, in faith be strong;  
And thus in true holiness grow.

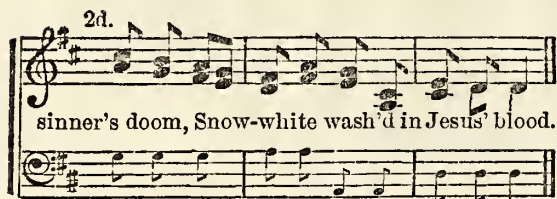
## Who are These?

Written for this Work.  
*With spirit.*

(Infant Class.)



1. Who are these that ev - er fly, Ev - er moving tow'rd the sky, In bright clouds on dove-like wing, Vict'ry! vict'ry! still they sing. }  
Cho.—They are spirits go - ing home, Home to Jesus, home to God, Ransomed from the . . . . .



2d.  
sinner's doom, Snow-white wash'd in Jesus' blood.

2. These at yonder pearly gate,  
Holy angels them await,  
Point them on to endless day;  
Tell me, tell me who are they?  
CHORUS.—They are spirits, &c.
3. Those who mantled like the sun,  
Cast their crowns before the throne,  
Singing ever as they shine,  
"Thou hast bought us, we are thine."  
CHORUS.—They are spirits, &c.



# "Day is Gone."

(Round.)

1. Day . . . . . is gone,  
 2. Night . . . . . has come;  
 3. When the day of life has flown, . . . . .  
 4. Heav'n be our home.

Words written for this Work.  
*Spiritedly.*

## Point High your Arrow!

1. Point high your arrow! Point high your arrow! Aim for a lofty prize, Yes, aim above the skies! Point high your arrow! Point high, &c.  
 2. Nor be ye sluggards! Nor be ye sluggards! Hard work will make you men, And fill your hands with gain, Not then be sluggards.

Bravely fight For God, for God and right; Work for his high wages, Work, work for everlasting ages.

# Opening Hymn. S. M.

5

Tune.—DENNIS, page 72.

1. JESUS, as now we come  
 Thy blessing to entreat,  
 Oh pour thy Holy Spirit down  
 On all who here shall meet.
2. And as we join in prayer,  
 Oh guide our hearts aright,  
 That we may for thy pardoning grace  
 In fervency unite.
3. Teach us with heart and voice  
 Thy sacred name to praise—  
 Thou who didst love when here below  
 The children's grateful lays.
4. Oh may thy precious truth  
 Be graven on each heart,  
 That we may now in early youth  
 From sinful ways depart.—H. T. B.

3. //: Leave wrong to cowards,//:  
 Weaklings of mind and heart  
 That dare no manly part—  
 //: Leave wrong to cowards. //:  
 Bravely fight, &c.
4. //: Be true and honest! //:  
 Falsehood will bring to shame,  
 And fraud will blight the name!  
 //: Be true and honest! //:  
 Bravely fight, &c.

# Little Pebble.

(The *Question* by the whole school: the *Reply* by semi-chorus, or single voice.)

Arranged for this Work.

*Ques.* { Oh, what can you tell, lit - tle peb - ble, lit - tle peb - ble, Oh, what can you tell, lit - tle peb - ble by the sea? The  
*Reply.* { Oh, it is the love of my Fath - er up in hea - ven, The God who hath made for his glo - ry you and me, And

se - cret of your si - lent life, Now whisper it to me!  
 ev' - ry day I show his praise, In silence by the sea. D. C.

2. Oh, what can you tell, little flower, little flower,  
 Oh, what can you tell little flower on the lea?  
 The secret of your sweet perfume,  
 Now whisper it to me!

(*Reply.*) Oh, it is the love of my Father up in heaven,  
 The God who hath made for his glory you and me;  
 And every day I breathe his praise  
 In fragrance on the lea.

The secret of your happy smile,  
 Now whisper it to me!

(*Reply.*) Oh, it is the love of my Father up in heaven,  
 The God who hath made for his glory you and me;  
 And every day I seek his face  
 Upon my bended knee!

## FULL CHORUS.

Oh, thus to the love of our Father up in heaven,  
 The God who hath made for his glory all we see,  
 The praise of all things here is given,  
 And evermore shall be!

3 Oh, what can you tell, little warbler, little warbler,  
 Oh, what can you tell, little warbler on the lea?  
 The secret of your joyous song,  
 Now whisper it to me!

(*Reply.*) Oh, it is the love of my Father up in heaven,  
 The God who hath made for his glory you and me;  
 And every day I sing his praise  
 Upon the summer tree.

4. Oh, what can you tell, little prattler, little prattler,  
 Oh, what can you tell, little prattler on my knee?

1. SAY, brothers, will you meet us, &c.  
 On Canaan's happy shore?

2. By the grace of God we'll meet you, &c.  
 Where parting is no more.

3. Jesus lives and reigns for ever, &c.  
 On Canaan's happy shore.

4. Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c  
 For ever, evermore.

# My Home in Heaven.

7

Words by E. C. T.  
*Happily.*

(Quartette.)

J. E. GOULD.  
FINE. SEMI-CHO.

1. { D.C. Come, come to that home in heav'n a - bove, Ap-point-ed for all . . . by Je - sus' love; } Then early to  
The Saviour will be . . . your guide and stay, For he is the life, . . . the truth and way. } Then

Come, come to that home in heav'n a - bove,  
The Saviour will be your guide and stay,

Ap-point-ed for all by Je - sus' love;  
For he is the life, the truth and way.

Then ear-ly to

DUETT. *f* CHO.

Je - - - - sus, chil-dren, come, That heaven may be . . . your hap - py home, For ev-er your hap-py, your happy  
Ear - ly to Je - - sus, chil - dren, come, oh, come,

Je - - - - - sus, chil - dren, come,

home, your happy home, your happy home, your happy home, your hap - py home. D.C.

2. The rainbow around the  
throne shall be;  
Before it shall shine the  
crystal sea;  
And there, in the streets of  
purest gold,  
The leaves of the tree of  
life unfold.

3. There sounds of sweet music greet the ear,  
The harping of harpers, soft and clear,  
The voice of the angels borne along  
To join in the new triumphal song.

4. The ransomed ones there from every land  
Shall sing, as around the throne they stand,  
Salvation, and power, and glory be,  
Our Maker and Saviour, unto thee.



## Sitting at the Feet of Jesus. 8, 7.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus, Oh what words I hear him say! Hap-py place! so near, so precious!  
 For his love has been so gracious,

*rit. tem.*

May it find me there each day! Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus, I would look up - on the past;  
 It has won my heart at last.

*FINE. dolce. rit. D. C. &*

2. Sitting at the feet of Jesus,  
 Where can mortal be more blest?  
 There I lay my sins and sorrows,  
 And, when weary, find sweet rest;  
 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,  
 There I love to weep and pray  
 While I from his fullness gather  
 Grace and comfort every day.

3. Bless me, O my Saviour! bless me,  
 As I sit low at thy feet;  
 Oh look down in love upon me;  
 Let me see thy face so sweet.  
 Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus;  
 Make me holy as he is;  
 May I prove I've been with Jesus,  
 Who is all my righteousness!

## SECOND HYMN.

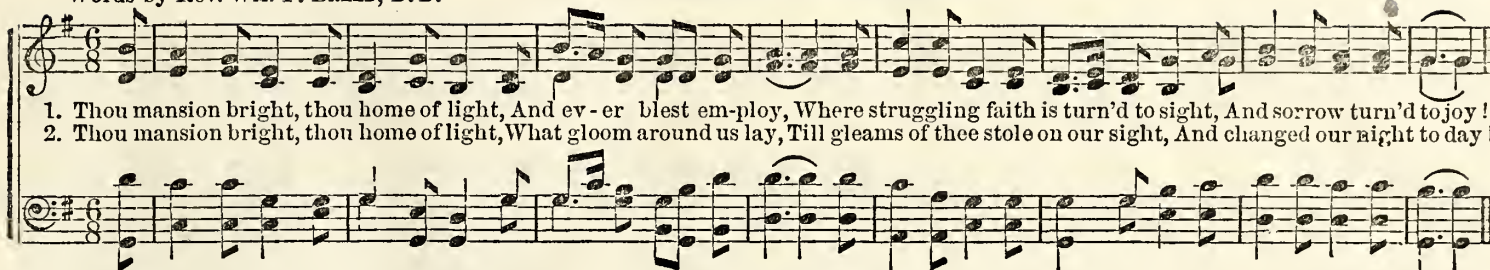
1. TAKE my heart, O Father! take it;  
 Make and keep it all thine own;  
 Let thy spirit melt and break it;  
 Turn to flesh this heart of stone.  
 Heavenly Father, deign to mould it  
 In obedience to thy will;  
 And, as passing years unfold it,  
 Keep it meek and childlike still.

2. Father, make it pure and lowly,  
 Peaceful, kind and far from strife,  
 Turning from the paths unholy  
 Of this vain and sinful life.  
 May the blood of Jesus heal it,  
 And its sins be all forgiven:  
 Holy Spirit, take and seal it;  
 Guide it in the path of heaven.

# Thou Mansion Bright!

9

Words by Rev. WM. P. BREED, D. D.



1. Thou mansion bright, thou home of light, And ev - er blest em - ploy, Where struggling faith is turn'd to sight, And sorrow turn'd to joy!  
2. Thou mansion bright, thou home of light, What gloom around us lay, Till gleams of thee stole on our sight, And changed our night to day!

Chorus.



There Je - sus sits en - throned, And saints and an - gels round, Ring out the joy - ous psalm, Of Mo - ses and the Lamb.

3. Thou mansion bright, thou home of light,  
By Jesus' hand prepared,  
How can I lose thee from my sight,  
By worldly magic snared?

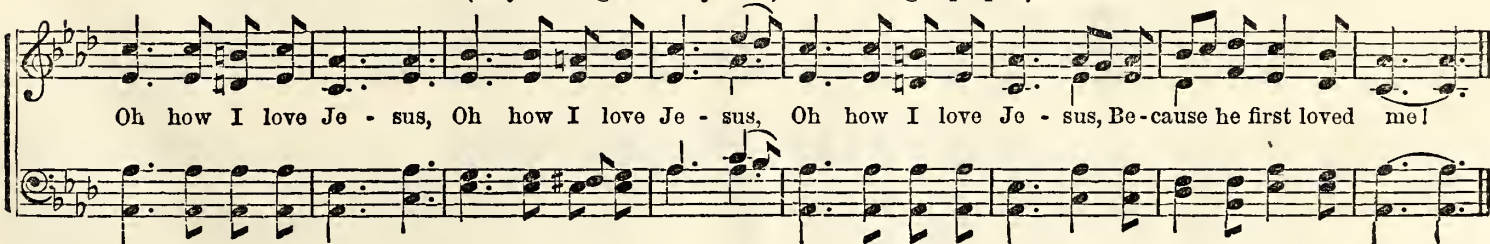
CHORUS.—There Jesus sits, &c.

4. Thou mansion bright, thou home of light,  
I long, I long for thee:  
I long to tread the margin bright  
Along the emerald sea.

CHORUS.—There Jesus sits, &c.

## Oh! how I Love Jesus!

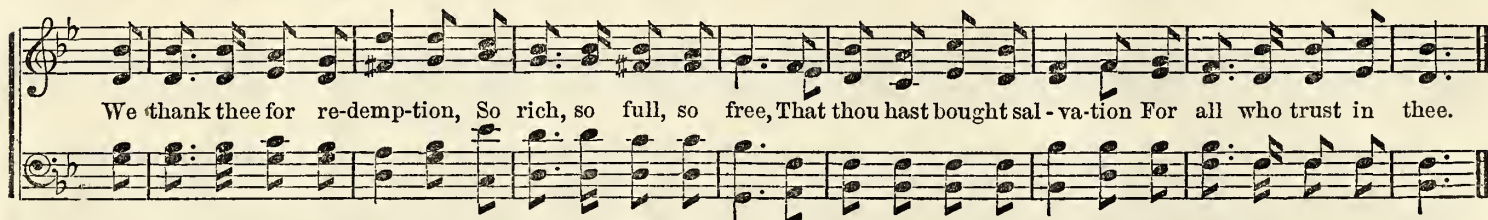
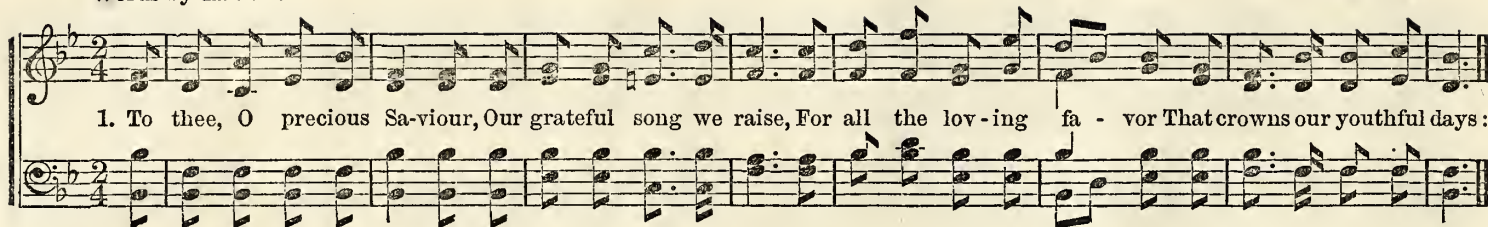
(May be sung after any tune, where thought proper.)



Oh how I love Je - sus, Oh how I love Je - sus, Oh how I love Je - sus, Be - cause he first loved me!

## Youthful Days. 7, 6.

Words by H. T. B.



2. We thank thee for the Sabbath,  
The holy day of rest,  
That comes with healing powers,  
To weary ones oppressed:  
It whispers of another,  
A brighter day to come,  
Whose sun shall know no setting  
In that eternal home.

3. We thank thee for our teachers,  
Those messengers of love;  
Who meet us every Sabbath  
And try our souls to move

With love to our Redeemer,  
Who once was crucified,  
That we might be forgiven,  
And sheltered near his side.

4. We thank thee for our pastor,  
The holy man of God,  
Who seeks to lead us early  
To tread the narrow road.  
Oh may thy richest blessing  
Still crown our labors here,  
And may we then in heaven  
United all appear!

## SECOND HYMN. 7, 6. (Sabbath Morning.)

1. THINE holy day's returning  
Our hearts exult to see,  
And, with devotion burning,  
Ascend, our God, to thee.

To-day, with purest pleasure,  
Our thoughts from earth withdraw;  
We search for sacred treasure,  
We learn thy holy law.—RAY PALMER.



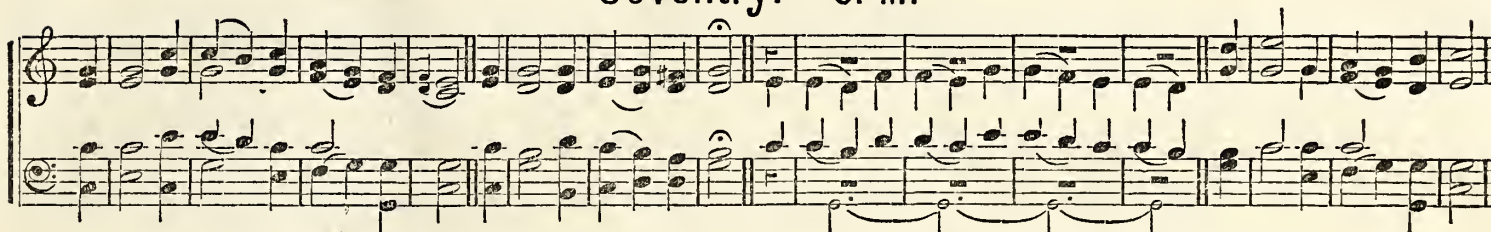
# Second Hymn.—Concluded.

11

We join to sing thy praises,  
God of the Sabbath day!  
Each voice in gladness raises  
Its loudest, sweetest lay.

Thy richest mercies sharing,  
Oh fill us with thy love,  
By grace our souls preparing  
For nobler praise above.—RAY PALMER.

## Coventry. C. M.



1. Oh could our thoughts and wishes fly  
Above these gloomy shades,  
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,  
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
2. There joys unseen by mortal eyes,  
Or reason's feeble ray,  
In ever-blooming prospect rise,  
Unconscious of decay.
3. Lord, send a beam of light divine,  
To guide our upward aim!  
With one reviving touch of thine  
Our languid hearts inflame.—STEELE.

1. I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
Come unto me and rest:  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon my breast.
2. I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in him a resting-place,  
And he has made me glad.
3. I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that light of life I'll walk  
Till traveling days are done.—BONAR.

From "Modern Harp."  
*Tenderly.*

## Kedron Chant. C. M.

J. E. GOULD.



# Pisgah's Mountain.

(Our Loved Ones in Heaven.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

From "Fresh Laurels," by permission.

1. Joy - ful a-way to Pisgah's mountain, Borne on the wings of faith, we soar; Sweet - ly we hear the ech - o ring-ing,  
 2. Christians, be-hold the hill of Zi - on, See where our purest treasure lies; Work for the Lord, what-e'er our tri - als,

Hap - py voices on the oth - er shore. Hark! they sing, in the bright vales of E-den, Songs of praise to the Lamb that was slain;  
 Oh be faithful, we shall win the prize. Crown'd with light in a man - sion of beauty, We shall dwell with the pure and the blest,

CHORUS.— Would you sit by the banks of the riv - er, With the friends you have loved by your side?  
 Round his throne with the martyrs they gather, There u - nit - ed for ev - er to reign.  
 We shall sing with the faithful in glo - ry, Where the weary for ev - er shall rest.

Would you join in the songs of the an - gels? Then be ready to fol - low your guide.

3. We're pressing on with eager longing,  
 Yes, pressing toward the swelling tide;  
 Jesus will bear us safely over,  
 We shall anchor on the other side.  
 Saved by grace to his kingdom exalted,  
 When the billows of Jordan are passed,  
 We shall sing with the friends we have  
 cherished,  
 Glory, glory, we're home, home at last.

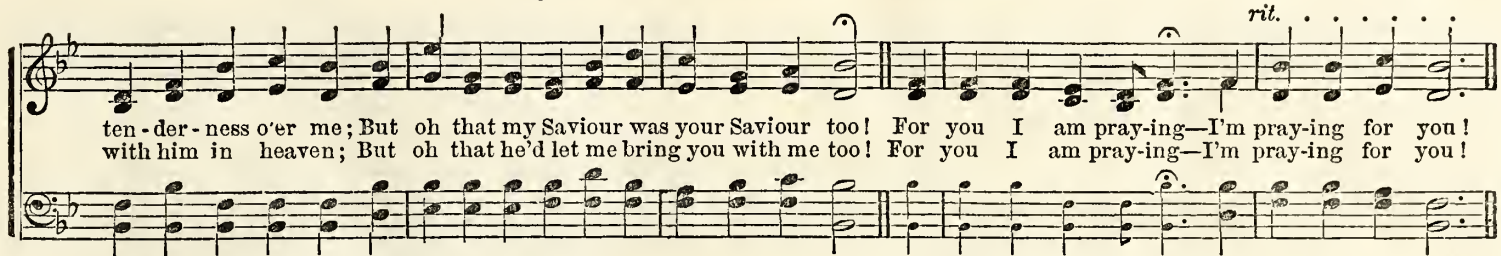
CHORUS.— Would you sit, &c.

## Praying for You.

With expression.

1. I have a Sa-viour—he's pleading in glo - ry, So precious, tho' earthly enjoyments be few; And now he is watching in  
 2. I have a Fa-ther—to me he has giv - en A hope for e - ter - ni - ty, precious and true; And soon will my spirit be





ten - der - ness o'er me; But oh that my Saviour was your Saviour too! For you I am pray-ing—I'm pray-ing for you!  
with him in heaven; But oh that he'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am pray-ing—I'm pray-ing for you!

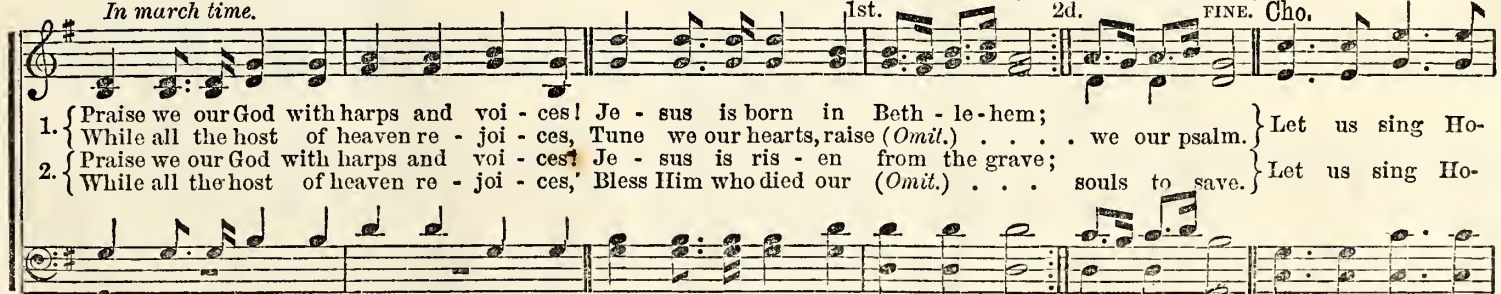
3. I have a Robe—'tis resplendent in whiteness—  
Awaiting in glory my wandering view;  
Oh when I'll receive it, all shining in brightness,  
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!  
For I am praying—I'm praying for you.

4. I have a Peace, and it's calm as a river—  
A peace that the friend of the world never knew;  
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver;  
But oh could I know it was given to you!  
For you I am praying—I'm praying for you!

Words written for this Work.  
*In march time.*

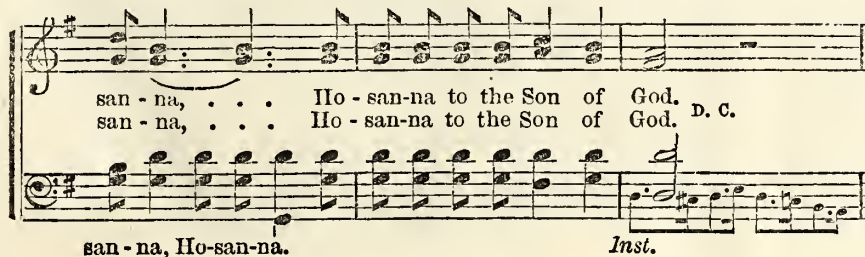
## "Praise we our God."

(Easter or Christmas.)



1. { Praise we our God with harps and voi - ces! Je - sus is born in Beth - le - hem;  
While all the host of heaven re - joi - ces, Tune we our hearts, raise (*Omit.*) . . . . we our psalm. } Let us sing Ho -  
2. { Praise we our God with harps and voi - ces! Je - sus is ris - en from the grave;  
While all the host of heaven re - joi - ces, Bless Him who died our (*Omit.*) . . . . souls to save. } Let us sing Ho -

d. c. Praise we our God with harps and voi - ces, Je - sus is born in . . . . . Beth - le - hem. Let us sing Ho -



san - na, . . . . Ho - san - na to the Son of God.  
san - na, . . . . Ho - san - na to the Son of God. d. c.

san - na, Ho - san - na. *Inst.*

3. Praise we our God with harps and voices!  
Jesus ascends above the sky;  
While all the host of heaven rejoices,  
We, too, will lift our praises high.  
CHORUS.—Let us sing, &c.

4. Praise we our God with harps and voices!  
Jesus now sits upon his throne!  
While all the host of heaven rejoices,  
We at his feet will cast our crown.  
CHORUS.—Let us sing, &c.

Words by Rev. PETER STRYKER, D.D.  
*Cheerfully.*

# Hear the Voice of Jesus.

GIRLS.

1. Hear the voice of Je-sus, in mel-o-dy and love, Calling to the lit-tle ones, come to my home above; The world's fol-ly leaving, oh  
 2. Come with every burden, and I will give you rest; Take my yoke upon you, and you'll be forever blest, For my yoke is eas-y, my  
 3. Come in life's glad morning; oh wait not for the noon; Tarry not till evening's shade; ye cannot come too soon; Your hearts now are tender,

Chorus. *f*

GIRLS.

Boys.

early tread the way Leading to the realms of endless day. . . . . We hear, dear Saviour, thy gentle voice; Happy, most happy, we  
 burden very light: Come, oh come where all is fair and bright. {  
 will you not believe? Come, dear ones, my grace ye shall receive. *Chor. for 2d Hymn.*  
 Welcome, most welcome, bright Christmas morn, Welcome, most welcome, the

To the realms . . . . . of endless day.  
 Come, oh come . . . . . where all is bright.  
 Come, my grace . . . . . ye shall receive.

CHO.

make the blessed choice; With praise we are coming to tread the ho-ly way To the realms of end-less day. . . . .  
 day our Christ was born, With God's ho-ly an-gels, send round the joy-ous strain, "Peace on earth, good-will to men." . . . . .  
 To the realms . . . . . of endless day.

## SECOND HYMN. (Christmas Carol.)

1. On this Christmas morning so beautiful and bright,  
 While our friends are with us and our hearts are gay and light,  
 With sweet songs of gladness most joyfully we'll sing  
 Praises to the Lord our Saviour King.

CHORUS.—Welcome, most welcome, &c.

2. Come, dear friends and schoolmates, join our happy song,  
 Help us now our Saviour's praise to ring out and prolong;  
 Oh come, then, oh come, swell our happy Christmas lay;  
 Christ, our Lord and King, was born to-day,

CHORUS.—Welcome, most welcome, &c.

3. Welcome, friends and schoolmates, and welcome, parents dear;  
All who love the blessed Saviour, all are welcome here;  
With full hearts and voices come join us while we sing  
Honors, honors to the new-born King.

CHORUS.—Welcome, most welcome, &c.

4. Banish now all sorrow, put trouble far away,  
Let us all be full of joy this happy Christmas day;  
To heaven's bright portals let heartfelt thanks be borne  
For this happy, happy Christmas morn.

CHORUS.—Welcome, most welcome, &c.—A. M. S.

## No Crumb for Me?

Words by REV. WM. P. BREED, D. D.

*Duett.*

*Cho.*

J. E. GOULD.



1. { Passing, Lord, by vale and mountain, Highway, byway, thro' the land, } None for me? None for me?  
Bringing wine from Calv'ry's fountain, Bread from God's free-giving hand: } Drop one pitying crumb for me!

2. On, dear Lord, pursue thy mission  
To the lost of Israel:  
Yet give ear to my petition,  
Pitying Immanuel!  
None for me, &c.

3. "Not to dogs—the bread of children"—  
No, dear Lord, *that* may not be;

But to dogs the crumbs are given,  
Is there then no crumb for me?  
None for me, &c.

4. Wretched, wayworn, grief-o'ertaken,  
Low at thy kind feet I bow,  
Hungry, naked, blind, forsaken,  
Jesus, feed me—feed me now! None for, &c.

## SECOND HYMN.

1. CHILDREN, hear the Saviour's accents,  
As they fall so tenderly;  
Sweet the sound and full the blessing—  
Little children, come to me.  
Come to me, come to me,  
Little children, come to me.

2. "Though disciples may forbid you,  
Though the world averse shall be,  
Though the tempter's hosts surround you,  
Little children, come to me.  
Come to me, come to me, &c.

3. "Come and early share the blessings  
Of my grace, so rich and free:  
Ere the storms of life o'ertake you,  
Little, children, come to me.  
Come to me, come to me," &c.

4. Lord, we will obey the summons,  
Early to thy cross we flee;  
Make us thine, dear Saviour, only,  
Gladly will we come to thee.  
Come to thee, come to thee,  
Gladly will we come to thee.—H. T. B.



# Make Haste to Live.

Words by H. BONAR, D.D.

(Suitable for opening piece.)

J. E. GOULD.

*Slowly.*

1. Make haste, make haste, O man, to live, For thou so soon must die; Time hurries past thee like the breeze; How swift its moments  
2. To breathe, to breathe and wake, and sleep, To smile, to sigh, to grieve, To move in idleness thro' earth—This, this is not to

*rit.*  
fly! Make haste, make haste, O man, to live!  
live! Make haste, make haste, O man, to live!

3. Up, then, up, then, with speed, and work;  
Fling ease and self away;  
This is no time for thee to sleep;  
Up! watch, and work, and pray.  
Make haste, make haste, O man, to live!

4. The useful, useful—not the great—  
The thing that never dies,  
The silent toil that is not lost,  
Set these before thine eyes.  
Make haste, make haste, O man, to live!

## Jewels.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Chorus. From "Chapel Gems," by permission.

*Moderato.*

1st.

2d.

1. { When He com-eth, when He com-eth, To make up his jew-els,  
All his jew-els, precious jew-els, His loved and his . . . own, } Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown a-

dorn-ing, They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems for his crown.

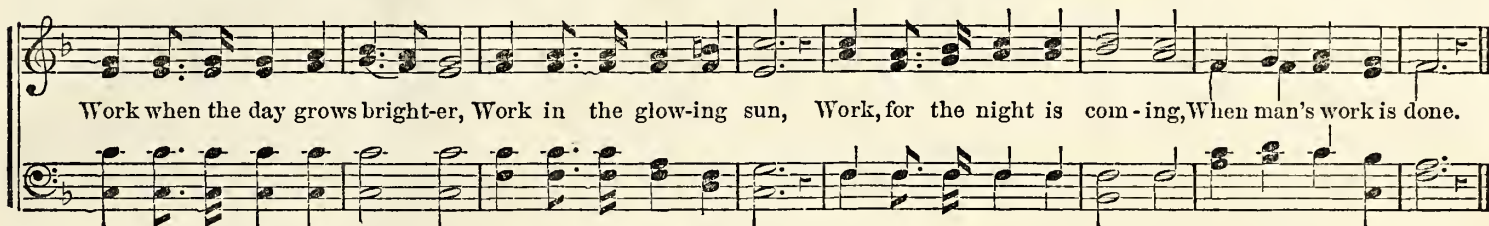
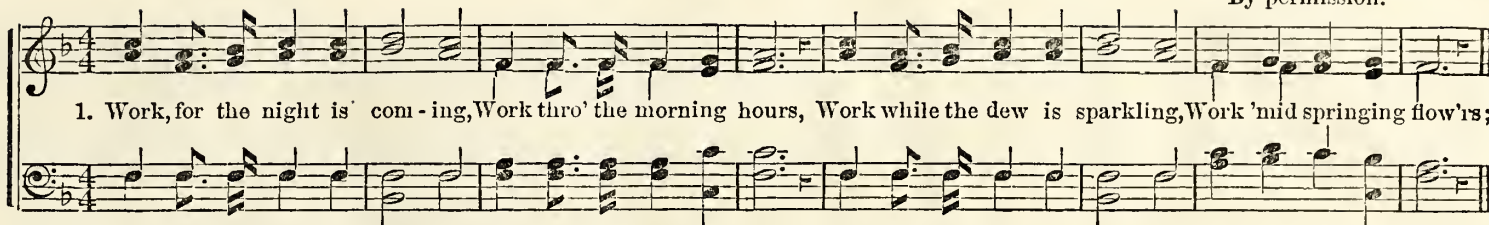
2. He will gather, He will gather  
The gems for his kingdom;  
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,  
His loved and his own.—CHORUS.

3. Little children, little children,  
Who love their Redeemer,  
Are the jewels, precious jewels,  
His loved and his own.—CHORUS.



# Work, for the Night is Coming.

From "Song Garden." 17  
By permission.



2. Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon;  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

3. Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies:  
Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work while the night is dark'ning,  
When man's work is o'er.

## SECOND HYMN. L. M.

Tune.—FEDERAL STREET.

1. We are but young, yet we may sing  
The praises of our heavenly King;  
He made the earth, the sea, the sky,  
And all the starry worlds on high.

2. We are but young, yet we have heard  
The gospel news, the heavenly Word;  
If we despise the only way,  
Dreadful will be the judgment day.

3. We are but young, yet we must die,  
Perhaps our latter end is nigh;  
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,  
And find in Christ a hiding place!

4. We are but young—we need a guide,  
Jesus, in thee we would confide;  
Oh, lead us in the path of truth!  
Protect and bless our helpless youth.

## Beautiful River.

Words and music by REV. R. LOWRY  
By permission.

1. Shall we gather at the river Where bright angel feet have trod, With its crystal tide for ever Flowing by the throne of God?

Chorus.  
Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river—Gather with the saints at the river That flows by the throne of God.

2. On the margin of the river,  
Washing up its silver spray,  
We will walk and worship ever,  
All the happy, golden day.  
CHORUS.—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

3. Ere we reach the shining river,  
Lay we every burden down;  
Grace our spirits will deliver,  
And provide a robe and crown.  
CHORUS.—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

4. At the smiling of the river,  
Mirror of the Saviour's face,  
Saints whom death will never sever  
Lift their songs of saving grace.  
CHORUS.—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

5. Soon we'll reach the silver river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.  
CHORUS.—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

## SECOND HYMN.

Tune.—GREENVILLE.

1. SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:  
All will come to desolation,  
Unless thou return again.  
Keep no longer at a distance,—  
Shine upon us from on high,  
Lest, for want of thine assistance,  
Every plant should droop and die.

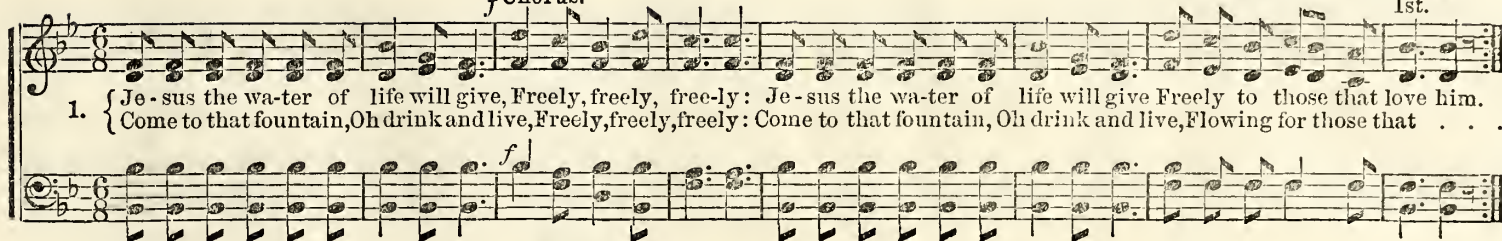
2. Let our mutual love be fervent,  
Make us prevalent in prayers;  
Let each one esteem'd thy servant  
Shun the world's enticing snares.  
Break the tempter's fatal power;  
Turn the stony heart to flesh;  
And begin, from this good hour,  
To revive thy work afresh.—NEWTON.

# The Water of Life.

19

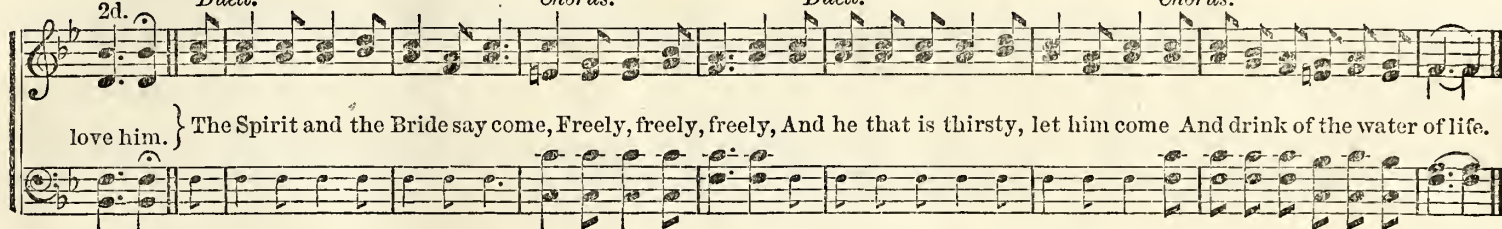
WM. B. BRADBURY.  
From "Fresh Laurels," by permission.

*f* Chorus. 1st.



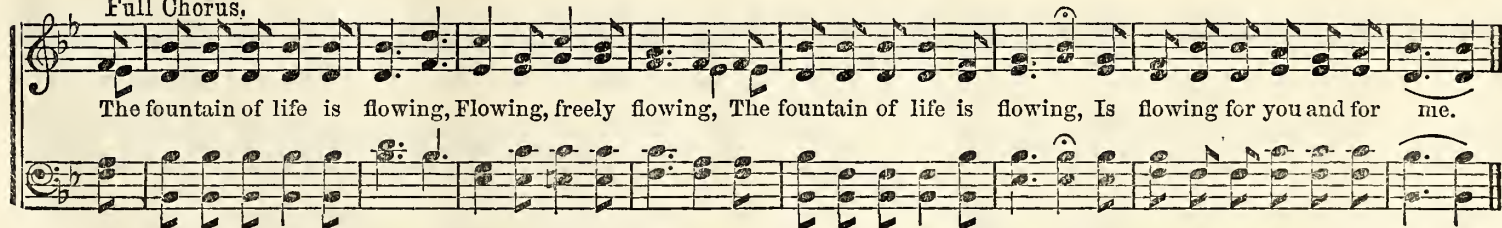
1. { Je-sus the wa-ter of life will give, Freely, freely, free-ly: Je-sus the wa-ter of life will give Freely to those that love him.  
Come to that fountain, Oh drink and live, Freely, freely, freely: Come to that fountain, Oh drink and live, Flowing for those that . . .

2d. Duett. Chorus. Duett. Chorus.



love him. } The Spirit and the Bride say come, Freely, freely, freely, And he that is thirsty, let him come And drink of the water of life.

Full Chorus.



The fountain of life is flowing, Flowing, freely flowing, The fountain of life is flowing, Is flowing for you and for me.

2. Jesus has promised a home in heaven,  
Freely, freely, freely,  
Jesus has promised a home in heaven  
Freely to those who love him;  
Treasures unfading will there be given,  
Freely, freely, freely,  
Treasures unfading will there be given,  
Freely to those that love him. CHO.—The Spirit, &c.
3. Jesus has promised a robe of white  
Freely, freely, freely,  
Jesus has promised a robe of white,  
Freely to those that love him;

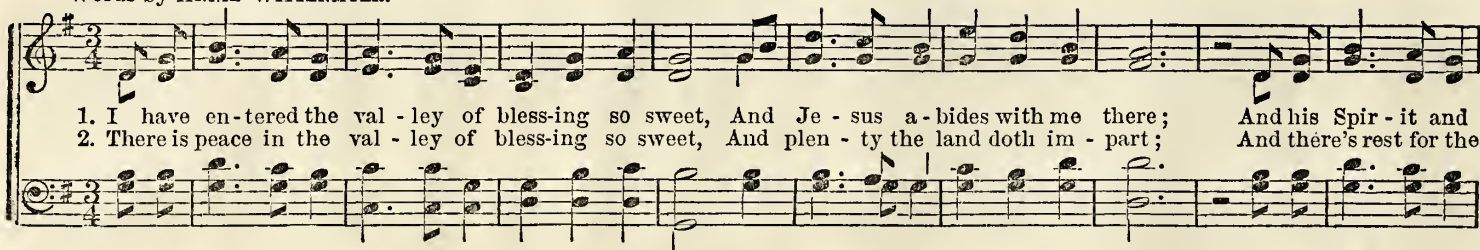
- Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,  
Freely, freely, freely,  
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light  
Freely to those that love him. CHO.—The Spirit, &c.
4. Jesus has promised a calm repose,  
Freely, freely, freely,  
Jesus has promised a calm repose  
Freely to all that love him;  
Come to the water of life that flows,  
Freely, freely, freely,  
Come to the water of life that flows  
Freely to all that love him. CHO.—The Spirit, &c.



## The Valley of Blessing.

Music by WM. G. FISCHER.

Words by ANNIE WITTENMYER.

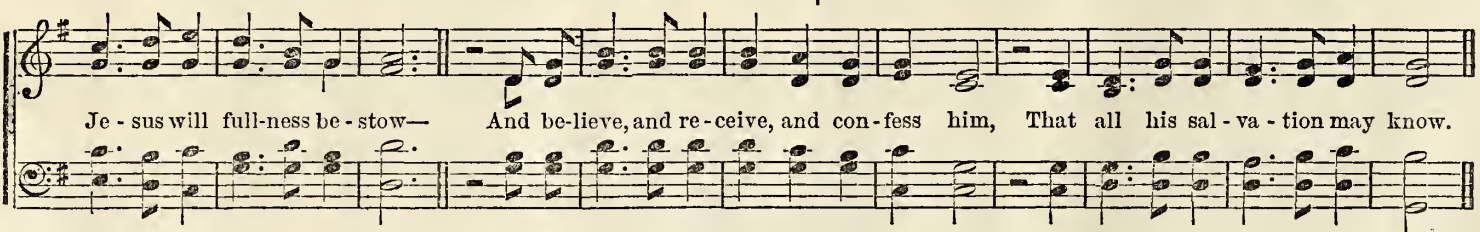


1. I have en-tered the val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, And Je - sus a-bides with me there; And his Spir - it and  
2. There is peace in the val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, And plen - ty the land doth im - part; And there's rest for the

Chorus.



blood make my cleansing complete, And his per-fect love casteth out fear. Oh come to this val - ley of blessing so sweet, Where  
wea - ry - worn trav-el - er's feet, And joy for the sor-rowing heart.



Je - sus will full-ness be - stow— And be-lieve, and re-ceive, and con-fess him, That all his sal - va - tion may know.

3. There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,  
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;  
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,  
And Christ sets his covenant seal.  
CHORUS.—Oh come to this valley, &c.

4. There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet  
That angels would fain join the strain—  
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at his feet,  
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."  
CHORUS.—Oh come to this valley, &c.

## 4th and 5th Verses of "LOOK UP!" (See page 21.)

4. Around us, see! see what a throng,  
At every breath is crying "spare!"  
On every gale awake the song,  
"Look up, for God is there!"

5. When this rough sea we shall have passed,  
When rest our barks in heaven fair,  
No more our cry will fill the blast,  
"Look up," for God is there!

# Look Up!

21

Words by DR. J. D. VINTON.

(Suitable for opening piece.)

The musical score for 'Look Up!' is written for a piano. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic at the beginning and a piano 'p' dynamic later. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the bass.

1. As thro' the storms of life we ride, And guide our mor-tal barks with care, Our fainting hearts, with humble pride, Look up, for God is there!
2. When on an ocean wildly borne, 'Mid tossing waves and misty air, And from the heart all hope seems torn, Look up, for God is there!
3. His sov'reign hand controls the deep; The billows all, his glory wear; And when upon their heights we leap, Look up, for God is there!

Words by REV. WM. P. BREED, D.D.

*Expressively.*

## Halting Still.

The musical score for 'Halting Still.' is written for a piano. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The music is marked with a piano 'p' dynamic and a ritardando 'rit.' marking. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the bass.

1. The hours on ea - gle - pin-ions fly, The days, the months, the years go by, And time speeds to eternity, And art thou halting still?
2. The Father-Sovereign on his throne Has smiled away his angry frown, And put the robe of mercy on, And art thou halting still?
3. There ever faithful, loving, true,  
The Son stands pleading still with you,  
His locks all wet with evening dew,  
And art thou halting still?
4. Oh take thee up old Joshua's vow:  
Though others all to idols bow,  
To thee, O Lord, I yield me now,  
No longer halting still.

## SECOND HYMN.

1. Just as thou art—without one trace  
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,  
Or fitness for the heavenly place—  
O guilty sinner, come!
2. Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;  
The stripes thy due were laid on me,  
That peace and pardon might be free—  
O wretched sinner, come!
3. Come, leave thy burden at the cross;  
Count all thy gains but empty dross;

My grace repays all earthly loss—  
O needy sinner, come!

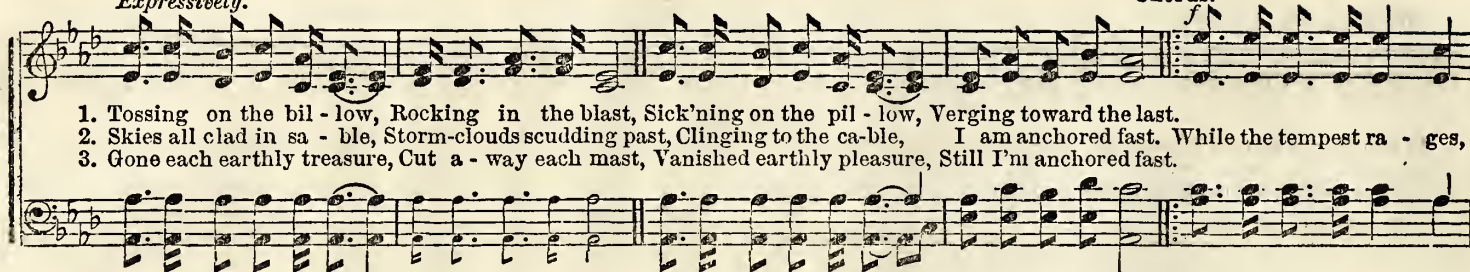
4. Come, hither bring thy boding fears,  
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;  
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears—  
O trembling sinner, come!
5. The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!"  
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come!"  
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come:  
Thy Saviour bids thee come.—MISS ELLIOTT.



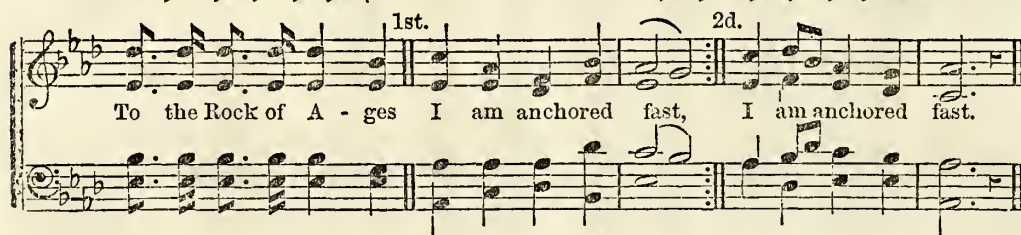
Words by Rev. WM. P. BREED, D. D.  
*Expressively.*

# Anchored Fast.

Chorus.



1. Tossing on the bil-low, Rocking in the blast, Sick'ning on the pil-low, Verging toward the last.  
2. Skies all clad in sa-ble, Storm-clouds scudding past, Clinging to the ca-ble, I am anchored fast. While the tempest ra-ges,  
3. Gone each earthly treasure, Cut a-way each mast, Vanished earthly pleasure, Still I'm anchored fast.

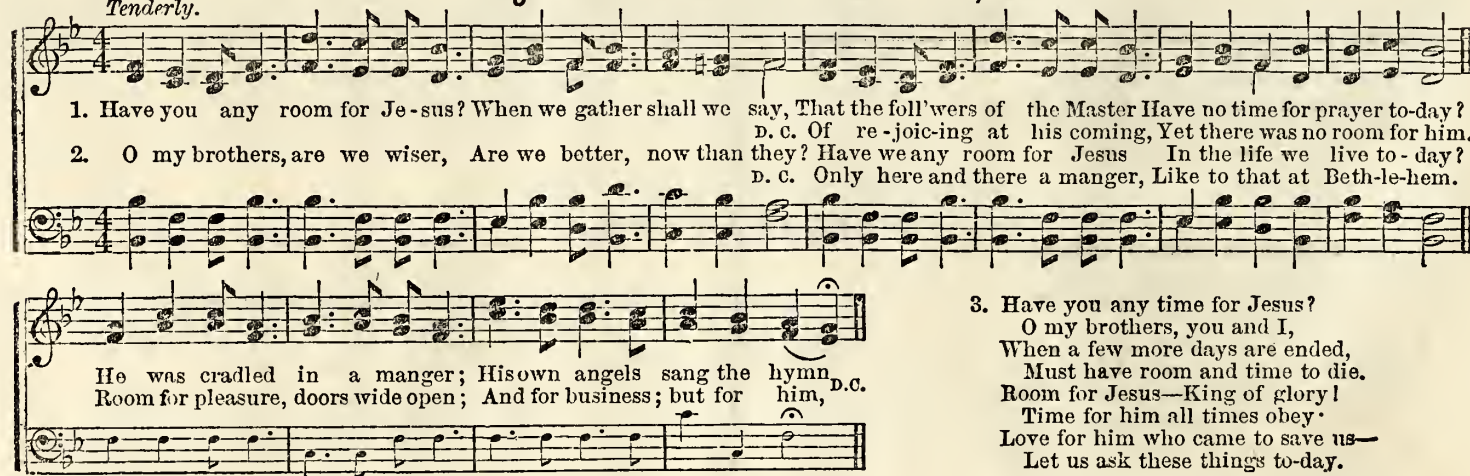


1st. To the Rock of A-ges I am anchored fast, I am anchored fast.  
2d. I am anchored fast.

4. Sorrows multiplying,  
Prospects overcast,  
Weeping, groaning, sighing,  
Still I'm anchored fast.  
CHORUS.—While the tempest, &c.
5. Swiftly to my grave-bed  
I am making haste!  
Trembling 'neath the death-dread,  
Still I'm anchored fast.  
CHORUS.—While the tempest, &c.

## Any Room for Jesus? 8, 7.

*Tenderly.*



1. Have you any room for Je-sus? When we gather shall we say, That the fol-l'wers of the Master Have no time for prayer to-day?  
d. c. Of re-joic-ing at his coming, Yet there was no room for him.

2. O my brothers, are we wiser, Are we better, now than they? Have we any room for Jesus In the life we live to-day?  
d. c. Only here and there a manger, Like to that at Beth-le-hem.

He was cradled in a manger; His own angels sang the hymn  
Room for pleasure, doors wide open; And for business; but for him, d. c.

3. Have you any time for Jesus?  
O my brothers, you and I,  
When a few more days are ended,  
Must have room and time to die.  
Room for Jesus—King of glory!  
Time for him all times obey.  
Love for him who came to save us—  
Let us ask these things to-day.



# The Sweetest Voice.

23

Words by Rev. PETER STRYKER, D.D.

J. E. GOULD.

*Tenderly.*

*2d time duett.*

1. I heard a voice, the sweetest voice That mor-tal ev - er heard; Oh! how it made my heart rejoice, And Oh! how it made my heart rejoice, And And said, although with heart defiled, I

1st. ev'-ry feel-ing stirr'd, 2d. ev'-ry feel-ing stirr'd! 'Twas Je - sus spoke to me so mild, He call'd me to his side. FINE. Chorus. D.S.

2. I saw his face, the fairest face  
That mortal ever saw;  
//: I long'd the Saviour to embrace,  
From him new life to draw. //:  
"Come unto me," he kindly said,  
"And I will give thee rest;  
The ransom-price I fully paid—  
Repent! believe! be blest!"

3. I felt his love, the strongest love  
That mortal ever felt;  
//: Oh how it drew my soul above,  
And made my hard heart melt! //:

My burden at his feet I laid,  
And knew the joy of heaven,  
As in my willing ear he said  
The blessed word, "Forgiven!"

4. Dear Saviour, let me ever sing  
Thy praise, while I have breath;  
//: Each night and morn my tribute bring,  
Until I sleep in death; //:  
And then my soul, beyond the sky,  
Shall join, with sweet acclaim,  
With all the ransom'd throng on high  
To praise Messiah's name.

## IN THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME IN GLORY.

1. In the Christian's home in glory  
There remains a land of rest,  
There my Saviour's gone before me  
To fulfill my soul's request.

CHO.—There is rest for the weary,  
There is rest for you—  
On the other side of Jordan,

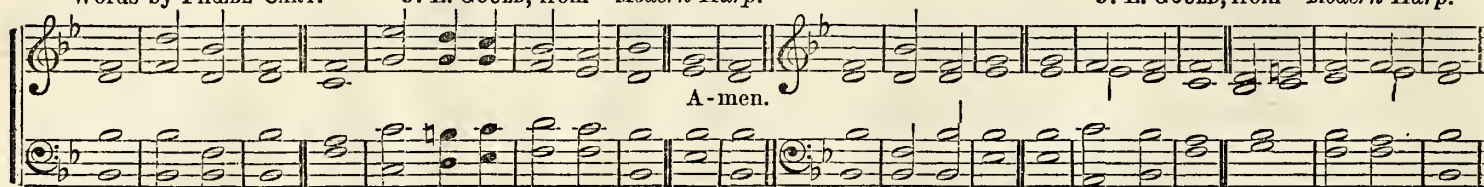
In the sweet fields of Eden,  
Where the tree of life is blooming,  
There is rest for you.

2. He is fitting up my mansion,  
Which eternally shall stand,  
For my stay shall not be transient  
In that holy, happy land.—CHO.

# 24 One Sweetly Solemn Thought. (Chant.)

Words by PHOEBE CARY.

J. E. GOULD, from "*Modern Harp*."



1. ONE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me | o'er and | o'er; ||  
I'm nearer my home to-day  
Than I've | ev-er | been be- | fore. ||
2. Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many | mansions | be, ||  
Nearer the great white throne, |  
Near-er the | jasper | sea. ||
3. Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our | burdens | down; ||

- Nearer leaving my cross, |  
Nearer | wearing — my | crown. ||
4. Father! perfect my trust,  
Strengthen my | feeble | faith; ||  
Let me feel as if I trod  
The | shore—of the | river | death. ||
5. For even now my feet  
May stand up- | on its | brink: ||  
I may be nearer my home, |  
Nearer | now—than I | think. || Amen. ||

## SECOND CHANT. (What Then?)

1. AFTER the Christian's tears,  
After his | fights and | fears, ||  
After his weary cross, |  
"All things be- | low but | loss." ||  
What- | then? what | then? ||
2. Oh, then, a holy calm,  
Resting on | Jesus' | arm; ||  
Oh, then, a | deeper | love ||  
For the-pure- | home a- | bove. ||
3. After this holy calm,  
This rest on | Jesus' | arm; ||  
After this deepened love |  
For the pure | home a- | bove, ||  
What- | then? what | then? ||

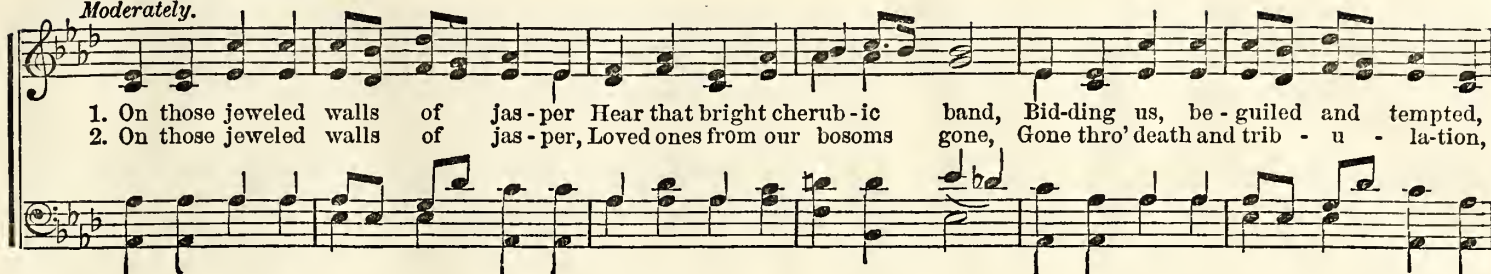
4. Oh, then, a work for him,  
Perishing | souls to | win; ||  
Then Jesus' | presence | near, ||  
Death's- | darkest — hour to | cheer. ||
5. And when the work is done,  
When the last | soul is | won, ||  
When Jesus' love and power  
Have cheered the | dying | hour, ||  
What- | then? what then? ||
6. Oh, then, the crown is given;  
Oh, then, the | rest in | heaven; ||  
Endless life in | endless | day; ||  
Sin and | sorrow — passed a- | way! ||—E. J.

# On those Jeweled Walls of Jasper.

25

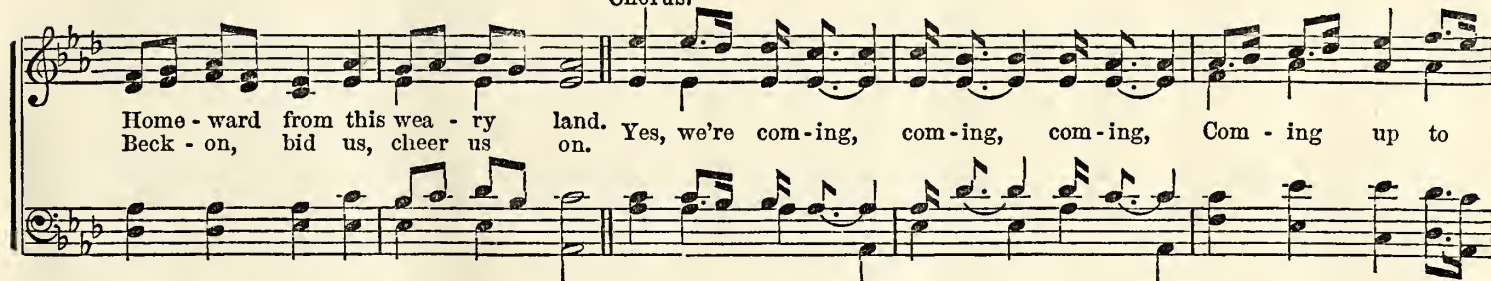
Words written for this work.

*Moderately.*



1. On those jeweled walls of jas-per Hear that bright cherub-ic band, Bid-ding us, be-guiled and tempted,  
2. On those jeweled walls of jas-per, Loved ones from our bosoms gone, Gone thro' death and trib-u-la-tion,

Chorus.



Home-ward from this wea-ry land. Yes, we're com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, Com-ing up to  
Beck-on, bid us, cheer us on.



join your throng, Strug-gling on through pain and sor-row, Sing-ing still our pil-grim song.

3. On those jeweled walls of jasper,  
From his central radiant throne,  
Jesus calls us, wayworn pilgrims,  
Calls us—God's beloved Son.  
CHORUS.—Yes, we're coming, &c.

4. Pressing to those walls of jasper,  
Work awaits us to be done;  
Tears to wipe, and souls to rescue,  
As we struggle toward our crown.  
CHORUS.—Yes, we're coming, &c.



## The Other Side.

J. E. GOULD.

1. We dwell this side of Jordan's stream, Yet oft there comes a shining beam Across from yonder shore, Across from yonder shore; While  
2. The oth-er side! ah, there's the place Where saints in joy past times retrace, And think of trials gone, And think of trials gone; The

visions of a ho-ly throng, And sound of harp and seraph song Seem gently waft-ed o'er, Seem gently waft-ed o'er.  
veil withdrawn, they clearly see That all on earth had need to be, To bring them safely home, To bring them safely home.

## Chorus.

O Zi-on! cit-y fair! O Zi-on! cit-y fair! The oth-er side, the other side, When shall we meet our loved ones there?

3. The other side! oh charming sight!  
Upon its banks, arrayed in white,  
:// For me a loved one waits; //:  
Over the stream he calls to me,  
Fear not—I am thy guide to be  
:// Up to the pearly gates. //:

CHORUS.—O Zion, &amp;c.

4. The other side! the other side!  
Who would not brave the swelling tide  
:// Of earthly toil and care. //:  
To wake one day, when life is past,  
Over the stream, at home at last,  
:// With all the bless'd ones there? //:

CHORUS.—O Zion, &amp;c.

# Sabbath Morn.

27

Words by Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

H. R. PALMER.  
From "*Palmer's S. S. Songs*," by permission.

1. Glow-ing bright and pleasant is the ho - ly day, When from worldly du - ties glad we turn a - way; Blest beyond all others,

Chorus.  
with their work or play, Is the ho-ly Sab - bath day. Ev - er precious morn-ing, when the Saviour rose, With his love adorning,

mak-ing friends of foes; Till the an-gels' warn-ing tells us we must close, Shall we love the Sab - bath day.

2. Happy bells are ringing, calling us away,  
With their merry chiming, seeming e'er to say,  
"Come and join the singing, haste without delay,  
'Tis the holy Sabbath day."  
CHORUS.—Ever precious morning, &c.

3. Joyous hearts are greeting, each to each to-day,  
While our dear Redeemer willing we obey,  
And with voices mingling, here we praise and pray  
On this holy Sabbath day.  
CHORUS.—Ever precious morning, &c.

## SECOND HYMN. H. M.

Tune.—LENOX.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow—  
The gladly solemn sound  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2. The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of pardoning grace;  
Ye happy souls, draw near,  
Behold your Saviour's face:  
The year of jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

C. WESLEY.

## When Bright all Around. 12, 11.

Words by Rev. Wm. P. Breed.

J. E. Gould.

1st.

1. When bright all a - round me life's jew - els are sparkling, And soft eve - ry breeze from the flow - e - ry plain, }  
When, day sweet - ly fad - ing, the even - ing comes darkling, To (Omit..) . . . . . }

2d.

Chorus.  
fold me to rest on her bo - som a - gain: Then, Thou, hope of the blest, Fold me close to thy breast.

2. When storm-winds sweep round me in wild devastation,  
And sorrow's dark mantle is wrapping me round,  
When home seems a desert, and earth desolation,  
And hushed in my ear every comforting sound:

CHORUS.—Then, Thou, hope of the blest, &c.

3. When fast from my eye all on earth is now fading,  
My bark from her moorings glides out from the shore;  
Dear, dear ones in anguish, their last farewell bidding,  
The way short behind, the way endless before:

CHORUS.—Then, Thou, hope of the blest, &c.

## SECOND HYMN.

1. How sweet is the sight when thus early in life,  
Ere mingling in pleasure, in folly and strife,  
The young haste to Jesus, their tribute to bring,  
To crown Him their Maker, Redeemer and King!

CHORUS.—Haste, then, haste thee away!  
Jesus calls, now obey!

2. How sweet is the fragrance that riseth to heaven  
From hearts in contrition, redeemed and forgiven,  
Who early in life's morn have fled to the Lamb,  
And yielded their beauty and freshness to him.

CHORUS.—Haste, then, haste thee away, &c.

3. Much purer the incense that reacheth the throne  
From hearts that have never life's misery known;  
More grateful to Jesus the glad jubilee  
From lips early tuned to heaven's sweet melody.

CHORUS.—Haste, then, haste thee away!

4. Then hasten to Jesus while life is so bright,  
Come consecrate to him its beauty and light;  
Then safely he'll guide thee and sweetly thou'lt prove  
The depth of his rich, his unsearchable love.

CHORUS.—Haste, then, haste thee away! &c.

H. T. B.



1. I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;  
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

CHORUS.—Quickly, then, Jesus come!  
Bear me hence to thy home.

2. I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,  
Temptation without and corruption within:  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

CHORUS.—Quickly, then, Jesus come, &c.

3. I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;  
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;  
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

CHORUS.—Quickly, then, Jesus come, &c.

4. Who, who would live alway, away from his God,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

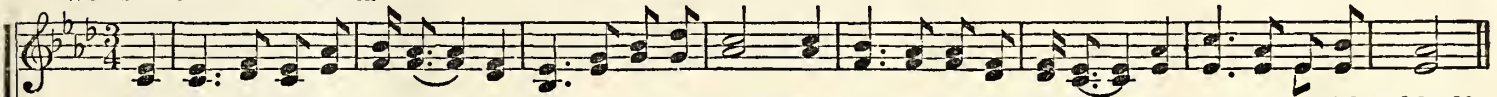
CHORUS.—Quickly, then, Jesus come!

Bear me hence to thy home.—MUHLENBERG.

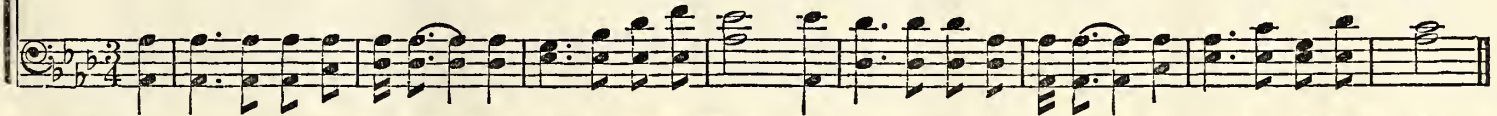
Words written for this Work.

## Oh Who'll be There?

J. E. GOULD.



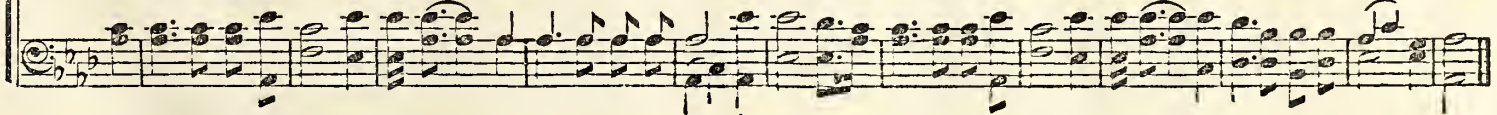
1. Oh who'll be there, dear Je-sus, Se-cure from harm and dread, When thou, in clouds descending, Shalt judge the quick and dead?  
2. Oh who'll be there, dear Je-sus, To join the ceaseless psalm, There at the bridal sup-per, The sup-per of the Lamb?



Chorus.



The ransomed ones of every nation, Their praises ringing thro' the air; But tell me, O thou Judge of heaven, Shall I, oh shall I, too, be there?



3. Oh who'll be there, dear Jesus,  
Where flowers ever bloom,  
Life-waters ever flowing  
From out thy golden throne?—CHORUS.

4. Oh who'll be there, dear Jesus,  
With those before us gone;  
Sweet babe, beloved mother,  
To wear the fadeless crown?—CHORUS.

## The Shadow of the Rock.

Words by FABER.

J. E. GOULD.

*Duett.* *Chorus.*

1. The Shad-ow of the Rock! Stay, pilgrim, stay! Night treads up-on the heels of day; There is no oth-er rest-ing-

*Duett.*

place this way. The Rock is near, the Rock is near, The well is clear, the well is clear. Rest in the Shadow of the

*Cho. rit.*

Rock . . . rest oh! Rest in the Shadow of the Rock! Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

3. The Shadow of the Rock!  
To weary feet,  
That have been diligent and fleet,  
The sleep is deeper, and the shade more sweet.  
O weary, rest!  
Thou art sore pressed—  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

4. The Shadow of the Rock!  
Pilgrim! sleep sound!  
In night's swift hours in silent bound,  
The Rock will put thee over leagues of ground,

2. The Shadow of the Rock!  
All come alone;  
All, ever since the sun hath shone,  
Who traveled by this road, have come alone.  
Be of good cheer—  
A home is here—  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

Gaining more way  
By night than day—  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

5. The Shadow of the Rock!  
One day of pain,  
Thou scarce wilt hope the Rock to gain,  
Yet there wilt sleep thy last sleep on the plain;  
And only wake  
In Heaven's daybreak—  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

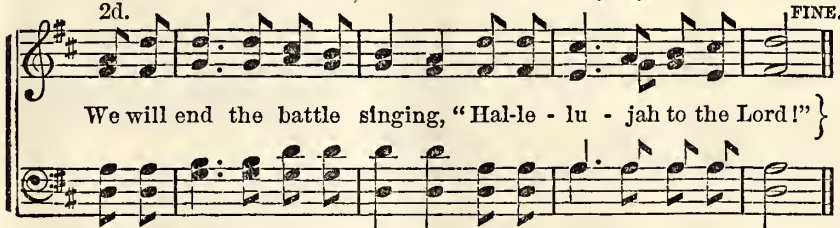
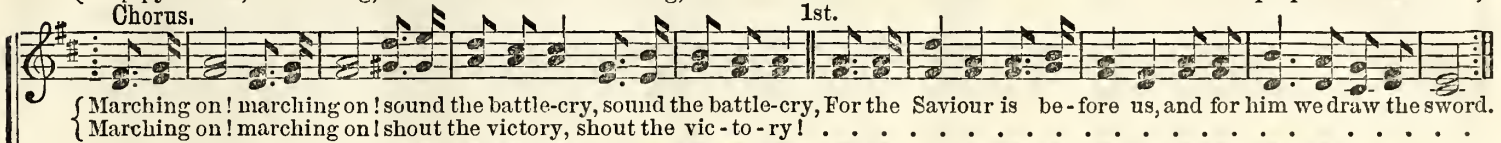
# Sunday-School Battle Song.

31

Words and Music by REV. R. LOWRY.



1. { Marching on! marching on! glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of children from near and from far;  
Happy hearts, full of song, 'neath our banners we bring, Little soldiers of Zi-on . . . . . prepare for the war. }



3. Fighting on! fighting on! in the midst of the strife,  
At the call of our Captain we draw every sword:  
We are battling for God, we are struggling for life,  
Let us strike every rebel that fights 'gainst the Lord.  
CHORUS.—Marching on! marching on! &c.

2. Pressing on! pressing on! to the din of the fray,  
With the firm tread of faith to the battle we go;  
'Mid the cheering of angels, our ranks march away,  
With our flags pointing ever right on toward the foe  
CHORUS.—Marching on! marching on! &c.

4. Singing on! singing on! from the battle we come,  
Every flag bears a wreath, every soldier renown;  
Heavenly angels are waiting to welcome us home,  
And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown.  
CHORUS.—Marching on! marching on! &c.

## H Y M N. C. M. (Tunc.—NAOMI.)

1. FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise:  
2. "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;

The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.

3. "Let the sweet hope that I am thine,  
My life and death attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end."—STEELE.



## Grateful Praise. 6, 4. Or S. M. Double.

From "Sweet Singer," by permission.

*Cheerfully.*

1. Come, let our voi - ces raise A song of grate - ful praise, A song of grate - ful praise, And thank - ful  
 2. The gos - pel's sa - cred page Re - veals to eve - ry age, Praise to our heaven - ly King, Who dwells a -  
 Re - veals to eve - ry age, Sal - va - tion  
 Till prais - es loud re - sound, O God to

FINE.

love, And thankful love: Let each a trib - ute bring, Let all a - wake and sing  
 bove, Who dwells a - bove. Oh send the joy - ful sound! And let it ech - o round  
 free, Sal - va - tion free; thee, O God to thee!

3. Accept our off'rings, Lord,  
 :: To spread thy truth abroad, ::  
 :: Our labors own. ::  
 At length at thy right hand  
 May we together stand,  
 And with the angel - band  
 :: Surround thy throne! ::

## Bavaria. 8, 7. Double.

*BEATTY.*

FINE.

1. { Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend,  
 Life and health and peace possessing From the sinner's dying Friend. } Here I'll sit, for ever viewing Mercy stream in streams of blood;  
 D.C. Precious drops, my soul bedewing, Plead and claim my peace with God. D. C.

2. Truly blessed is this station,  
 Low before his cross to lie,  
 While I see divine compassion  
 Floating in his languid eye.

Here it is I find my heaven,  
 While upon the cross I gaze;  
 Love I much? I'm much forgiven,  
 I'm a miracle of grace.

# O Saviour Mine. C. M.

33

Words by Rev. PETER STRYKER, D.D.

*Cheerfully.*

J. E. GOULD.

1st. 2d. FINE.

*Duet or Cho.*

1. { Je - sus is mine, his hand divine, Up - on my head ca-ress-ing, } Sa-viour's sweetest blessing: { How ten-der - ly he  
Is soft - ly laid, and with it said My (Omit) . No voice so sweet, no

D. C. { O Sa - viour, mine, thy love divine, Within my heart I'll cherish; }  
I'll lift my voice, and e'er rejoice I . . . . . }

was not left to per-ish.

1st. 2d.

speaks to me! As fond-ly as a mother! D.C.  
words so meet; He . . . . . is my "Elder Brother."

3. With my glad song I'll join the throng  
Of the redeemed in glory;  
I'll wave my palm, and sing the psalm,  
Repeating the sweet story.

Oh, let me bring my offering,  
And lay it low before him;  
With holy praise my voice I'll raise,  
For ever I'll adore him.  
O Saviour mine, &c.

## My Good Night Prayer.

Words written for this work.

*Duet.*

*Duet or Cho.*

1. Je-sus, lit-tle children's Friend, How many blessings thou dost send! Oh make me thankful unto thee For all thy goodness unto me.  
2. Naughty things I've done to-day, Wilt thou forgive, O Lord, I pray; Oh make me thankful unto thee For all thy goodness unto me.  
3. While I sleep upon my bed, Let thy bright angels guard my head; Oh make me thankful unto thee For all thy goodness unto me.  
4. Let this night pass sweet away, And bring me to another day; Oh make me thankful unto thee, For all thy goodness unto me.

5. Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take. A-men.



# A Starless Crown.

Words by MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

*With energy.*

T. E. PERKINS.  
From "Sabbath Carols," FINE.

1. { Oh shall I wear a star-less crown In yonder world of glo-ry? Or will some little friend be found To whom I've told the story— }  
 2. { The wondrous story of the cross, The sufferings of the Saviour, Who died that he from worldly dross Might win us to his favor. }  
 2. { A youthful ar-my now we stand, Our Captain's word is given; We'll onward move, his blest command Will guide us on to heaven. }  
 { When ransomed hosts shall gather round The Lamb on Zion's mountain, Oh then may we in ranks be found Beside that healing fountain. }

Full Chorus.

Where Jesus stands with smiling face, To crown us his for ever.

Oh, hap-py day! oh, hap-py place! We soon shall meet to-geth-er. D.S.

3. In kindness now we ask you all  
 To join our noble army;  
 Though sorrows here may sometimes fall,  
 And skies look dark and stormy,  
 Beyond the dark, beyond the gloom,  
 A day of light is gleaming;  
 And glory, brighter than the sun  
 On every face is beaming.  
 CHORUS.—Oh, happy day! &c.

## The Prodigal Son.

GEO. F. ROOT.  
From "Chapel Gems, by permission.

Chorus.

1. { Swell the songs of heaven, there is joy to-day, For a soul re-turn-ing from the wild; }  
 { See! the Father meets him out up-on the way; Welcoming his wea-ry, wand'ring child. }  
 D.C. 'Tis the ransomed ar-my, like a mighty sea, Peal-ing forth the anthem of the free. Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the

an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the loud harps ring; D.C.

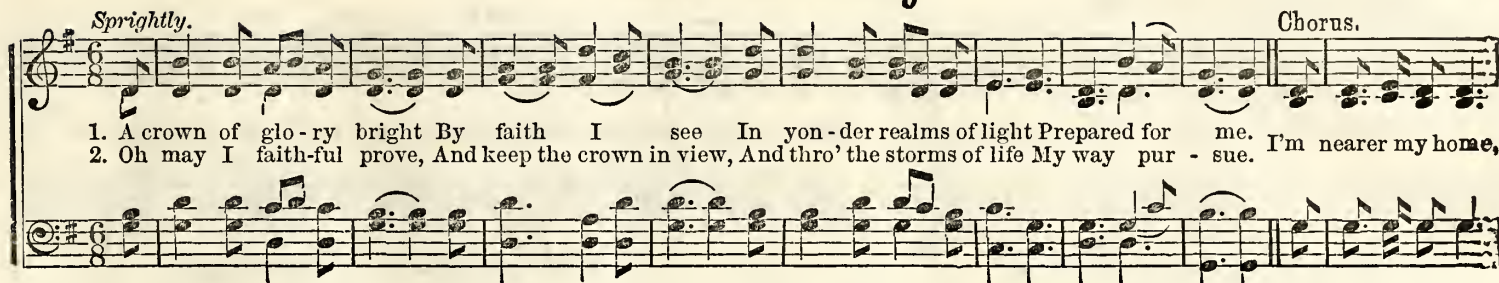
2. Swell the songs of heaven! there is joy to-day,  
 For the wand'rer now is reconciled,  
 Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,  
 And is born anew a ransomed child. CHO.—Glory! &c.
3. Swell the songs of heaven! spread the feast to-day;  
 Angels swell the glad, triumphant strain;  
 Tell the joyful tidings, bear it far away,  
 For a precious soul is born again. CHO.—Glory! &c.



# A Crown of Glory.

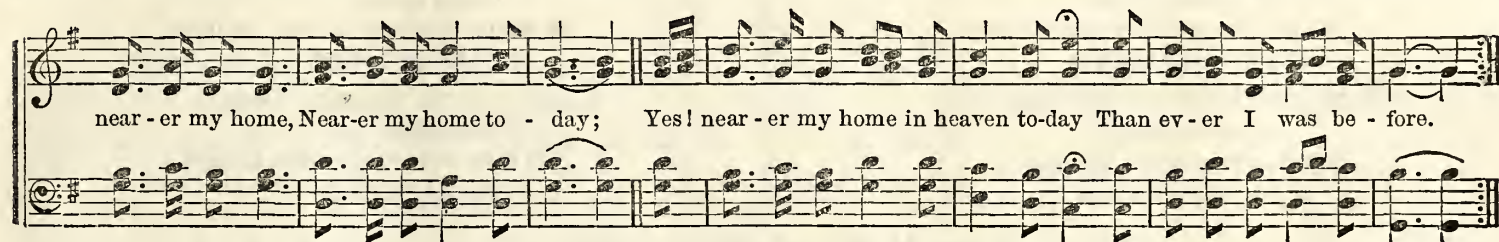
JOHN M. EVANS. 35

*Sprightly.*



1. A crown of glo-ry bright By faith I see In yon-der realms of light Prepared for me.  
2. Oh may I faith-ful prove, And keep the crown in view, And thro' the storms of life My way pur - sue. I'm nearer my home,

Chorus.



near - er my home, Near-er my home to - day; Yes! near - er my home in heaven to-day Than ev - er I was be - fore.

3. Jesus, be thou my guide,  
My steps attend,  
Oh keep me near thy side,  
Be thou my friend.

CHORUS.—I'm nearer my home, &c.

4. Be thou my shield and sun,  
My Saviour and my guard;  
And when my work is done,  
My great reward.

CHORUS.—I'm nearer my home, &c.

## SECOND HYMN. S. M.

1. THE Spirit in our hearts  
Is whispering, sinner, Come!  
The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaim  
To all his children, Come!—Cho.

2. Let him that heareth say  
To all about him, Come!  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness  
To Christ the Fountain, come.

3. Yes, whosoever will,  
Oh let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life,  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4. Lo! Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come!"  
Lord, even so! I wait thy hour;  
Jesus, my Saviour, come!—H. U. ONDERDONE.

# "Best or Not."

Words by DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

1. I know not if or dark or bright Shall be my lot; If that wherein my hopes delight Be best or not, Be best or not.

*ad lib.* *p* *tem.*

2. My bark is wafted on the strand  
By breath divine,  
And on the helm there rests a Hand  
:// Other than mine. //

3. One, who has known in storms to sail,  
I have on board;  
Above the ravings of the gale  
:// I have my Lord. //

4. He holds me when the billows smite:  
I shall not fall.  
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light:  
:// He tempers all. //

5. Safe to the land!—safe to the land!  
The end is this;  
And then with him go hand in hand  
:// Far into bliss. //

Words by Rev. WM. P. BREED, D. D.

## The Hall of Banqueting.

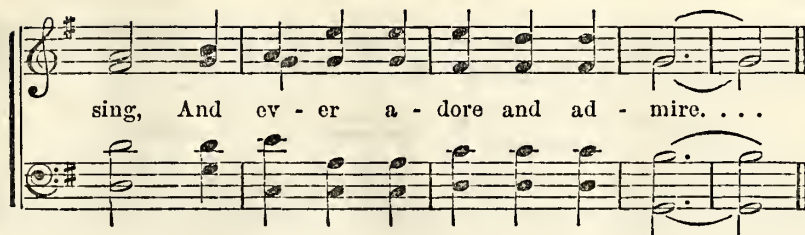
Chorus.

1. There's a bright hall of ban-quet-ing builded on high, The banner of love floating o'er, } To that house of thy banqueting,  
Nor a grief in the heart, nor a tear in the eye, But in - fi - nite joy ev - er - more. }

Je - sus, oh bring my soul, clad in wed-ding at - tire, . . . . And with che-rub and se-raph and an-gel I'll  
My soul clad . . . in wed-ding at-tire.

# The Hall of Banqueting.—Concluded.

37



2. Oh the splendors divine of that banqueting hall!  
Its treasures of beauty untold!  
Every portal a pearl, of bright jasper its wall,  
Its pavement of transparent gold.

CHORUS.—To that house, &c.

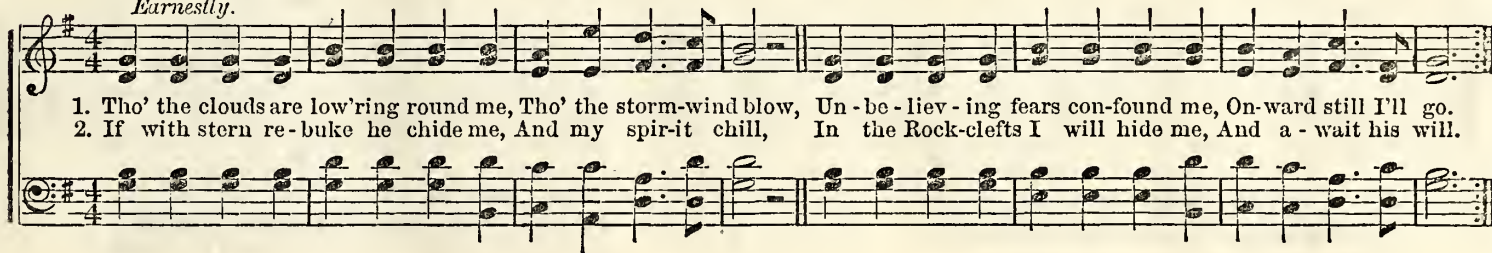
3. There are curtains of glory and couches of down,  
And fruit from the garden of God;  
Every hand holds a harp, every head wears a crown,  
With rapture each heart sings aloud!

CHORUS.—To that house, &c.

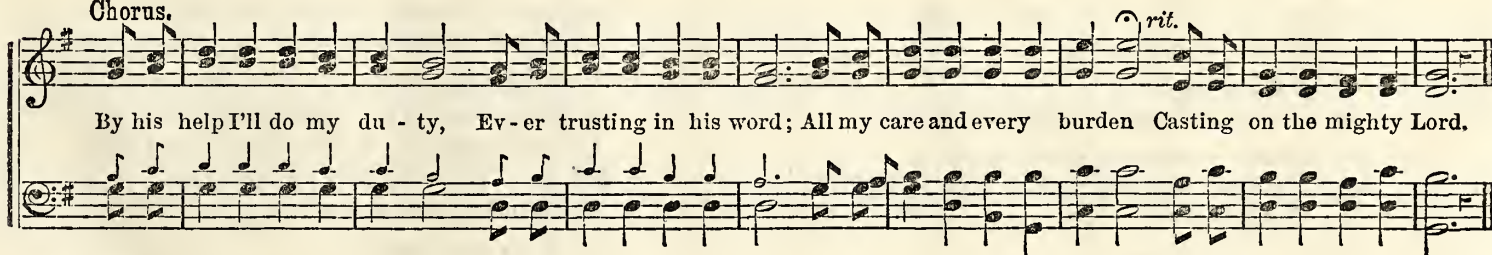
## I'll do my Duty.

Written for this work.

*Earnestly.*



Chorus.



3. While the hailstones cold are falling,  
Pelting on my brow,  
"Fear thou not!" I hear him calling;  
"I am with thee now."

CHORUS.—By his help I'll do my duty, &c.

4. Sainted souls enthroned in glory  
Passed along this way;  
Bonds and fire and scourgings gory,  
Filled up all their day.

CHORUS.—By his help I'll do my duty, &c.



## My Lambs.

DUETT.

J. E. GOULD.

1. I loved them so, That when the Elder Shepherd of the fold Came, covered with the storm, and pale and cold,

*Quartette.* And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold, I bade him go, I bade him go. *rit.*

2. He claimed the pet,  
A little fondling thing that to my breast  
Clung always, in repose or in unrest;  
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best,  
:// And yet, and yet. ://

3. I laid him down  
In those white-shrouded arms with bitter tears;  
For some voice to me said, In after years,  
He should know naught of passion, grief, or fears,  
:// As I had known. ://

4. And yet again  
That Elder Shepherd came; my heart grew faint.  
He claimed another lamb with sadder plaint;  
Another! she who, gentle as a saint,  
:// Ne'er gave me pain. ://

5. "Is it thy will?  
My Father, say, must this pet lamb be given?  
Oh thou hast many such, dear Lord, in heaven;"  
And a soft voice said: "Nobly hast thou striven;  
:// But—peace, be still." ://

6. Oh how I wept,  
And clasped her to my bosom with a wild  
And yearning love—my lamb, my pleasant child!  
Her, too, I gave; the little angel smiled,  
:// And sweetly slept. ://

7. Ay! it is well—  
Well with my lambs where yonder they abide;  
There pleasant rivers wander they beside,  
Or strike sweet harps upon its silver tide—  
:// Ay! it is well. ://

# Jesus Paid it All.

39

1st.

2d.

Chorus.

MISS PEASE.

1. Noth-ing, either great or small, Re-mains for me to do;  
Je - sus died, and paid it all—Yes, all the debt I . . . . . owe. } Je - sus paid it all, All the debt I

owe, Je - sus died and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.

2. When he from his lofty throne  
Stooped down to do and die,  
Everything was fully done;  
"Tis finished!" was his cry.—CHORUS.

3. Weary, working, plodding one,  
Oh, wherefore toil you so?  
Cease your doing—all was done;  
Yes, ages long ago.—CHORUS.

4. Till to Jesus' work you cling,  
Alone by simple faith,  
"Doing" is a deadly thing,  
Your "doing" ends in death.—CHORUS.

5. Cast your deadly "doing" down,  
Down all at Jesus' feet;  
Stand in him, in him alone,  
All glorious and complete.—CHORUS.

## Heavenly Rest. C. M.

Words by M. C.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Sweet thought, my God! that on the palms Of thy most holy hands, Are graven all thy people's names, Tho' countless as the sands.

2. Not one too mean to have his place  
Amid that record blest,  
And if but there our names are found,  
We'll share the heavenly rest.

3. How can we then yield to distrust,  
Or think we are forgot,  
While ever thus the care of One  
Who loves and changes not?

## At the Door.

Words by REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

J. E. GOULD.

1. My Sa-viour stands waiting, and knocks at the door; Has knocked, and is knocking a - gain; } In in-fi-nite mercy he  
 I hear his kind voice, I'll re-ject him no more, Nor let him stand pleading in vain.  
 D. C. I'll yield to the voice of his mer-ci-ful love, And let my dear Sa-viour come in.

came from a - bove To ran-som, to cleanse me from sin, } Sa-viour, come in, cleanse me from sin; Je-sus, my Sa-viour, come  
 D. C. to "I'll yield."

CHORUS.

in, come in! En-ter the door, Wait-ing no more, Sa-viour, dear Sa-viour, come in. . . .

2. O Saviour, my Ransom, Redeemer and Friend,  
 The Life, and the Truth, and the Way,  
 On thy precious merit alone I depend;  
 Dwell in me and keep me, I pray.

Thy goodness hath opened the door of my heart—  
 'Tis open in welcome to thee;  
 Come in, blessed Saviour, and never depart;  
 Come in, with thy mercy, to me.—Chorus.



# The Mount of Blessing.

DUETT.—1st time.

ALL.

1. We're climbing the mount of bless - ing, We are seek - ing a cit - y most fair, }  
That stands on its glo - rious sum - mit, For the . . . . . } tem - ple of God is there.

Chorus.

Come, children, come [oh come]; We'll onward and upward keep press - ing, In the nar - row road To the cit - y of God, That

stands on the mount of bless - ing.

2.

We've heard that this beautiful city,  
Which is builded of jewels and  
gold,  
Is the home of our loving Jesus,  
And his face we may there behold.  
Come, children, &c.

3.

He's gone up the mountain before us,  
And our robes and our crowns will  
prepare,  
And he will make ready his palace,  
And will graciously welcome us there.  
Come, children, &c.

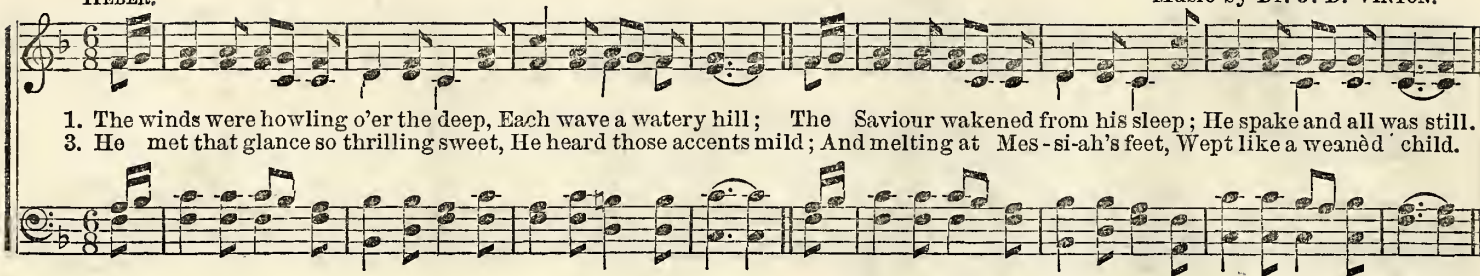
4. The way may be narrow and rugged,  
With its dangers on every hand,  
But still we will follow our Jesus,  
And go up and possess the land  
Come, children, &c.

5. We'll soon reach the gates of the city,  
Where there'll be no more sorrow nor night,  
And, crowned with his saints and angels,  
We will walk with King Jesus in white.  
Come, children, &c.

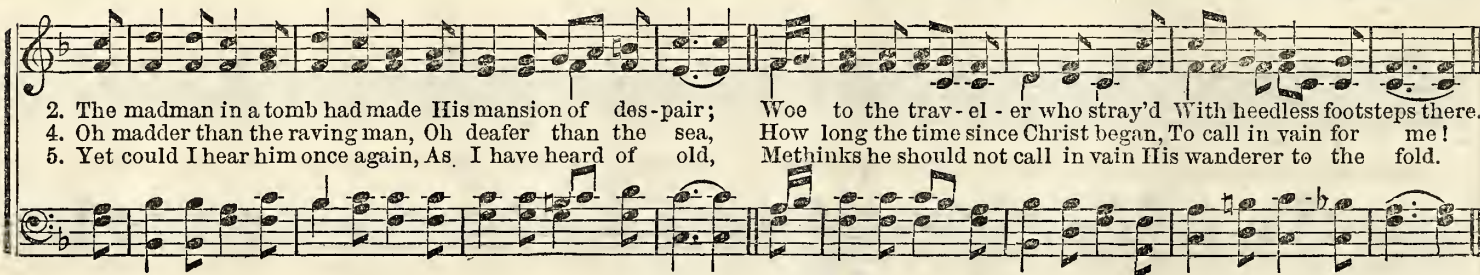
# "He Spake, and all was Still." C. M.

HEBER.

Music by Dr. J. D. VINTON.



1. The winds were howling o'er the deep, Each wave a watery hill; The Saviour wakened from his sleep; He spake and all was still.  
 3. He met that glance so thrilling sweet, He heard those accents mild; And melting at Mes-si-ah's feet, Wept like a weaned child.



2. The madman in a tomb had made His mansion of des-pair; Woe to the trav-el-er who stray'd With heedless footsteps there.  
 4. Oh madder than the raving man, Oh deafer than the sea, How long the time since Christ began, To call in vain for me!  
 5. Yet could I hear him once again, As I have heard of old, Methinks he should not call in vain His wanderer to the fold.

## SECOND HYMN.

1. SWEET was the time when first I felt  
 The Saviour's pardoning blood  
 Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
 And bring me home to God.  
 2. Soon as the morn the light revealed,  
 His praises tuned my tongue,  
 And when the evening shade prevailed,  
 His love was all my song.

3. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,  
 And saw his glory shine;  
 And when I read his holy word,  
 I called each promise mine.  
 4. Now, when the evening shade prevails,  
 My soul in darkness mourns,  
 And when the morn the light reveals,  
 No light to me returns.—NEWTON.

## THIRD HYMN.

1. WHEN I can read my title clear  
 To mansions in the skies,  
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

2. Should earth against my soul engage,  
 And hellish darts be hurled,  
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
 And face a frowning world.

# Third Hymn.—Concluded.

43

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all!

4. There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.—WATTS.

## "Be not Afraid."

1. Toss'd with rough winds and faint with fear, A - bove the temp - est soft and clear, What still small accents greet mine ear? 'Tis

I; be not a - fraid, 'Tis I, 'tis I; be not a - fraid.

3. These raging winds, this surging sea,  
Bear not a breath of wrath to thee;  
That storm has all been spent on me,  
'Tis I; be not afraid.

2. 'Tis I, who led thy steps aright;  
'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight;  
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light,  
'Tis I; be not afraid.

4. When on the other side, thy feet  
Shall rest 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,  
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet,  
'Tis I; be not afraid.

## SECOND HYMN.

1. O holy Saviour, Friend unseen,  
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,  
Help me throughout life's varying scene,  
:// By faith, //: to cling to thee.

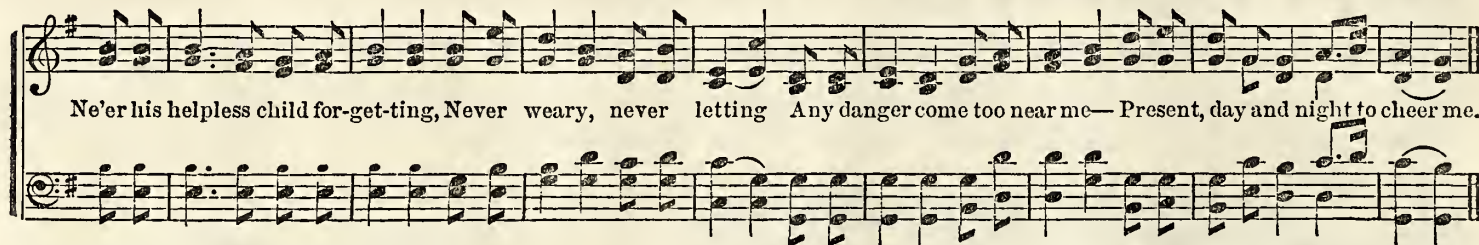
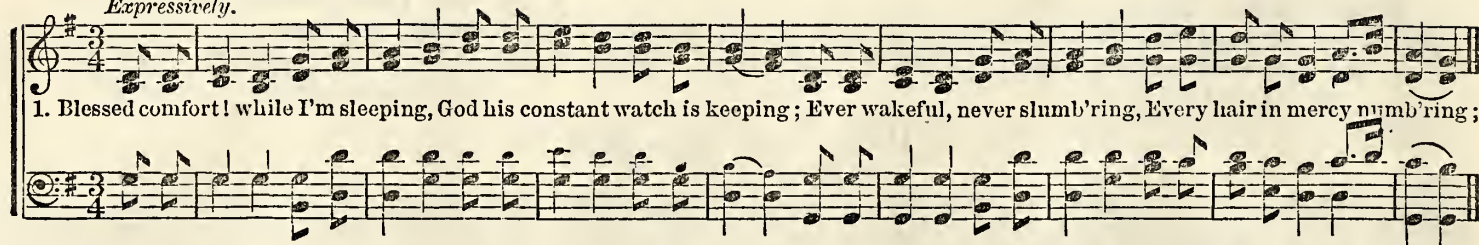
2. Though faith and hope may oft be tried,  
I ask not, need not, aught beside;  
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,  
:// The soul //: that clings to thee!



## Blessed Comfort. 8, 7.

J. E. GOULD

Words by REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

*Expressively.*

2. E'en in hours of darkest danger,  
 Hungering, thirsting, or a stranger,  
 Trust I in my God to guide me—  
 All things needful he'll provide me:  
 Trouble I need never borrow,  
 Care nor anguish for the morrow;  
 Doubt nor grief need ever vex me;  
 Blessed comfort! God protects me.

3. Safe, in house by mercy builded,  
 By Jehovah's sunlight gilded,  
 On foundation sure erected,  
 By eternal love protected;  
 In his everlasting dwelling,  
 All his grace and goodness telling;  
 Joyful in his full salvation,  
 Jesus is my Rock foundation.

## SECOND HYMN.

1. God is near me; he will cheer me  
 When the waves of sorrow roll;  
 He'll defend me, he will lend me  
 Comfort for my troubled soul.  
 When I'm sinking, almost thinking  
 That my God has hid his face,  
 Fears all groundless, mercy boundless,  
 Brighter, clearer, shines his face.

2. He hath spoken; never broken  
 Hath his faithful promise been;  
 Loves me ever, fails me never,  
 Washes out my deepest sin.  
 Always near me, ever cheer me,  
 Father, Saviour, hear my cry!  
 Comfort bringing, keep me singing  
 Hallelujah, when I die.—REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

# "Little Child, why Wilt thou Fear?"

45

SOLO. DUETT. (Infant Class.) Cho. FINE.

1. Lit-tle child, why wilt thou fear? Jesus, tender Shepherd's, near; He thy downy couch will keep; Tremble not to sleep.  
 2. Lit-tle child, why wilt thou fear? Night is to his vision clear, And the darkness knows his tread; He de-fends thy bed.

D. S. S:

Yes! he's near, Jesus is near. Tremble, &c.  
 Yes! he's near, Jesus is near. Tremble, &c.

3. Tho' thy voice were ne'er so low,  
 It will reach his ear, I know,  
 For his words thy plea shall be,  
 "Children, come to me."  
 Yes, he's near, &c. Tremble, &c.

4. Put thy trembling hand in his;  
 Strong and powerful it is;  
 It shall guide thee through the night  
 Into perfect light.  
 Yes, he's near, &c. Tremble, &c.

## The Beautiful.

(Infant Class.)

DUETT.

1. Beau-ti-ful fa-cies they that wear The light of a pleas-ant spir-it there; It mat-ters lit-tle if dark or fair.  
 2. Beau-ti-ful hands are they that do The work of the no-ble, good and true For then so busy the long day through.

3. Beautiful feet are they that go  
 So swiftly to lighten others' woe,  
 Through summer's heat or the winter's snow.

4. Beautiful children, rich or poor,  
 Who walk in the pathways, sweet and pure,  
 That lead to mansions both strong and sure.

## Jerusalem the Golden.

ENGLISH.

*Joyously.*

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the golden! With milk and honey blest, Be-neath thy con-tem - pla-tion Sink heart and voice to rest.

I know not—oh I know not, What joys a - wait me there, What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare. A-men.

2. They stand, those halls of Zion,  
 All jubilant with song,  
 And bright with many an angel,  
 And all the martyr throng.  
 There is the throne of David,  
 And there, from toil released,  
 The shout of them that triumph,  
 The song of them that feast.

3. O sweet and blessed country!  
 The home of God's elect;  
 O sweet and blessed country,  
 That eager hearts expect!  
 Jesus, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest,  
 Who art, with God the Father,  
 And the Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

From "Modern Harp."

## Morning. L. M.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn, For unto us a Saviour's born; See how the angels wing their way To usher in . . . the glorious day!



# "By Ganga's Dark Gliding."

47

Words by REV. WM. P. BREED, D. D.

(Missionary Hymn.)

J. E. GOULD.

1. May I go to the heathen, mother, In distant lands? By the Gan-ga's dark glidings, To proclaim the glad tidings, On

*ad lib.*  
In - dia's strands! May, I, mother? May I, mother? may I go? *pp*

2. He came down from bright heaven, mother,  
To preach to me;  
He came weeping and sighing,  
He came bleeding and dying,  
To set us free.  
May I, mother? may I, mother? may I go?

3. Should I never come homeward, mother,  
Across the sea,  
Yet in heaven's bright mansion,  
With my jewels blood-ransomed,  
I'd hie to thee. May I, mother? &c.

4. If at home fondly staying, mother,  
To cling to thee,  
May not God be offended,  
And my life sooner ended,  
Rebuking me? May I, mother? &c.

Bera. L. M.

J. E. GOULD, 1849.

1. My soul! what hast thou done for God?  
Look o'er thy misspent years and see;  
Sum up what thou hast done for God,  
And then what God hath done for thee.

2. He made thee when he might have made  
A soul that would have loved him more;  
He rescued thee from nothingness,  
And set thee on life's happy shore.

3. What hast thou done for God, my soul?  
Look o'er thy misspent years and see;  
Cry from thy worse than nothingness—  
Cry for his mercy upon thee!

# When we get Home.

Words by Dr. J. D. VINTON.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. When we get home where Jesus is, And hear his friendly greeting, Our souls will feel a heavenly bliss In such a joyful meeting.  
2. So long in this dark world we've stay'd, We feel an anxious longing To see that home without a shade, Where ransom'd souls are thronging.

**Chorus.**

We soon shall be from sorrow free, A happy home we're nearing; Our Father's call in-vites us all, Oh blessed thought, how cheering!

3. If doubts arise, or courage fail,  
At every ill-made story,  
Death soon will lift the mystic veil,  
And bear us home to glory.  
CHORUS.—We soon shall be, &c.

4. Then, happy souls, to Jesus raise  
Your songs, with cheerful voices,  
And sing those home-endearing lays,  
While every heart rejoices.  
CHORUS.—We soon shall be, &c.

## SECOND HYMN.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by,  
And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
Would not detain them as they fly,  
Those hours of toil and danger.  
CHORUS.—For oh we stand on Jordan's strand,  
Our friends are passing over,  
And just before, the shining shore  
We may almost discover.

2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
Our distant home discerning!

Our absent Lord has left our word,  
Let every lamp be burning. CHORUS.—For oh, &c.  
3. Should coming days be cold and dark,  
We need not cease our singing;  
That perfect rest naught can molest,  
Where golden harps are ringing. CHORUS.—For oh, &c.  
4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
Each chord on earth to sever;  
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home  
For ever, oh, for ever. CHORUS.—For oh, &c.

# Third Hymn.

49

1. Oh take me kindly by the hand  
And lead me to my Saviour,  
And show me how to understand  
The way to Jesus' favor.  
Oh take away my fear and doubt,  
And leave me not in blindness,  
But tell me plainly all about  
My Saviour's loving kindness.

2. Oh point me on the heavenly path,  
And teach me to believe him  
Who died to save from endless wrath,  
And help me to receive him.  
Oh show me all the way of life,  
And tell the wondrous story  
How Jesus leads from sin and strife  
To everlasting glory.—REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

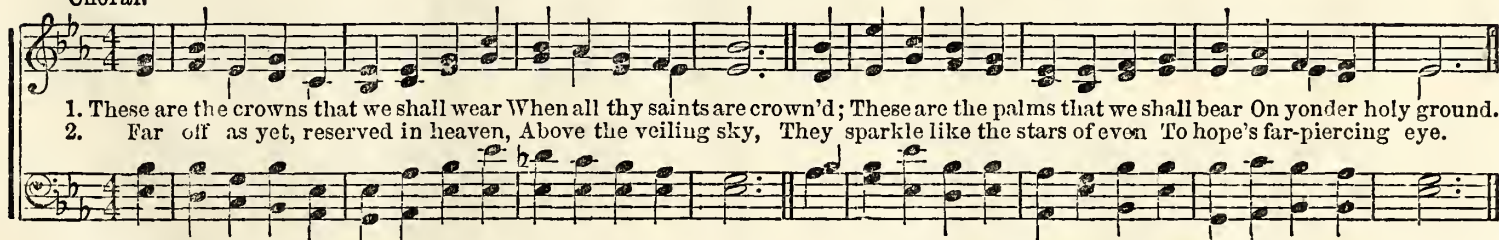
## FOURTH HYMN.

1. WHEN we are called to cross the tide  
Of death's dark rolling river,  
Whom shall we seek to be our Guide  
But Christ, our loving Saviour?  
We may be early called to cross—  
From earthly friends to sever—  
How can we bear the tempest's toss  
Without our loving Saviour?

2. Then, ere we reach the river's brink,  
We'll seek his love and favor,  
And from its waves we will not shrink  
With Christ our loving Saviour;  
And when we reach the other side,  
And dwell in heaven for ever,  
We'll sing hosannas to our Guide,  
Jesus, our loving Saviour.—E. C. T.

## "These are the Crowns." C. M.

Choral.



1. These are the crowns that we shall wear When all thy saints are crown'd; These are the palms that we shall bear On yonder holy ground.  
2. Far off as yet, reserved in heaven, Above the veiling sky, They sparkle like the stars of even To hope's far-piercing eye.

3. These are the robes, unsoiled and white,  
Which then we shall put on,  
When foremost, 'midst the sons of light,  
We sit on yonder throne.

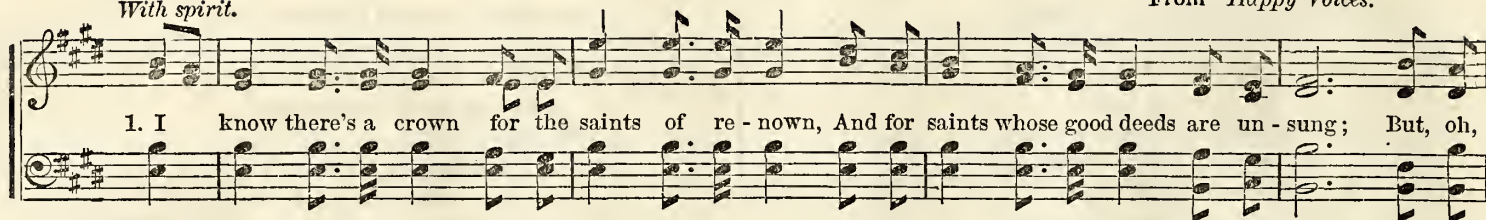
4. Then welcome toil, and care, and pain!  
And welcome sorrow, too!  
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,  
With such a prize in view.



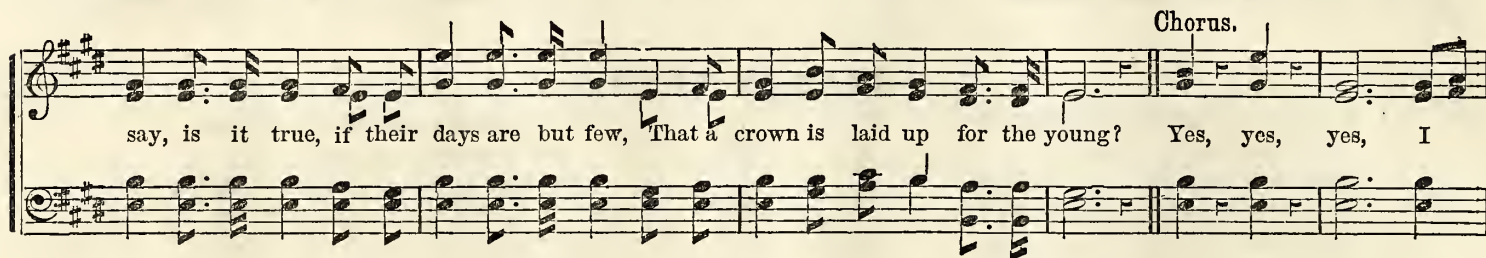
# There's a Crown for the Young.

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.  
From "Happy Voices."

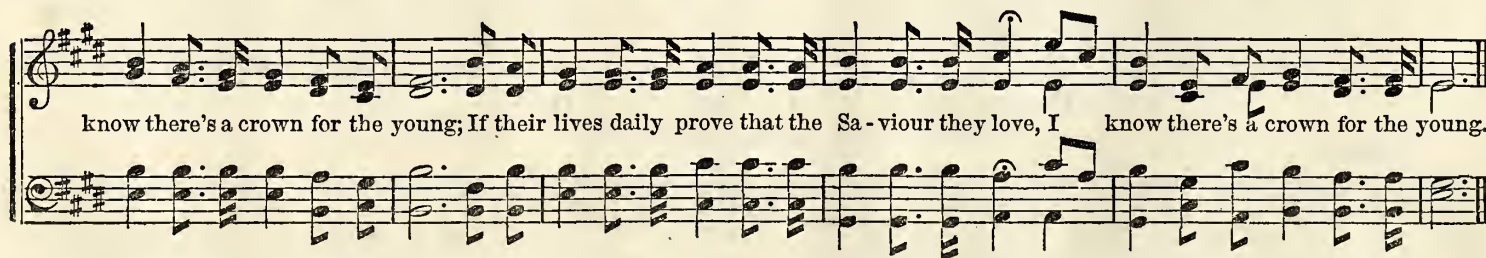
*With spirit.*



1. I know there's a crown for the saints of re - nown, And for saints whose good deeds are un - sung; But, oh,



say, is it true, if their days are but few, That a crown is laid up for the young? Yes, yes, yes, I



know there's a crown for the young; If their lives daily prove that the Sa - viour they love, I know there's a crown for the young.

2. The youthful shall stand in that beautiful land,  
And the song of salvation shall sing;  
And the infant of days strike its harp in the praise  
Of Immanuel, its Saviour and King.

CHORUS.—Yes, yes, yes, &c.

3. The noble of birth and the poor of the earth,  
Both the man, and the youth, and the child,  
If in Jesus they trust, when they rise from the dust,  
Shall be crowned in the land undefiled.

CHORUS.—Yes, yes, yes, &c.

4. The soul of a child, though by folly defiled,  
Is more precious than tongue can express;  
And redeemed by the blood that on Calvary flowed,  
It shall shine in the region of bliss.

CHORUS.—Yes, yes, yes, &c.

5. Then be it your care for that world to prepare;  
Bear the cross, that the crown may be yours;  
Never tire in the road that leads upward to God,  
For the crown is for him who endures.

CHORUS.—Yes, yes, yes, &c.

# The Beauteous Day.

51

GEO. F. ROOT.  
From "Chapel Gems," by permission.

*Slow.* 2d. Chorus.

1. { We are watching, we are waiting For the bright prophetic day,  
When the shadows, weary shadows, From the world shall . . . roll away. } We are waiting for the morning, When the beauteous day is  
dawning, We are waiting for the morning, For the golden spires of day. Lo! He comes! see the King draw near; Zion, shout, the Lord is here.

2. We are watching, we are waiting  
For the star that brings the day:  
When the night of sin shall vanish  
And the shadows melt away.
3. We are watching, we are waiting  
For the beauteous King of day:

- For the chiefest of ten thousand,  
For the Light, the Truth, the Way.
4. We are watching, we are waiting  
For the bright prophetic day.  
When the shadows, weary shadows,  
From the world shall roll away.

Tune.—BOYLSTON. S. M.

1. JESUS, I live to thee,  
The loveliest and best;  
My life in thee, thy life in me,  
In thy blest love to rest.
2. Jesus! I die to thee,  
Whenever death shall come;  
To die in thee is life to me,  
In my eternal home.

3. Whether to live or die,  
I know not which is best;  
To live in thee is bliss to me,  
To die is endless rest.
4. Living or dying, Lord,  
I ask but to be thine;  
My life in thee thy life in me,  
Makes heaven for ever mine.—HARBAUGH.

# The Throne of Grace.

Words by CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

(Opening piece.)

J. E. GOULD.

1. There is a spot of con-se-crated ground, Where brightest hopes and ho-li-est joys are found; 'Tis named (and Christians  
 2. 'Tis here a calm re-treat is al-ways found; Per-pet-u-al sunshine gilds the sacred ground; Pure airs and heavenly

love the well-known sound) The throne of grace.  
 o - dors breathe a - round The throne of grace.

3. Saviour! the sinner's friend, our hope, our all!  
 Here teach us humbly at thy feet to fall;  
 Here on thy name with love and faith to call  
 For pardoning grace.

4. Ne'er let the glory from this spot remove,  
 Till, numbered with thy ransomed flock above,  
 We cease to want, but never cease to love  
 The throne of grace.

## God is Love. 8, 7.

BOWRING.  
Tenderly.

(Opening piece.)

Solo.

J. E. GOULD, from "Modern Harp."

1. God is love; his mercy brightens All the path in which we move; Bliss he grants, and woe he light-ens: God is light and God is love.

2. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
 His unchanging goodness proves;  
 From the mist his brightness streameth:  
 God is light and God is love.

3. He our earthly cares entwineth  
 With his comforts from above;  
 Everywhere his glory shineth:  
 God is light and God is love.



H. N. WHITNEY, by permission.

1. Je-sus, ten-der Sa-viour, Hast thou died for me? Make me very thank-ful In my heart to thee, When the sad, sad sto-ry

Of thy grief I read, Make me very sor-ry, For my sins, in-deed.

2. Now I know thou lovest  
And dost plead for me,  
Make me very thankful  
In my prayers to thee.  
Soon I hope in glory  
At thy side to stand;  
Make me fit to meet thee  
In that happy land.

## Cross and Crown. C. M.

ALLEN.

WESTERN MELODY.

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free? No; there's a cross for ev'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

2. How happy are the saints above  
Who once went sorrowing here!  
But now they taste unmingled love  
And joy without a tear.

3. The consecrated cross I'll bear  
Till death shall set me free,  
And then go home, my crown to wear;  
For there's a crown for me.

1. Oh for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!  
2. The dearest idol I have known,  
What'er that idol be,

- Help me to tear it from thy throne  
And worship only thee.  
3. So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.—COWPER.

## Autumn. 8s &amp; 7s.

LUDOVICK NICHOLSON, Scotland.

C. WESLEY.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down, Fix in us thy humble dwell - ing, All thy  
Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter

faith - ful mercies crown. Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion; Pure, un - bound - ed love thou art;  
ev' - ry trembling heart.

D.S.

2. Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy grace receive;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more thy temples leave.  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve thee as thy hosts above,  
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,  
Glory in thy perfect love.

3. Finish, then, thy new creation;  
Pure and spotless let us be;  
Let us see thy great salvation  
Perfectly restored in thee:  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love and praise!

## Submission. 7s &amp; 5s.

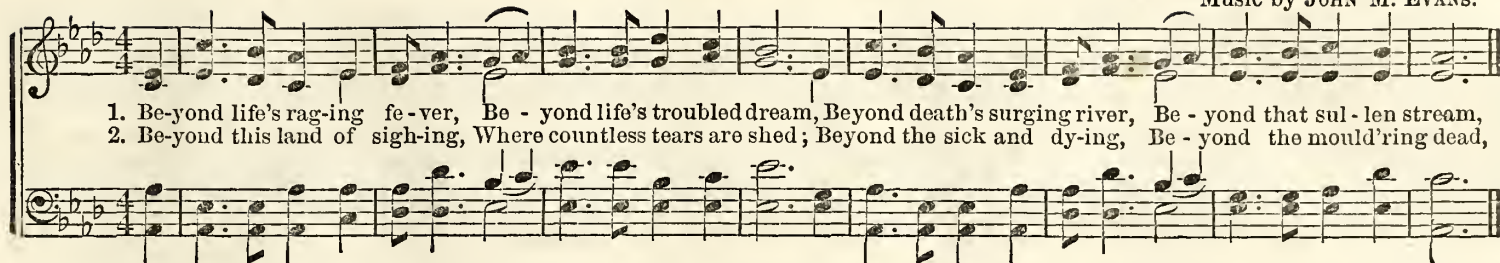
H. N. WHITNEY, by permission.

1. Come to Je - sus, er - ring one; Come to Je - sus now; Hum - bly at his gracious throne, In sub - mis - sion bow.  
2. At his feet con - fess your sin; Seek for - given - ness there; For his blood can make you clean, He will hear your prayer.  
3. Seek his face with - out de - lay; Give him now your heart: Tar - ry not, but, while you may, Choose the better part.

# Beyond the Vale.

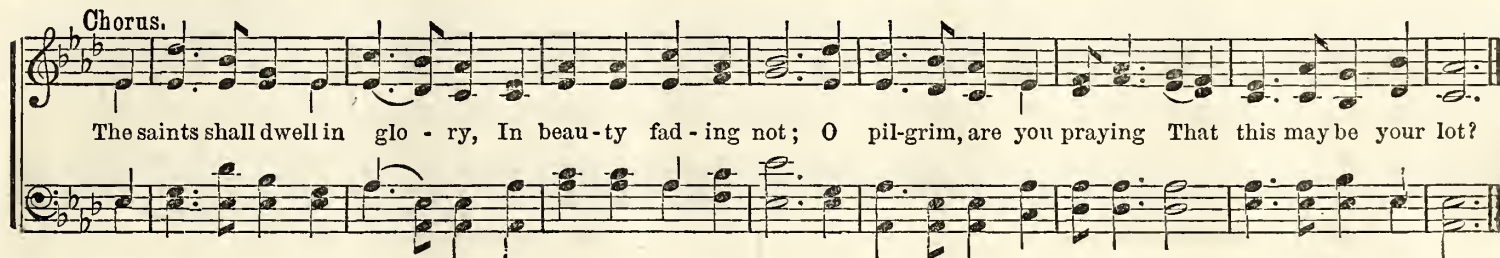
55

Music by JOHN M. EVANS.



1. Be-yond life's rag-ing fe-ver, Be - yond life's troubled dream, Beyond death's surging river, Be - yond that sul-len stream,  
2. Be-yond this land of sigh-ing, Where countless tears are shed; Beyond the sick and dy-ing, Be - yond the mould'ring dead,

Chorus.



The saints shall dwell in glo - ry, In beau-ty fad-ing not; O pil-grim, are you praying That this may be your lot?

3. Beyond this scene of trial,  
Where heart and flesh do fail;  
Beyond the darkening shadows,  
Beyond the gloomy vale,

CHORUS.—The saints shall dwell in glory, &c.

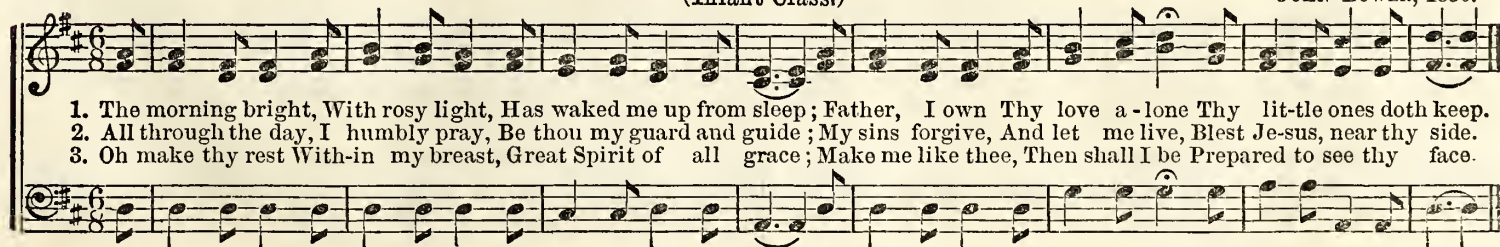
4. Beyond earth's weary burden,  
The cross, the scourge, the rod,  
The saints shall dwell in glory—  
The saints shall dwell with God.

CHORUS.—The saints shall dwell in glory, &c.

# The Morning Bright.

(Infant Class.)

JOHN BOWER, 1850.



1. The morning bright, With rosy light, Has waked me up from sleep; Father, I own Thy love a-lone Thy lit-tle ones doth keep.  
2. All through the day, I humbly pray, Be thou my guard and guide; My sins forgive, And let me live, Blest Je-sus, near thy side.  
3. Oh make thy rest With-in my breast, Great Spirit of all grace; Make me like thee, Then shall I be Prepared to see thy face.



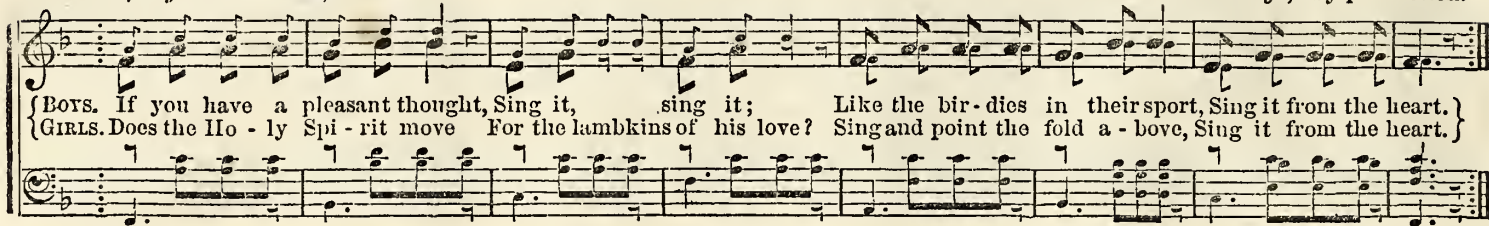
## Singing from the Heart.

Words by ROBT. MORRIS, LL.D.

1st time, large notes—2d time, small notes.

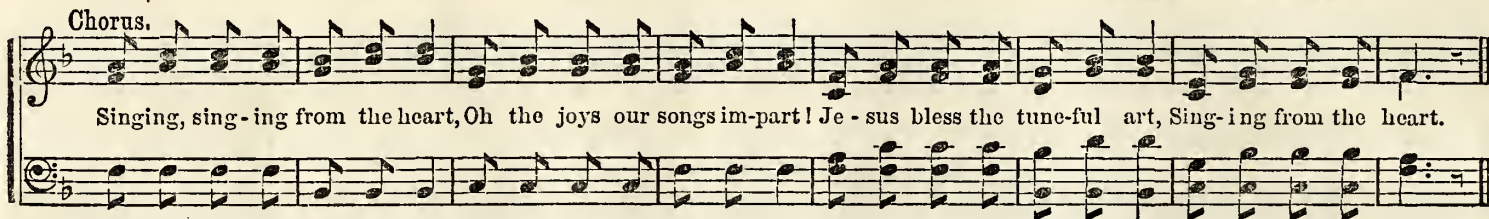
H. R. PALMER.

From "Palmer's S. S. Songs," by permission.



{BOYS. If you have a pleasant thought, Sing it, sing it; Like the bir-dies in their sport, Sing it from the heart.}  
 {GIRLS. Does the Ho - ly Spi - rit move For the lambkins of his love? Sing and point the fold a - bove, Sing it from the heart.}

Chorus.



Singing, sing-ing from the heart, Oh the joys our songs im-part! Je - sus bless the tune-ful art, Sing-ing from the heart.

2. Every gracious deed of His,  
 Sing it, sing it;  
 Nothing sounds so well as this,  
 Sing it from the heart.  
 How he walked upon the wave,  
 Rescued Lazarus from the grave,  
 Died our guilty souls to save,  
 Sing it from the heart.—CHORUS.

3. Are you weary, are you sad?  
 Sing it, sing it;  
 Make yourselves and others glad,  
 Sing it from the heart.  
 Angels up before his face  
 Sing of his redeeming grace;  
 Give the Saviour endless praise,  
 Sing it from the heart.—CHORUS.

## LITTLE DROPS OF WATER.

1. LITTLE drops of water,  
 Little grains of sand,  
 Make the mighty ocean  
 And the beauteous land.  
 2. And the little moments,  
 Humble though they be,  
 Make the mighty ages  
 Of eternity.

3. So our little errors  
 Lead the soul away  
 From the paths of virtue,  
 Oft in sin to stray.  
 4. Little deeds of kindness,  
 Little words of love,  
 Make our earth an Eden,  
 Like the heaven above.

# Hark! the Herald Angels. 7s Double.

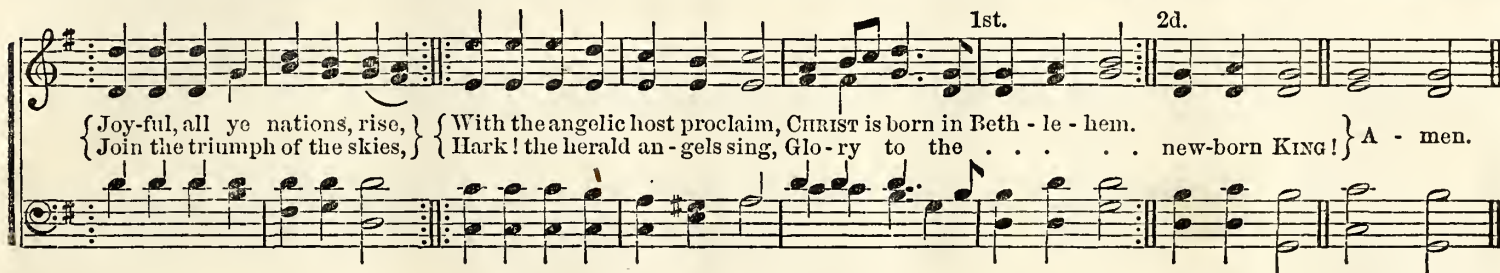
57

C. WESLEY.

ENGLISH.



1. Hark! the herald an-gels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born KING, Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners re - con-ciled!



1st. 2d.

{ Joy-ful, all ye nations, rise, } { With the angelic host proclaim, CHRIST is born in Beth - le - hem. }  
 { Join the triumph of the skies, } { Hark! the herald an-gels sing, Glo-ry to the . . . new-born KING! } A - men.

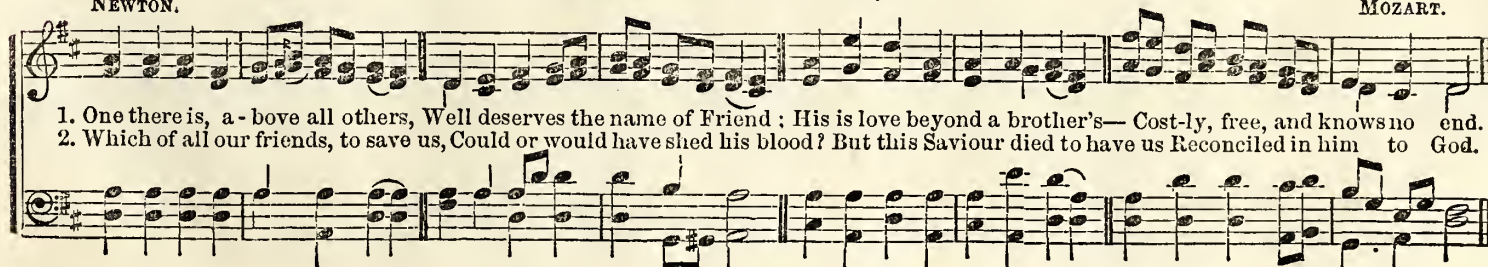
2. Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
 Light and life to all he brings,  
 Ris'n with healing in his wings.

Mild he lays his glory by,  
 Born that man no more may die,  
 Born to raise the sons of earth,  
 Born to give them second birth.  
 Hark the herald angels, &c.

## Mozart. 7. Or 8, 7.

NEWTON.

MOZART.



1. One there is, a - bove all others, Well deserves the name of Friend ; His is love beyond a brother's— Cost-ly, free, and knows no end.  
 2. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood? But this Saviour died to have us Reconciled in him to God.

# "Sitting at the Portal."

Words by Rev. F. M. ELLIS.

"And the twelve gates were twelve pearls."—REV. xxi. 21.

JOHN M. EVANS.

1. I am sitting at the por-tal With the sapphire gates a-jar, Where the eyes of hope immortal Catch the gleaming world a-far.  
 2. I am longing for the music Stealing thro' the open door, And my wea-ry heart grows homesick For the land where sin's no more.

## Refrain.

I am sitting, sitting, sitting at the por-tal, Sit-ting, sit-ting at the por-tal.  
 I am longing, longing, longing at the por-tal, Longing, longing at the por-tal.

3. I am waiting for those loved ones  
 Who are with the angel throng,  
 To come and bid me welcome,  
 But their coming seems so long.  
 I am waiting, &c.
4. I am hoping that the Master,  
 When my hour has fully come,  
 Will give my soul a welcome,  
 With the words, "Tis done—well  
 done."  
 I am hoping, &c.

# "Go and Sow Beside all Waters." 8, 7.

1st time Duett—2d time Chorus.

1. Go and sow be-side all waters, In the morning of thy youth.  
 In the evening scatter broadcast Precious seeds of . . . . living truth.  
 D. c. And the harvest of thy la-bor May be less than . . . . . thirty fold.,

For tho' much may sink and perish  
 In the rocky, barren mould,  
 D. C.

2. Let thy hand be not withholden,  
 Still beside all waters sow,  
 For thou know'st not which shall prosper—  
 Whether this or that will grow.

Therefore sow beside all waters;  
 Trusting, hoping, toiling on;  
 When the fields are white for harvest,  
 God will send his angels down.—PHOEBE CARY.



J. E. GOULD.



1. SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing  
 Ere repose our spirits seal:  
 Sin and want we come confessing,  
 Thou canst save and thou canst heal.  
 Though destruction walk around us,  
 Though the arrows near us fly,  
 Angel-guards from thee surround us;  
 We are safe if thou art nigh.

2. Though the night be dark and dreary,  
 Darkness cannot hide from thee;  
 Thou art He who, never weary,  
 Watchest where thy people be.  
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
 And our couch become our tomb,  
 May the morn in heaven awake us,  
 Clad in light and deathless bloom:—JAMES EDMESTON.

SECOND HYMN. (*Omit 1st repeat in tune.*)

1. SAVIOUR, like a Shepherd lead us,  
 Much we need thy tend'rest care;  
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
 For our use thy folds prepare:  
 // Blessed Jesus, //  
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are.  
 2. We are thine, do thou befriend us,  
 Be the guardian of our way:  
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,  
 Seek us when we go astray:  
 // Blessed Jesus, //  
 Hear thy children when they pray.

3. Thou hast promised to receive us,  
 Poor and sinful though we be;  
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free:  
 // Blessed Jesus, //  
 Let us ever turn to thee.  
 4. Ever let us seek thy favor,  
 Ever let us do thy will;  
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,  
 With thy love our bosom fill:  
 // Blessed Jesus, //  
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

## Thoughts of Home. (Chant.)

J. E. GOULD.

Words by MISS MARY F. KIRBY.

No. 1.

No. 2.

1st Tenor.

(For Male Voices.)

2d Tenor.

1st Bass.

2d Bass.

1. I've been thinking of home—of "my Father's house, A  
Where the many|mansions|be;" ||  
Of the city whose streets are paved with gold, ||  
Of its jasper walls, so fair to behold, A  
Which the|right-eous a-|lone shall|see. ||
2. I've been thinking of home, where they need not the light  
Of the sun, nor|moon, nor|star; ||  
Where the gates of pearl "are not shut by day, ||  
For no night is there," but the weary may  
Find|rest—from the|world a-|far. ||
3. I've been thinking of home, of the loved ones there, A  
Dear friends who have|gone be-|fore, ||

- With whom we walked to the death-river side, ||  
And sadly thought, as we watched the tide, A  
Of the|happy|days of|yore. ||
4. I've been thinking of home, and I'm homesick now;  
My spirit doth|long to|be ||  
In the "better land," where the ransomed sing ||  
Of the love of Christ, their Redeemer, King; A  
Of|mer-cy so|cost-ly, so|free. ||
5. I've been thinking of home; yea, "home, sweet home!"  
Oh there may we|all u-|nite ||  
With the white-robed throng that for ever raise ||  
To the Triune God sweetest songs of praise, A  
With|glory, and|honor, and|might! ||

## SECOND CHANT. (Morning Prayer.)

1. To prayer, to prayer—for the morning breaks,  
And earth in her Maker's|smile a-|wakes: ||  
Her light is on all below and above,  
The light of gladness and life and love. ||  
Oh, then, on the breath of this early air, A  
Send upward the|in-cense of|grateful|prayer. ||
2. To prayer—for the day that God has blest  
Comes tranquilly on with its|welcome|rest; ||  
It speaks of Creation's early bloom; A

- It speaks of the Prince that burst the tomb. ||  
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,  
And devote to|heaven the|hallowed|hours. ||
3. The voice of prayer in the world of bliss,  
But gladder, purer, than|rose from|this, ||  
The ransomed shout to their glorious King, A  
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing; ||  
But a sinless and joyous song they raise; A  
And their voice of|prayer—is e-|ternal|praise. ||—II. WARE, JR.

## THIRD CHANT (Evening Prayer.)

1. To prayer—for the glorious sun is gone,  
And the gathering darkness of|night comes|on : ||  
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows |  
To shade the earth where his children repose. ||  
Then kneel while the watching stars are bright, |  
And give your last|thoughts to the|Guardian—of| night. ||
2. Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,  
And pray for his soul, through| Him who|died, ||  
Drops of anguish are thick on his brow : |

- Oh what is earth and its pleasures now ? ||  
And what shall assuage his dark despair, |  
But the|penitent—cry of|humble|prayer ? ||
3. Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,  
And hear the last words the be-|liever|saith ; ||  
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends :  
There is peace in the eye which the Spirit sends ; ||  
There is peace in his calm, confiding air, |  
For his thoughts are with|God,—and his|last words|prayer. ||

HENRY WARE, Jr.

From "M. Harp." "Thy will Be Done." (Chant.)



3. What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no | longer | nigh, ||  
Submissive still would I reply,  
"Thy will, my | God, be | done." ||

1. My God, my Father, while I stray,  
Far from my home, on | life's rough | way, ||  
Oh teach me from my heart to say,  
"Thy will, my | God, be | done." ||
2. Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
Let me be still, and | murmur | not, ||  
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
"Thy will, my | God, be | done." ||
4. If but my fainting heart be blest  
With thy sweet | Spirit . . for its | guest, ||  
My God, to thee I leave the rest ;  
"Thy will, my | God, be | done." ||—ELLIOT

## BLEST IS THE HOUR. (Chant.)

1. BLEST is the hour when cares depart,  
And earthly | scenes are | far ; ||  
When tears of woe forget to start,  
And gently dawns upon the heart,  
Devotion's | holy | star. ||
2. Blest is the place where angels bend  
To hear our | worship | rise ||

- Where kindred thoughts their musings blend,  
And all the soul's affection's tend,  
Beyond the | veiling | skies. ||
3. Sweet shall the song of glory swell,  
Spirit di- | vine, to | thee. ||  
When they whose work is finished well,  
In thine own courts of rest shall dwell, |  
Blest . . through e- | ternity. ||



# Oh, Christian, Look up!

W. G. FISCHER.

1st. 2d.

1. { Oh, Christian, look up thro' the dim night of sorrow, Thro' th' madness and woe that are weighing thee down, } Illum'd by the rays of the  
See! glowing above thee, a glorious "to-morrow," . . . . . }

Chorus.

"Cross and the Crown." Look up thro' thy sor-row and dark-ness of night To the glo-rious to-morrow so cheerful and bright.

2. Nay! warrior, now pause, e'er the death-dealing dagger  
Shall chain thee for ever to torments untold,  
Through trials so fierce that thy soul may well stagger,  
See "mercy" is waiting thy faith to uphold.—CHORUS.

3. Oh, Calvary, goal of my earthly ambition!  
Ah shield me from "Caves of all Doubt and Despair;"  
Life's warfare soon over, what glorious fruition—  
For ever the smiles of my Saviour to share!—CHORUS.

## SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

1. SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!  
That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me at my Father's throne  
Make all my wants and wishes known:  
In seasons of distress and grief  
My soul has often found relief,  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!  
Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless:

And since he bids me seek his face,  
Believe his word and trust his grace,  
I'll cast on him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!  
May I thy consolation share,  
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home and take my flight:  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize;  
And shout, while passing through the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

# What Light is That?

63

Words by H. T. B.

*Traveler.* *Cho.* *Trav.* *Cho.*

1. What light is that illumines my way? God's guiding star, heav'n's beacon ray. And will it guide to endless day? Oh yes, to heav'n, thy home?  
 2. Whose voice is that sounds in my ears? Thy Saviour's voice to calm each fear. And will he every trouble cheer? Yes, till thou rest at home.

*Chorus.*

Oh! then with joy we'll hasten on To heaven our home of rest, And sing ho-san-nas round the throne, With all the ransomed blest.

*Trav.* 3. What love is that which thrills my breast?

*Cho.* 'Tis Jesus' love, so sweet, so blest.

*Trav.* And will he lead me to his rest?

*Cho.* Oh yes! to heaven, thy home.—CHORUS.

*Trav.* 4. Oh, why this boundless grace to me?

*Cho.* 'Tis sov'reign grace so rich and free.

*Trav.* And shall I all his glory see?

*Cho.* Yes, when thou reachest home.—CHORUS.

## Old Hundred. L. M.

**Dox. No. 1.**—Be thou, O God, exalted high,  
 And as thy glory fills the sky,  
 So let it be on earth displayed,  
 Till thou art here as there obeyed.

**No. 2.**—Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
 Praise him, all creatures here below  
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

LITE.  
Espressivo.

(Other verses below and on p. 65.)

# Eventide. 10s.

(Opening Piece.)

J. E. GOULD.

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the év - en - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord with m<sup>e</sup> a -

SOLO.

bide; When oth - er helpers fail, and c<sup>o</sup>m - forts flee, Help of . . the helpless, O a - bide with me.

(1st verse above—3d on p. 65.)

## Abide with Me. 10s.

ENGLISH.

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass a - way. Change and de - cay in

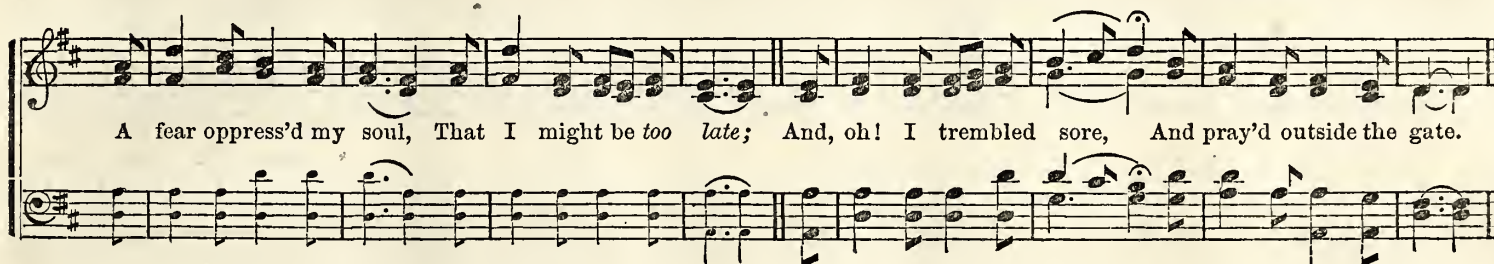
all around I see; O thou who changest not, abide with me.

4. Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows  
flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.





1. I stood out-side the gate, A poor wayfar-ing child; With-in my heart there beat A tempest, loud and wild.



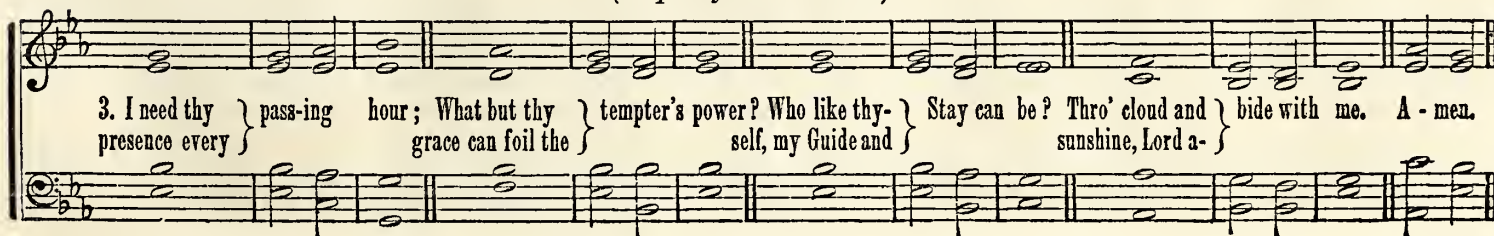
A fear oppress'd my soul, That I might be too late; And, oh! I trembled sore, And pray'd outside the gate.

2. "Mercy!" I loudly cried;  
 "Oh, give me rest from sin!"  
 "I will," a voice replied;  
 And Mercy let me in.  
 She bound my bleeding wounds;  
 She soothed my aching head;  
 She eased my burden'd soul,  
 And bore the load instead.

3. In Mercy's guise, I knew  
 The Saviour long abused;  
 Who often sought my heart,  
 And wept when I refused.  
 Oh, what a blest return  
 For ignorance and sin!  
 I stood outside the gate,  
 And Jesus let me in!

## Eventide.—Chant.

(See p. 64 for other verses.)



3. I need thy } pass-ing hour; What but thy } tempter's power? Who like thy- } Stay can be? Thro' cloud and } bide with me. A - men.  
 presence every } grace can foil the } self, my Guide and } sunshine, Lord a- }

# The Lord is in His holy Temple. (Sentence.)

(Opening Piece.)

J. E. GOULD.

*Larghetto.* *cres.* *cres.* *f*

The Lord is in his holy tem - ple, The Lord is in his holy tem - ple, Let all the

(Inst.)

*p* *p* *rit.*

earth . . . . . keep si - lence, keep si - - - - lence be - fore him.  
 earth, let all the earth keep si - lence be - fore him, keep si - lence be - fore . . . . him. . . .

Words by KERLE.

## Sun of my Soul. L. M.

ENGLISH.

1. SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,  
 It is not night if thou be near;  
 Oh may no earth-born cloud arise  
 To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
 Be my last thought how sweet to rest  
 For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3. Abide with me from morn till eve,  
 For without thee I cannot live;  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without thee I dare not die.
4. If some poor wandering child of thine,  
 Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
 Let him no more lie down in sin.

# Joy among the Angels.

T. E. PERKINS.

67

From "Sabbath Carols," by permission.

1st. FINE.

1. { There is joy a-mong the an-gels That fill the courts a-bove, }  
 { O'er a wand'ring soul re-turn-ing To . . . . . } ask a Fath-er's love. When the heart is bowed be-neath the cross, And

d. c.

tears repentant fall, And the earnest pray'r of faith can say, "Here, Lord, I give thee all."

2. There is joy among the angels ;  
 They tune their harps in heaven,  
 When the new-born soul with rapture  
 Can feel its sins forgiven ;  
 And the healing stream of pardoning grace  
 Has washed its guilt away,  
 And the eye looks up without a cloud,  
 And hails the opening day.—Cho.

3. There is joy among the angels,  
 The shining portals ring,  
 When a band of happy children  
 Their hearts to Jesus bring ;

Like the tender breath of early flowers  
 Their grateful songs shall rise,  
 Till the answering note from cherub choirs  
 In Eden's vale replies.—Cho.

## Hall. S. M. (Male Voices.)

J. E. GOULD.

1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear ; Oh, may we all re-mem-ber well The night of death draws near.  
 2. We lay our gar-ments by, Up-on our beds to rest ; So death shall soon dis-robe us all Of what we here possessed.  
 3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Secure from all our fears ; May an-gels guard us while we sleep, Till morn-ing light ap-pears.



## Singing for Jesus.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.  
From "*Singing Pilgrim*," by permission.

1. Singing for Je-sus, singing for Je-sus, Try-ing to serve him wher-ev-er I go; Pointing the lost to the way of sal-

va-tion, This be my mis-sion—a pilgrim be-low. When in the strains of my country I mingle, When to exalt her my voice I would

raise, 'Tis for his glo-ry whose arm is her refuge—Him would I hon-or, his name would I praise, his name would I praise.

Singing for Jesus glad hymns of devotion,  
Lifting the soul on her pinions of love;  
Dropping a word or a thought by the wayside,  
Telling of rest in the mansions above.  
Music may soften where language would fail us,  
Feelings long buried 'twill often restore,  
Tones that were breathed from the lips of departed,  
How we revere them when they are no more!

3. Singing for Jesus, my blessed Redeemer,  
God of the pilgrims, for thee I will sing;  
When on the billows of time I am wafted,  
Still with thy praise shall eternity ring.  
Glory to God for the prospect before me!  
Soon shall my spirit transported ascend;  
Singing for Jesus, oh blissful employment,  
Loud hallelujahs that never will end.

## BRIGHTEST AND BEST. 11, 10.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;  
Angel adore him in slumber reclining—  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.—HEBER.

# The Polar Star.

69

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

T. E. PERKINS, from "*Sabbath Carols.*"

2.1.

1. { We-a-ry wand'rer o'er the main, Seek-ing for thy home again, }  
 Thro' the gath'ring mists that rise, . . . . . Veiling thy na-tal skies; Look beyond, there's  
 light for thee Streaming o'er the tur-bid sea; Soft-ly it smiles, tho' dis-tant far, The beau-ti-ful po-lar star.

2. Stranger on a rocky strand,  
 Longing for thy fatherland,  
 Through the gathering clouds that rise,  
 Veiling thy natal skies;  
 Look beyond, there's hope for thee,  
 Dawning on a tranquil sea:  
 Softly it smiles, though distant far,  
 The beautiful polar star.

3. Lonely watcher, pale with grief,  
 Thou shalt find a sweet relief;  
 Though thy tears unheeded fall,  
 Jesus will count them all;  
 Look beyond; there's joy for thee,  
 Breaking on the troubled sea;  
 Softly it smiles, though distant far,  
 The beautiful polar star.

## HYMN.

1. JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,  
 Bound to the land of bright spirits above,  
 Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says, come,  
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.  
 Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,  
 Soon to the presence of God we shall go;  
 Then if to Jesus our hearts have been given,  
 Joyfully, joyfully rest we in heaven.

2. Teachers and scholars have passed on before;  
 Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,  
 Singing to cheer us while passing along,  
 "Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home."  
 Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear;  
 Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,  
 Filling with harmony heaven's high dome;  
 Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

# Silent River.

Words and Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

1st. 2d.

1. { Wait-ing by the si-lent riv-er, Lord, I watch and pray; }  
 Let thy mer-cy fail me nev-er, . . . . . } In my dy-ing day. Thro' the val-ley, dark and cheerless,  
 d. c. With thy pres-ence make me fear-less; . . . . . Sa-viour, give me light.  
 End with Chorus.

\*D. C. Chorus. FINE.

Thro' the shades of night, { Lord, be near me; } Je-sus, mighty to de-liv-er Bear me o'er the si-lent riv-er.  
 Sa-viour, cheer me; }

2. Jesus, Saviour, strengthen, pity;  
 Thou hast crossed the tide;  
 Lead me to the golden city—  
 Jesus, precious guide.  
 Take away my fear of dying,  
 Bid my trembling cease:  
 On thy promises relying,  
 Grant me joy and peace.—Cho.

3. Jesus, Saviour, keep me, hold me,  
 In the hour of death;  
 With thy loving arms enfold me,  
 At my latest breath.  
 Thou hast won the battle for me!  
 Saviour, help me sing;  
 Grave, where is thy victory o'er me,  
 Where, O death, thy sting!—Cho.

## HYMN. 8, 7, 4.

1, GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
 Pilgrim through this barren land;  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
 Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:  
 Bread of heaven,  
 Feed me till I want no more.

2. When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to thee.—OLIVER.



# Roll on, Roll on. L. M.

Rev. E. P. PARKER.  
From "Song Flowers," by permission.

71

1. Soon will our weeping-time be o'er,  
When we shall weep and sigh no more;  
Jesus himself shall guide the way,  
Till safe we rest in end-less day.

Cho.  
roll on, roll on,  
Roll on, Roll on, Sweet mo-ments, roll on, And let us poor pil-grims go home, go home.  
Roll on, roll on.

2. A few more rolling years, at most,  
Will land us safe on Canaan's coast;  
From sleeping clay and beds of dust  
Our Jesus will call home the just.  
CHO.—Roll on, &c.

3. And when we Christ in glory meet,  
Our thrilling hopes will be complete;  
Then shall we sing the song of grace,  
Safe in our glorious dwelling-place.  
CHO.—Roll on, &c.

## Calm. C. M.

(Opening piece.)

Quartette.

J. E. GOULD.

From "Modern Harp."

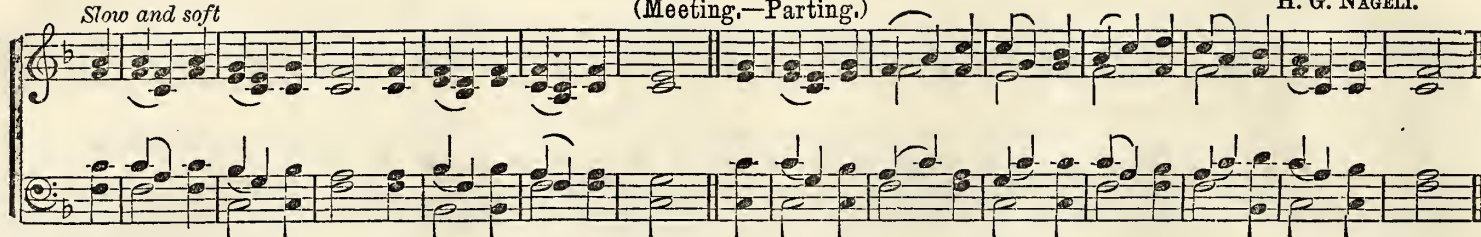
Very slow.

1. Our Father, God, who art in heaven, All hallowed be thy name! Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, In earth and heaven the same!  
2. Give us, this day, our daily bread, And, as we those forgive Who sin against us, so may we For-giv-ing grace re-ceive.  
3. In-to temp-tation lead us not; From evil set us free; And thine the kingdom, thine the power, And glory ev-er be.

## Dennis. S. M.

(Meeting.—Parting.)

H. G. NAGELI.

*Slow and soft*

1. WE meet for evening prayer:  
Lord, give us life divine!  
Let every tongue thy praise declare,  
And all our hearts be thine.
  2. Hark! the sweet anthems rise  
Where pagan altars stand;  
The swelling chorus mounts the skies,  
From every pagan land.
  3. While glad hosannas ring  
From desert, rock and sea,  
The heathen tribes their children bring,  
And give them, Lord, to thee.
- 
1. ONCE more, before we part,  
Oh bless the Saviour's name;  
Let every tongue and every heart,  
Adore and praise the same.

2. Lord, in thy grace we came—  
That blessing still impart;  
We meet in Jesus' sacred name—  
In Jesus' name we part.
  3. Thus nurtured by thy Word,  
May each in wisdom grow,  
And still go on to know the Lord,  
And practice what we know.
- 
1. Oh, where shall rest be found?  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.
  2. The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.—MONTGOMERY.

## Utica. S. M.

CHAS. ZEUNER, by permission.



Oh, where shall rest, &amp;c.

# My Saviour, 'tis Sweet.

73

Words by H. T. B.

1. { My Sa-viour, 'tis sweet thy love to re-peat, And sing of thy mer-cy, thy truth and thy grace. } Ho - san - na, ho-san-na, to  
 { All glo-ry to thee—from sin thou dost free, Thanksgiving and bless-ing throughout endless days. }

FINE. Cho.

Ho-san-na!

Je - sus I'll sing, And crown him my Maker, Re-deem-er and King.  
 I'll sing, And crown him my Mak-er and King.

D.C.

2. A wand'rer from home, delighting to roam,  
 I heard the sweet message so tenderly given—

"Come, sinner, to me—my mercy so free  
 Thou mayst now accept, and thy sins be forgiven."—Cho.

3. And now I am thine, what rapture divine  
 Enkindles my soul at the thought of thy love!  
 So sweet is the peace—so blest the release—  
 I'd praise thee for ever, both here and above!—Cho.

4. Oh, keep me, I pray, and guide me each day,  
 That I may not falter nor wander from thee;  
 And so let me strive thy glory to live  
 That others for refuge to thee too may flee.—Cho.

Haydn. S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Arr. from HAYDN.

1. How gen-tle God's com-mands! How kind his precepts are! Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.  
 2. His boun-ty will pro-vide, His saints securely dwell; That hand which bears creation up, Shall guard his children well.  
 3. His goodness stands approved, Unchanged from day to day; I'll drop my burden at his feet, And bear a song a-way.



## Just Over the River.\*

Words written for this Work.

J. E. GOULD.

1. I've a home in these bright fields of life, On the marge of a swift flowing riv - er; Naught of anger it knows, nor of strife, Full of

love that would love on for ev - er. { Yet all fond ties I eas - i - ly sev - er, When my eye, bright with faith, turns to rest }  
On my home that's just over the riv - er— . . . . .

2d. Chorus. *p*  
My sweet home in the land of the blest. Ov - er the riv - er! Just ov - er the riv - er! My home that's just ov - er the riv - er!

2. Here's the scene of my childhood—my birth—  
Here's the home of my father and mother,  
To my heart of ineffable worth,  
The sweet home of my sister and brother.

3. I delight in the bounties of earth,  
Those bright smiles of the heavenly Giver  
I enjoy its amusements and mirth,  
And its friendships I'll cherish for ever.—CHORUS.

# Go and Tell Jesus.

75

T. F. SEWARD, by permission.

1. Go and tell Jesus, weary, fainting soul; He'll ease thee of thy burden, make thee whole; Look up to him, he only can forgive; Be-

lieve on him and thou shalt surely live. { Go and tell Je - sus, he on - ly can forgive; } Go and tell Je - sus, go and tell Je - sus,  
 { Go and tell Je - sus, oh turn to him and live! }

Cho.

2. Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise, Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes,  
 Go and tell Je - sus, he on - ly can for-give. His blood was spilt, his precious life he gave,  
 That mercy, peace and pardon you might have.

3. Go and tell Jesus, he'll dispel thy fears, Will calm thy doubts and wipe away thy tears;  
 He'll take thee to his arms, and on his breast Thou may'st be happy, and for ever rest.

## HYMN.

Tunes—BALERMA and MEAR.

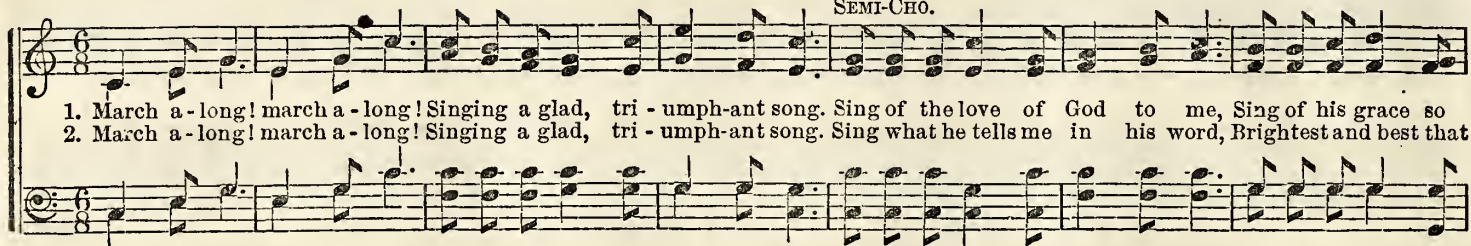
1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,  
 Or to defend his cause,  
 Maintain the honor of his word,  
 The glory of his cross.
2. Jesus, my God!—I know his name,—  
 His name is all my trust:  
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
 Nor let my hope be lost.

3. Firm as his throne his promise stands  
 And he can well secure  
 What I've committed to his hands  
 Till the decisive hour.
4. Then will he own my worthless name  
 Before his Father's face,  
 And in the new Jerusalem  
 Appoint my soul a place.—WATTS.

# Our Song of Triumph.

Words and Music by REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

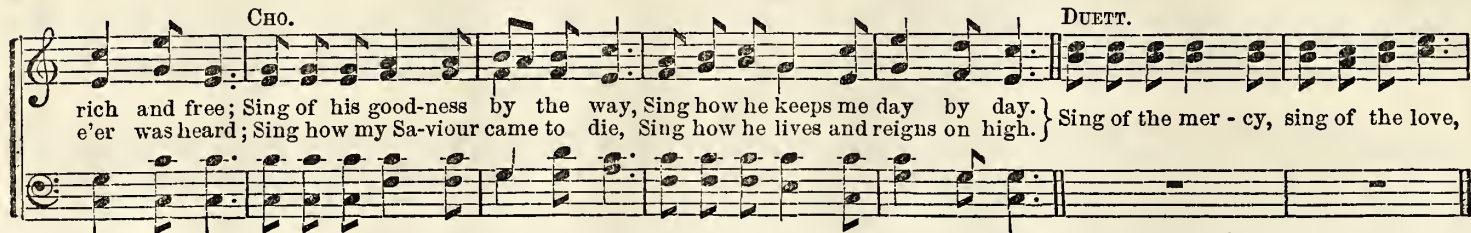
SEMI-CHO.



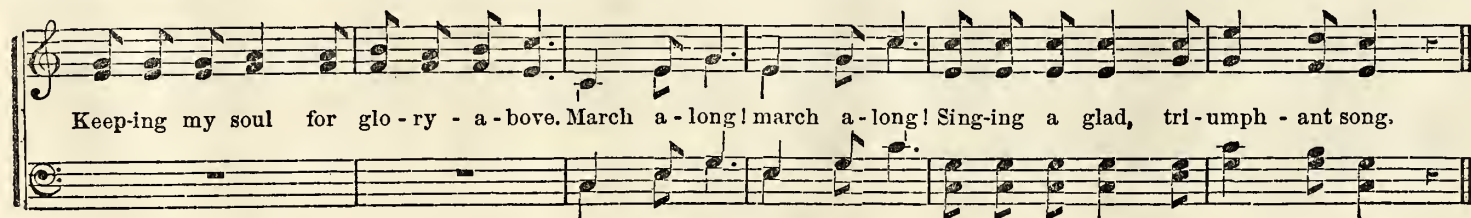
1. March a-long! march a-long! Singing a glad, tri-umph-ant song. Sing of the love of God to me, Sing of his grace so  
2. March a-long! march a-long! Singing a glad, tri-umph-ant song. Sing what he tells me in his word, Brightest and best that

CHO.

DUETT.



rich and free; Sing of his good-ness by the way, Sing how he keeps me day by day. } Sing of the mer-cy, sing of the love,  
e'er was heard; Sing how my Sa-viour came to die, Sing how he lives and reigns on high. }



Keep-ing my soul for glo-ry - a-bove. March a-long! march a-long! Sing-ing a glad, tri-umph - ant song.

3. March along! march along!  
Singing a glad, triumphant song.

Sing how he loved my soul so well.  
Ransomed with blood from sin and hell;  
Sing how his precious blood was spilt,  
Washing away my deepest guilt.

Chorus.—Sing of the mercy, &c.

4. March along! march along!  
Singing a glad, triumphant song.

Sing of my Jesus, strong to save,  
Sing of his victory o'er the grave,  
Sing how he rose from death and night,  
Bringing my soul to endless light.

Chorus.—Sing of the mercy, &c.



# "Going Home." C. M.

77

STENNETT.  
*Animated.*

JOHN M. EVANS, by permission.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

Chorus.

We're going home, we're going home, We've almost reach'd the shore; We're going home to dwell with God, And praise him evermore.

2. Oh the transporting, rapturous scene  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight!—Cho.
3. There generous fruits, that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow;  
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,  
With milk and honey flow.—Cho.

4. On all those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God, the Son, for ever reigns,  
And scatters night away.—Cho.
5. No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.—Cho.

## Robinson. 8, 7. Double.

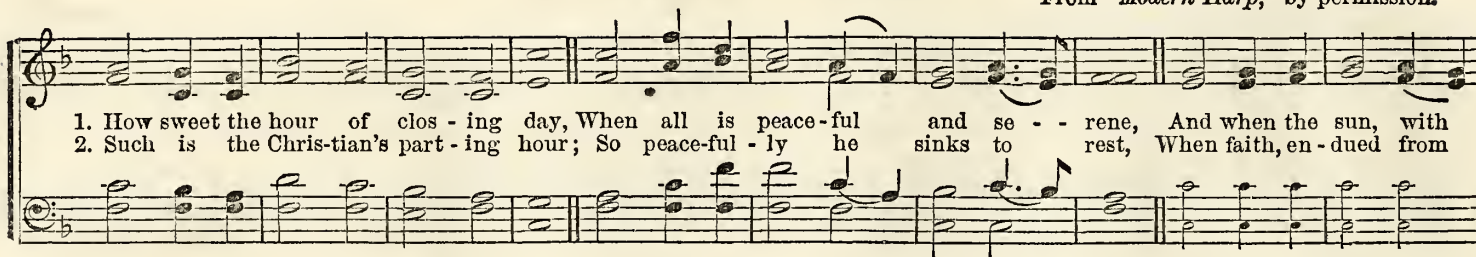
NEWTON.

DR. HASTINGS, by permission.

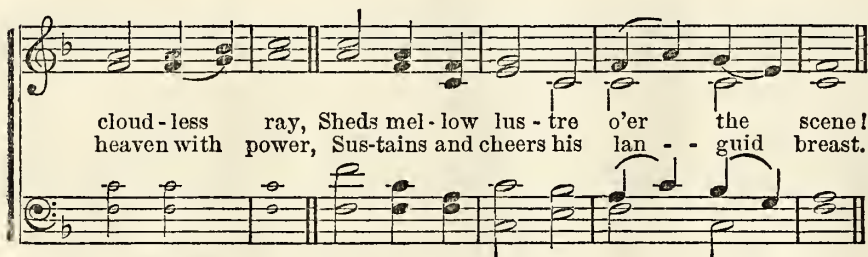
{ May the grace of Christ our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love, } Thus may we abide in u - nion, With each other, and the Lord,  
{ With the Ho-ly Spirit's favor, Rest up - on us from a - bove! }  
D. C. And possess in sweet communion, Joys which earth cannot afford.

## Evening. L. M.

J. E. GOULD.  
From "*Modern Harp*," by permission.



1. How sweet the hour of clos - ing day, When all is peace - ful and se - - rene, And when the sun, with  
2. Such is the Chris - tian's part - ing hour; So peace - ful - ly he sinks to rest, When faith, en - dued from



cloud - less ray, Sheds mel - low lus - tre o'er the scene!  
heaven with power, Sus - tains and cheers his lan - - guid breast.

3. A beam from heaven is sent to cheer  
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;  
And angels are attending near  
To bear him to their bright abode.

4. Who would not wish to die like those  
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless—  
To sink into that soft repose,  
Then wake to perfect happiness?

## SECOND HYMN.

1. FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2. There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads—  
A place than all besides more sweet:  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3. There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.

4. Oh let my hand forget her skill,  
My tongue be silent, cold and still,  
This throbbing heart forget to beat,  
If I forget the mercy-seat.—STOWELL.

## DOXOLOGY.

1. FROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.

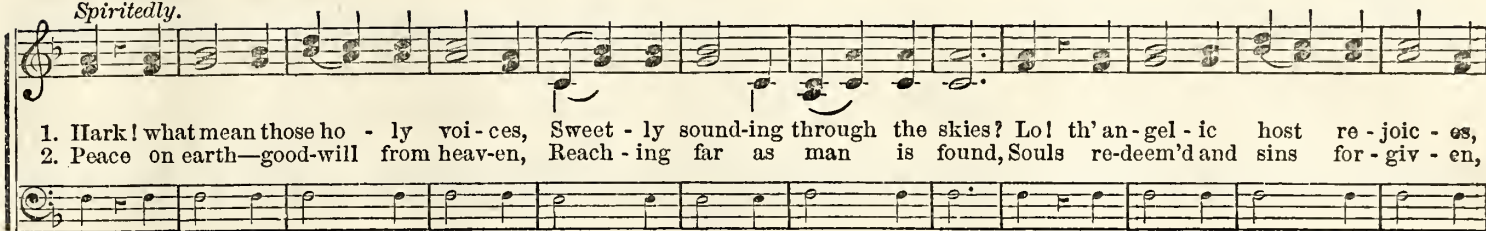
2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends thy word;  
Thy name shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.—WATTS.

# The Angel Choir. 8, 7.

79

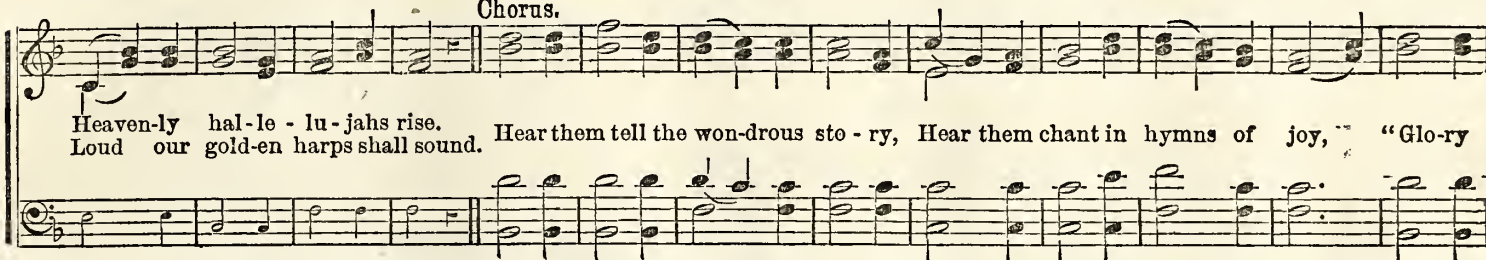
CAWOOD.  
*Spiritedly.*

From "*Sweet Singer*," by permission.



1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet - ly sound - ing through the skies? Lo! th' an - gel - ic host re - joice - es,  
2. Peace on earth—good-will from heav - en, Reach - ing far as man is found, Souls re - deem'd and sins for - giv - en,

Chorus.



Heaven - ly hal - le - lu - jahs rise. Hear them tell the won - drous sto - ry, Hear them chant in hymns of joy, "Glo - ry  
Loud our gold - en harps shall sound.



in the high - est - glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!"

3. Christ is born, the great Anointed—  
Heaven and earth his praises sing!  
Oh receive whom God appointed  
For your Prophet, Priest and King.—CHORUS.

4. Haste, ye mortals, to adore him:  
Learn his name, and taste his joy;  
Till in heaven ye sing before him,  
"Glory be to God most high!"—CHORUS.

## SECOND HYMN.

1. Holy Bible, well I love thee:  
Thou dost shine upon my way,  
Like the glorious sun above me,  
Turning darkness into day.  
Holy Bible, mines of treasure  
In thy precious folds I see;  
Earthly good would know no measure  
If this world were ruled by thee.

2. Holy Bible, thou wilt cheer me  
When I lay me down to die;  
Christ has promised to be near me—  
Can I fear when he is nigh?  
No! dear Bible, thou wilt cheer me  
When I lay me down to die;  
Christ has promised to be near me—  
I'll not fear when he is nigh.



## Where is thy Rest? 8, 7. Double.

Words and Music by DR. J. D. VINTON.

*Tenderly.*

1. { Is thy heart now beating lightly? Is its motion bold and free? } Is life's stream now smoothly flowing,  
 { Is thy step now quick and sprightly, Hast'ning to e-ter-ni-ty? } Through a valley bright and fair?

Is its rose bud freshly glowing In a fragrant, balm-y air?

3. Oh to life how near united  
 All thy hopes appear to be  
 When thy prospects all are blighted,  
 Whither, whither wilt thou flee?

2. Is thy path a way of beauty,  
 Fit to cheer a drooping heart?  
 Is thy care a pleasing duty?  
 Wishest thou no better part?  
 Is thy heart at all contented  
 With no promised rest in view?  
 Are thy thoughts to life cemented?  
 Hast thou proved its friendship true?

Life is but a rapid river—  
 Thou art sailing on its breast;  
 When thy heart with age shall shiver,  
 Where, 'oh where, will be thy rest?

## SECOND HYMN.

1. DEAREST Saviour, for me pleading,  
 With a just and righteous God,  
 Still continue interceding,  
 Till he stay his fearful rod!  
 When from home afar I wander,  
 From the great Eternal Rock,  
 In what wretchedness I ponder  
 Longing for my Father's flock.

2. Oh what trials come before me!  
 What a load I have to bear!  
 Jesus, thou hast long been o'er me,  
 Often called my soul to prayer;  
 But the wicked one is trying  
 To retain his fallen prey—  
 Struggling so at thoughts of dying,  
 And from home so far away.

3. For such lost ones thou art bleeding,  
 Stretched upon the cursed tree;  
 Still for sinners interceding,  
 Yes, for sinners—even me!  
 Can my life, though all commotion,  
 Yet become a life of peace?  
 And my bark fly o'er the ocean  
 To a land where sorrows cease?

4. Oh that soon may every billow  
 Cease to wash me far from shore,  
 And I rest on thee, my pillow,  
 Where distractions come no more!  
 Angels move in fancied glidings  
 Where my sorrows disappear;  
 And I hear the joyful tidings,  
 "Thou art numbered with us here."—J. D. V.

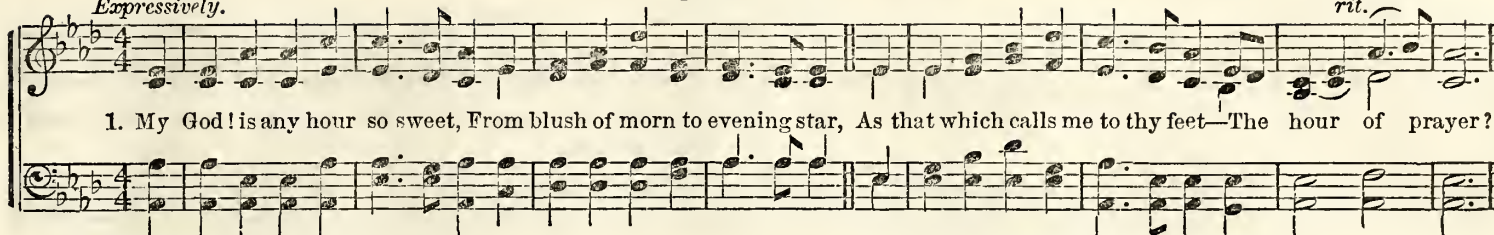
# The Hour of Prayer. 8, 4.

81

C. ELLIOT.  
*Expressively.*

(Opening piece.)

J. E. GOULD.  
*rit.*



1. My God! is any hour so sweet, From blush of morn to evening star, As that which calls me to thy feet—The hour of prayer?

2. Blest be the tranquil hour of morn,  
And blest the hour of solemn eve,  
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,  
The world I leave.

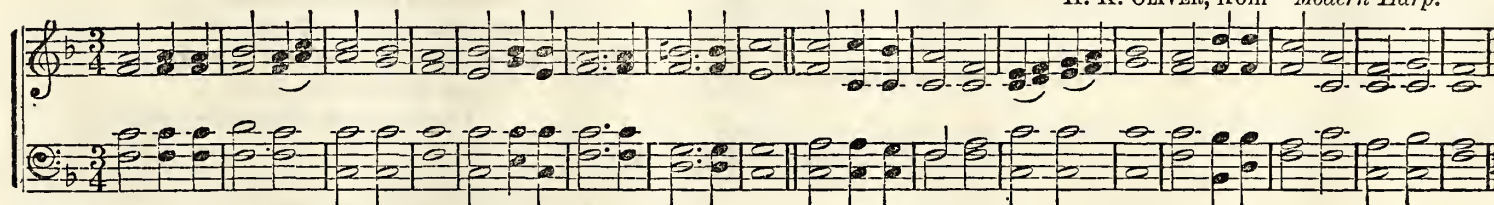
3. For then a day-spring shines on me,  
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;  
And richer dews descend from thee  
Than earth can know.

4. Words cannot tell what blest relief  
Here for my every want I find;  
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,  
What peace of mind.

5. Oh till I reach you peaceful shore,  
No privilege so dear shall be,  
As thus my inmost soul to pour  
In prayer to thee.

## Federal Street. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER, from "*Modern Harp*."



1. SWEET Sabbath bells! I love your voice,  
You call me to the house of prayer;  
Oft have you made my heart rejoice  
When I have gone to worship there.

2. But now a pris'ner of the Lord,  
His hand forbids, I cannot go;  
Yet may I here his love record,  
And here the sweets of worship know.

3. Each place alike is holy ground,  
Where prayer from humble souls is poured,  
Where praise awakes its silver sound,  
Or God is silently adored.

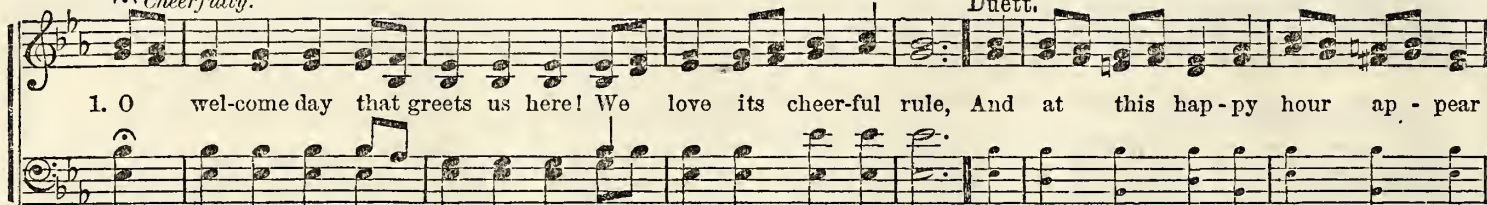
4. His sanctuary is the heart—  
There with the contrite will he rest;  
Lord, come, a Sabbath mind impart,  
And make thy temple in my breast.—*Songs in the Night.*

## O Welcome Day!

Words by Dr. J. D. VINTON.

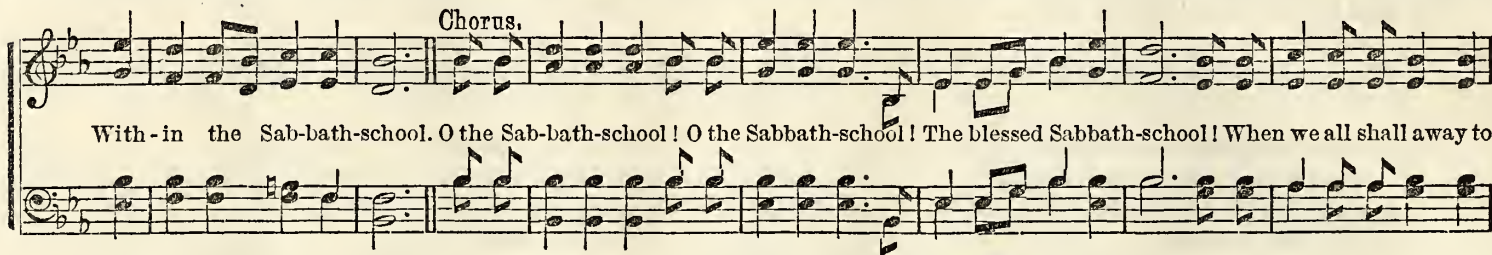
*Cheerfully.*

Duett.

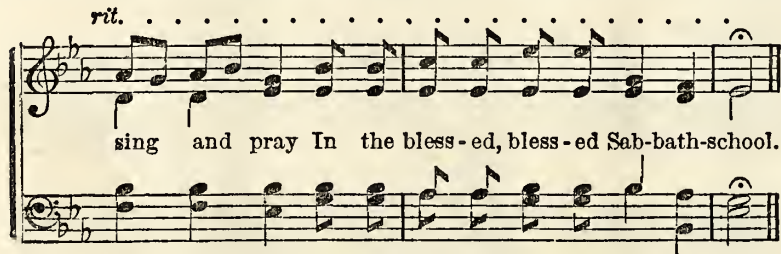


1. O wel-come day that greets us here! We love its cheer-ful rule, And at this hap-py hour ap-pear

Chorus.



With-in the Sab-bath-school. O the Sab-bath-school! O the Sabbath-school! The blessed Sabbath-school! When we all shall away to

*rit.*


sing and pray In the bless-ed, bless-ed Sab-bath-school.

3. God speed the time when thirsting lands  
Shall bear the sparkling pool;  
When heathen nations, clasping hands,  
Shall bless the Sabbath-school.

CHORUS.—O the Sabbath-school, &amp;c.

1. We love the Sabbath-school, the place  
Our youthful feet have trod,  
Where we have heard of wisdom's ways,  
That lead to peace and God.—CHORUS.

2. The Bible is a fountain clear  
Of waters fresh and cool,  
Reviving those, from year to year,  
Within the Sabbath-school.

CHORUS.—O the Sabbath-school, &amp;c.

4. Then all united let us bow  
Around the Lord's footstool,  
And of him ask, yea, ask him now,  
To bless the Sabbath-school.

CHORUS.—O the Sabbath-school, &amp;c.

2. Oh that, when earthly cares are past,  
Our teachers we may meet  
Upon the blissful plains, and cast  
Our crowns at Jesus' feet.—CHORUS.



# We are Coming.

83

Words by A. M. S.

With spirit. 1st time, *mf*—2d time, *f*.

(Anniversary or Sabbath-School.)

*FINE.*

1. We are coming, gladly coming, On this { *An-ni-ver-sary* } day, Ev'-ry heart with rapture swelling, Ev'ry tongue its praise to pay.  
D.C. *We are coming, gladly coming, &c.* { *sa-cred Sabbath* }

*ad lib.* 1st. 2d. D.C.

Welcome, pastor, welcome, teachers, Welcome, friends and parents dear,  
Welcome, classmates, come and join us, All are . . . welcome, welcome here;

2. We are singing, gladly singing,  
On this { *Anniversary* } day,  
Youthful praises we are bringing,  
Heartfelt homage would we pay.  
CHORUS.—Welcome, pastor, &c.

3. Jesus smiles when happy children  
Raise their tuneful voices high,  
Angels bear the joyous anthems  
To the Saviour in the sky.  
CHORUS.—Welcome, pastor, &c.

4. We are praying, humbly praying,  
On this { *Anniversary* } day,  
Asking Christ to kindly lead us  
Safely through life's thorny way.—CHORUS.

## Eckardtsheim. C. M.

NEWTON.

CHAS. ZEUNER, by permission.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

3. Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

# Let us Fight for the Right.

(Battle Song.)

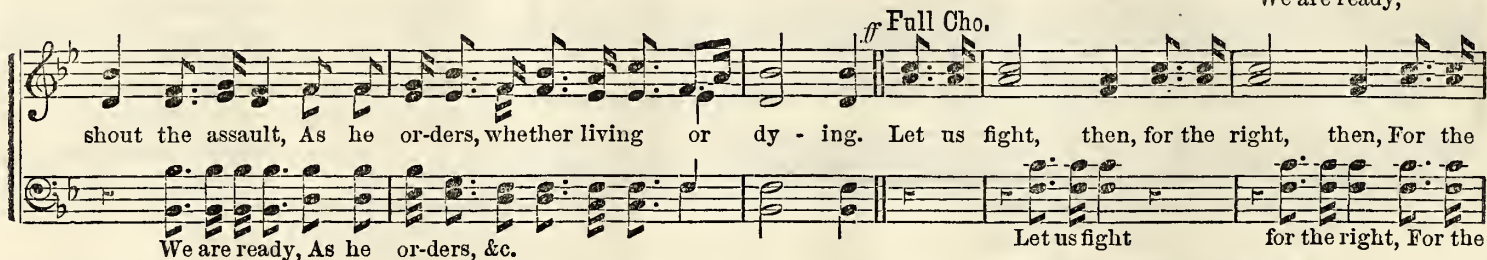
Words by Rev. WM. P. BREED, D.D.

SEM.-CHO.—*Very energetic.*



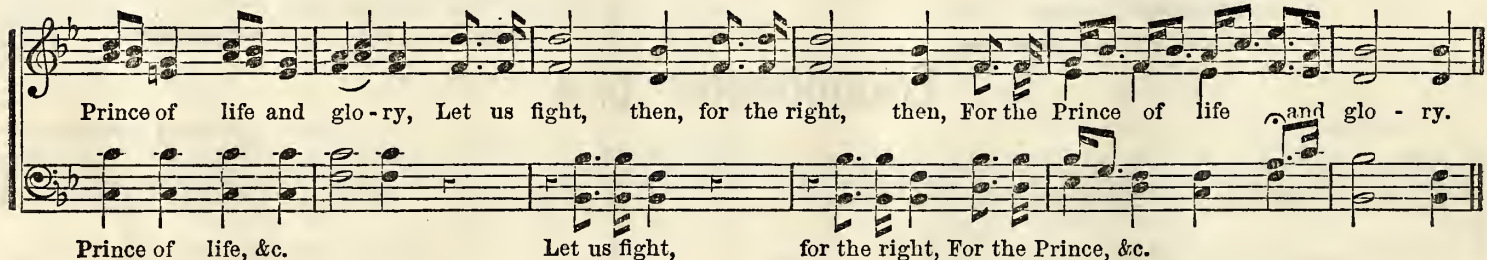
1. We are ready to fight For our God and the right, With his banner a-bove us fly - ing; We'll encamp, or we'll halt, Or we'll

We are ready,



Full Cho.  
shout the assault, As he or-ders, whether living or dy - ing. Let us fight, then, for the right, then, For the

We are ready, As he or-ders, &c. Let us fight for the right, For the



Prince of life and glo - ry, Let us fight, then, for the right, then, For the Prince of life and glo - ry.

Prince of life, &c. Let us fight, for the right, For the Prince, &c.

2. We are ready to fight  
For our God and the right,  
The great Captain in person leading,  
Through the conflict of life,  
Through the last bitter strife,  
On through sighing, and through weeping and bleeding.  
CHORUS.—Let us fight, &c.

3. We are ready to fight  
For our God and the right,  
With the prize before us gleaming,  
The white stone, the new name,  
The bright crown all aflame,  
In the heavens the bright morning star beaming.  
CHORUS.—Let us fight, &c.



# Jesus Bids us Shine.

85

(Infant Class.)

REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

1. Je-sus bids us shine With a pure, clear light, Like a lit-tle can-dle Burning in the night. In the world is darkness, So must we shine ;

You in your small corner, And I in mine.

2. Jesus bids us shine,  
First of all, for him ;  
Well he sees and knows it  
If one light is dim !  
He looks down from heaven  
To see us shine ;  
You in your small corner, &c.

3. Jesus bids us shine,  
Then, for all around ;  
For many kinds of darkness  
In the world are found.  
There's sin, there's want and sorrow,  
So we must shine,  
You in your small corner, &c.

## Christ was Born in Bethlehem.

(Infant Class.)

1. Christ was born in Bethlehem, Christ was born in Bethlehem, Christ was born in Bethlehem, And in a manger lay, And in a manger lay.  
*Christ was born in Beth-le-hem, And in a manger lay.* D.S.

2. By the Jews was crucified, By the Jews was crucified, By the Jews was crucified, And nailed upon the cross, And nailed upon the cross.  
*By the Jews was crucified, And nailed upon the cross.* D.S.

3. Then his body Joseph begged,  
And laid it in a tomb.

4. Weeping Mary early came,  
Her loving Lord to see.

5. To that tomb an angel came,  
And rolled the stone away.

6. Shout, oh shout the victory !  
We're on our journey home.

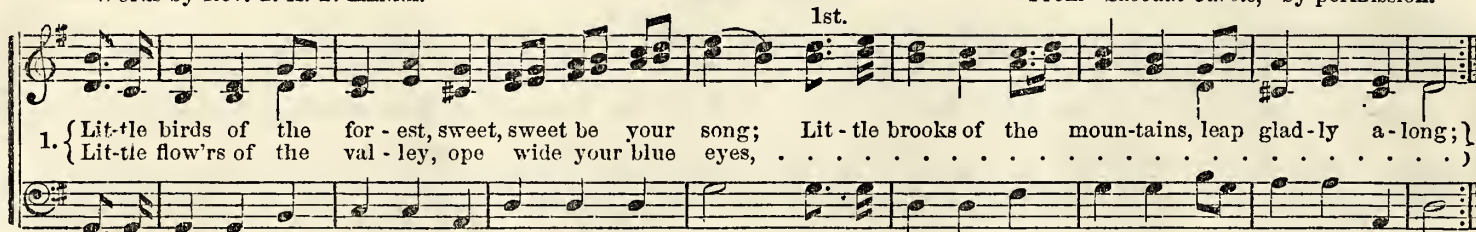


## Our Jesus.

Words by Rev. T. A. T. HANNA.

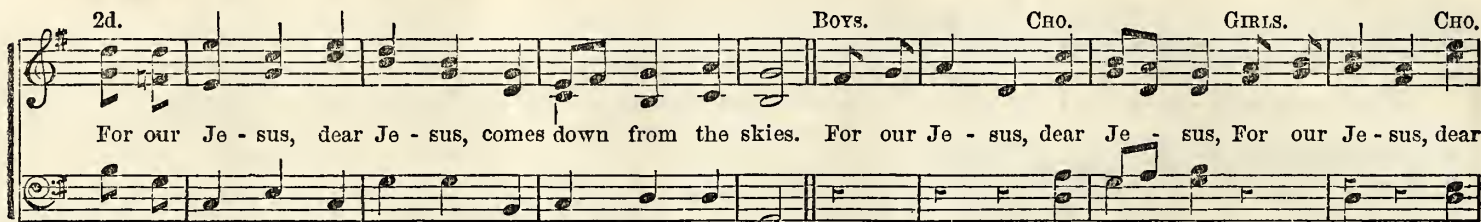
Music by W. F. SHERWIN.  
From "Sabbath Carols," by permission.

1st.



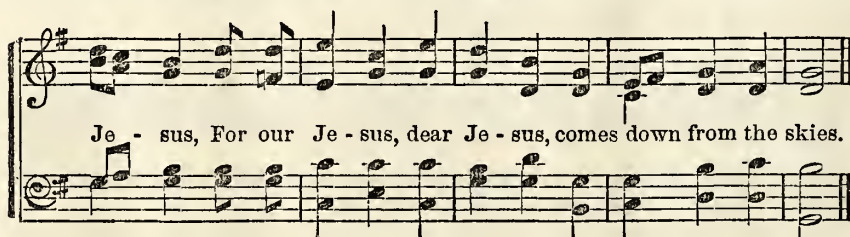
1. { Lit-tle birds of the for-est, sweet, sweet be your song; Lit-tle brooks of the moun-tains, leap glad-ly a-long; }  
Lit-tle flow'rs of the val-ley, ope wide your blue eyes, . . . . . }

2d.



Boys. CHO. GIRLS. CHO.

For our Je - sus, dear Je - sus, comes down from the skies. For our Je - sus, dear Je - sus, For our Je - sus, dear



Je - sus, For our Je - sus, dear Je - sus, comes down from the skies.

2. Oh, the darkness that spread o'er Judea's blue sky,  
And the rocks that were cleft at the finishing cry;  
And the veil of the temple, all rending in twain,  
When our Jesus, dear Jesus, for sinners was slain.  
When our Jesus, &c.
3. Hear the cry of the sea as it breaks on the strand;  
Hear the moan of the wind as it sweeps o'er the land;  
And the cedars of Lebanon mournfully wave—  
For our Jesus, dear Jesus, goes down to the grave.  
For our Jesus, &c.

"EVEN ME." (Tune.—"No CRUMB FOR ME," page 15.)

1. LORD, I hear of showers of blessings,  
Thou art scattering full and free—  
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let some droppings fall on me.  
CHO.—Even me, even me,  
Let some droppings fall on me.
2. Pass me not, O God, my Father,  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
Let thy mercy fall on me.—CHO.

3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!  
Let me live and cling to thee:  
Fain I'm longing for thy favor;  
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me.—CHO.
4. Pass me not, thy lost one bringing;  
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;  
Whilst the streams of life are springing,  
Blessing others, oh bless me.  
CHO.—Even me, even me,  
Let some droppings fall on me.

# Dear Bower of Prayer.

87

J. E. GOULD.

*Tenderly.*

*Duett.*

1. To leave my dear friends and from neighbors to part, To go from my home—it affects not my heart As thoughts of ab-sent-ing my-

*Chorus.*

*rit.*

*Duett or Quartette.*

self for a day— From that best retreat where I've chosen to pray! Dear bower of pray'r.

2. Sweet bower! the pine and the poplar have spread,  
And wove with their branches a roof o'er my head;  
How oft have I knelt in the evergreen there,  
And poured forth my soul to my Saviour in prayer!  
Dear bower of prayer.

3. The early shrill notes of the loved nightingale,  
That dwelt in my bow'r, I observed as my bell  
To call me to duty, while birds of the air  
Sang anthems of praises, while kneeling in pray'r.  
Dear bower of prayer.

4. Sweet bower! should I leave thee and bid thee adieu,  
To pay my devotion in parts that are new;  
I know that my Saviour resides everywhere,  
And can in all places give answer to prayer.  
Dear bower of prayer.

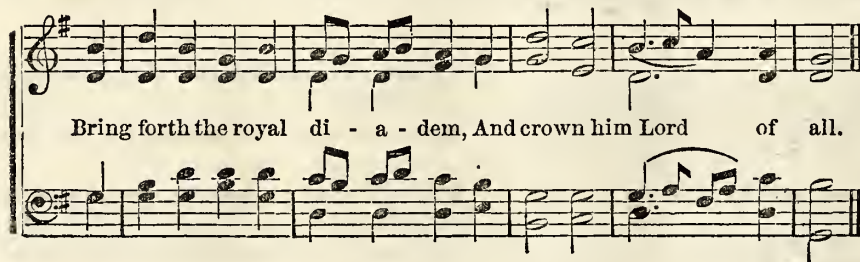
## DEDICATION HYMN. C. M. (Tune.—St. MARTIN'S.)

1. We dedicate this sacred place,  
O Lord of Hosts, to thee;  
And may thy presence evermore  
Within this temple be.
2. May Jesus' precious love be felt,  
His name acknowledged be,  
And his salvation be proclaimed,  
With true simplicity.

3. And may the Holy Spirit's power  
Within this temple rest,  
And all within these hallowed walls  
Be with salvation blest.
4. Thus, Lord, within this temple dwell  
In love and majesty;  
And make each heart within these walls,  
A dwelling meet for thee —H. T. B.

Words by DUNCAN.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



4. Oh that with yonder sacred throng  
We at his feet may fall;

2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.

3. Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.

We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

## SECOND HYMN.

1. SALVATION! Oh the joyful sound,  
'Tis pleasure to our ears,  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.
2. Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At death's dark door we lay;  
But we arise by grace divine,  
To see a heavenly day.
3. Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.—WATTS.

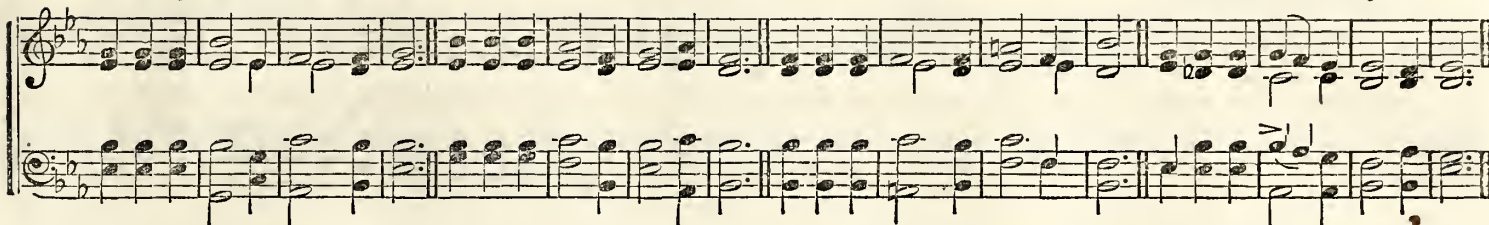
## THIRD HYMN.

1. Oh for a shout of sacred joy  
To God, the sovereign King!  
Let every land their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.
2. Jesus, our God, ascends on high;  
His heavenly guards around  
Attend him, rising through the sky,  
With trumpets' joyful sound.
3. While angels shout and praise their King  
Let mortals learn their strains,  
Let all the earth his honors sing;  
O'er all the earth he reigns.—WATTS.



Words by BOWRING.

FROM PEARCE'S "Hymns."



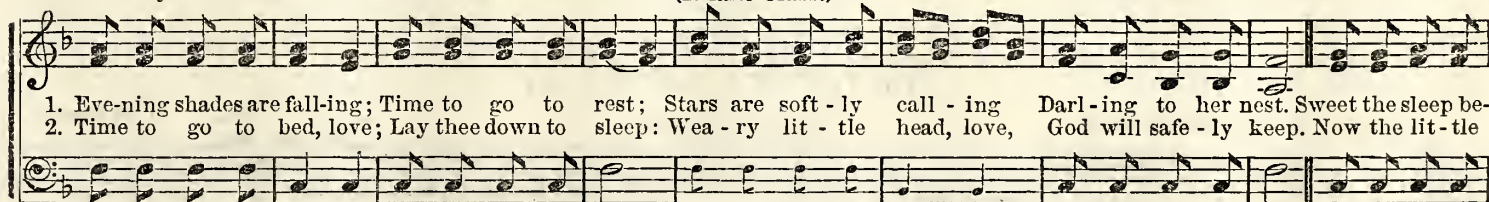
1. I CANNOT always trace the way  
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;  
But I can always, always say,  
That God is love, that God is love.
2. When fear her chilling mantle flings  
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,  
As to her sanctuary, springs,  
For God is love, for God is love.

3. When mystery clouds my darkened path,  
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;  
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,  
That God is love, that God is love.
4. Yes, God is love; a thought like this  
Can every gloomy thought remove,  
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,  
For God is love, for God is love.

## "Darling, go to Rest."

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

(Infant Class.)



1. Eve-ning shades are fall-ing; Time to go to rest; Stars are soft-ly call-ing Darl-ing to her nest. Sweet the sleep be-
2. Time to go to bed, love; Lay thee down to sleep: Wea-ry lit-tle head, love, God will safe-ly keep. Now the lit-tle



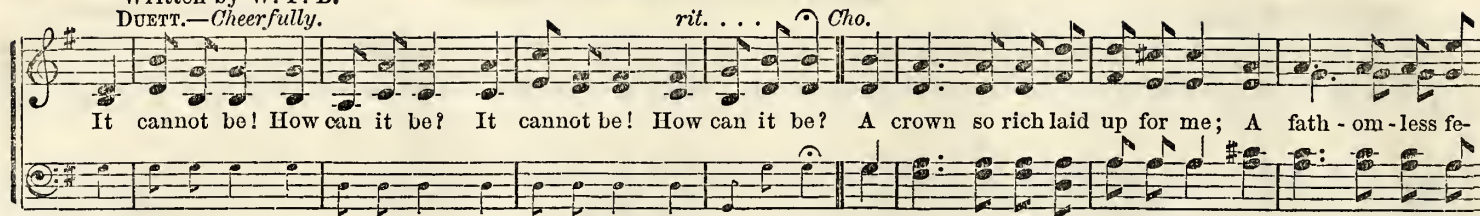
fore thee Till morning light; God in heaven watch o'er thee, My love, good-night.  
kiss, love, Arms clasp so tight; Pleasant dreams of bliss, love; My love, good-night.

3. Now the little prayer, love,  
On the bended knee;  
Safe in Jesus' care, love,  
He can hear and see.  
God in mercy keep thee,  
Till sunshine bright:  
Calmly, sweetly sleep thee,  
My love, good-night.

## It Cannot Be!

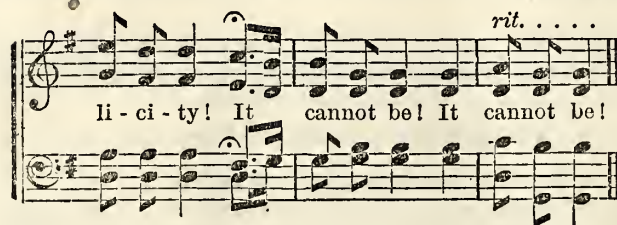
Written by W. P. B.  
DUETT.—*Cheerfully.*

*rit. . . . Cho.*



It cannot be! How can it be? It cannot be! How can it be? A crown so rich laid up for me; A fath-om-less fe-

*rit. . . .*



li-ci-ty! It cannot be! It cannot be!

2. ||: The saints of old,  
The martyrs bold, :||  
Who bled and died, O Christ, for  
thee,  
Be theirs the prize—but oh for me  
||: It cannot be! :||

3. ||: Those fragrant bowers—  
Those fadeless flowers—:||  
Yon palace by the crystal sea  
Aglow with God's own smile—  
for me?  
||: It cannot be! :||

4. ||: A king to God,  
And priest to God, :||  
A crown and mitre both for me,  
To minister and reign with thee—  
||: It cannot be! :||

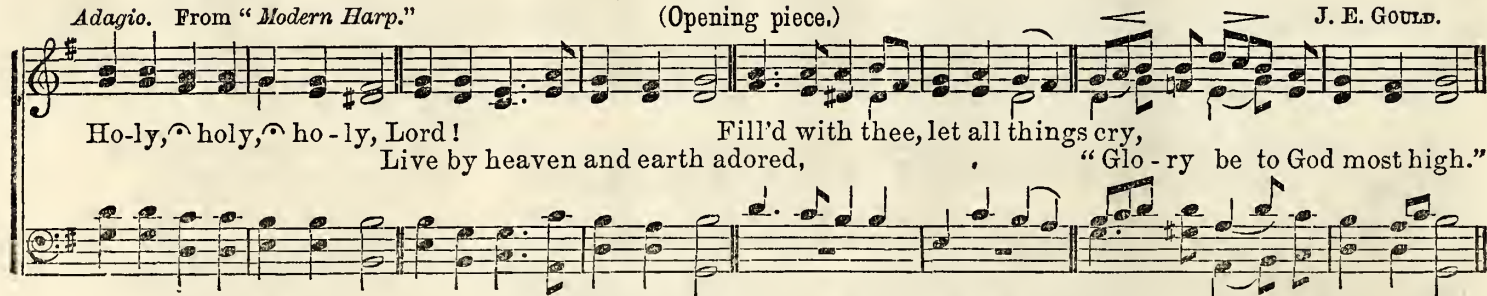
5. ||: Nay! by the gate  
But let me wait, :||  
Where my Redeemer I may see;  
To draw more near is not for me—  
||: It cannot be! :||

## Holy, Holy, Lord! 7.

*Adagio.* From "Modern Harp."

(Opening piece.)

J. E. GOULD.



Ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord! Fill'd with thee, let all things cry,  
Live by heaven and earth adored, "Glo-ry be to God most high."

# A Little While. (Chant.)

91

*mf* Words by BONAR. *p*

*mf*

*p*

W. A. TARBUTTON, by permission.

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon; Beyond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping,  
 2. Beyond the blooming and the fading, I shall be soon; Beyond the shining and the shading, Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  
 3. Beyond the parting and the meeting, I shall be soon; Beyond the farewell and the greeting, Beyond the pulse's fever beating,  
 4. Beyond the frost-chain and the fever I shall be soon; Beyond the rock-waste and the river, Beyond the ever and the never,

*mf* *p* *mf* *p* *mf* *p*

Home . . . . .

I shall be | soon. | Love, rest and | home! | sweet . . . | home! | Lord, tar-ry | not, but | come. ||

*p* *mf* *p*

Home . . . . .

## A Little While. (Chant.) Male Voices.

(Suitable for Funeral.)

Beyond the smiling, &c.

## SECOND CHANT.

1. THERE is a land of bliss immortal, |  
 Shall we be | there? ||  
 No sin and sorrow cross its portal |  
 Christ reigneth there, the King immortal. |  
 Shall we be | there? ||  
 Sweet, blessed | home— |  
 Sweet | rest; ||  
 Lord, fit us | for that home. ||

2. There death nor sickness enter never: |  
 Shall we be | there? ||  
 Eternal sunshine resteth ever; |  
 There light and beauty dwell for ever! |  
 Shall we be | there? ||  
 Sweet, blessed | home— |  
 Sweet | rest; ||  
 Lord, fit us for | that | home. ||

3. There golden harps are ever ringing; |  
 Shall we be | there? ||  
 Our grateful songs with angels mingling; |  
 Jehovah's praises ever singing; |  
 Shall we be | there? ||  
 Sweet, blessed | home— |  
 Sweet | rest; ||  
 Lord, fit us | for that | home. ||

H. T. B.



## The Place for Me.\*

Words and Music by DR. J. D. VINTON.

*Cheerfully.* *Semi-Cho.* *Full Cho.*

1. There is a place where children go, And learn to bow the knee { To Him who gives his saints be-low joy the world can nev-er know, } And that's the place for me! Oh that's the place for me! And that's the place for me! The place where children love to go, Oh that's the place for me!

*SOLO.—Girl.* *Boy.* *Cho.*

\* Becomes C. M., by omitting repeat in music, and filling out with last two lines of Hymn.

2. The Sabbath-school is just the place  
Where children ought to be,  
And learn in early life to trace  
The precious fount of saving grace,  
And that's the place for me, &c.

3. 'Tis there that all in holy song  
Are making melody;

Where children gather fresh and strong,  
To aid the heavenly strains along,  
And that's the place for me, &c.

4. When humming voices soft and sweet  
In lessons all agree,  
The Spirit comforts those who meet  
With blessings from the mercy-seat,  
And that's the place for me, &c.

## SECOND HYMN. (The Bible.)

1. Oh! what a precious book for those  
Who consolation need,  
Has been prepared by Him who knows  
The wondrous power temptation throws,  
O'er all his chosen seed.

CHO. Oh that's the book for me! | The Bible is that precious book,  
And that's the book for me! | And that's the book for me.

2. What valued truths that book contains  
To cheer a sinful race,  
Through life's array of woes and pains,  
In sickness, prisons, wars and chains,  
Imparting saving grace.—CHORUS.

3. That book—a treasure to my heart—  
I search with daily care,  
Lest I forget my humble part,  
When doubts and fears within me start.  
A burden hard to bear.

CHORUS.—Oh that's the book for me! &c.

4. Its cheering words, how bright they shine,  
Guiding the soul above!  
Oh! in that light may I resign  
This sickening, dying soul of mine,  
And trust a Saviour's love.  
CHORUS.—Oh that's the book for me, &c.—V.

# The Sabbath-School.

93

*Cheerfully.*      GIRLS.      BOYS.      CHO.      W. C. EWING.

1. { The Sabbath-school's a place of prayer; I love to meet my teachers there; } I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sabbath-school.  
 { They teach me there that every one May find in heaven a happy home. }

2. In God's own book we're taught to read  
 How Christ for sinners groaned and bled;  
 That precious blood a ransom gave  
 For sinful man, his soul to save.  
 I love to go, &c.

3. In Sabbath-school we sing and pray,  
 And learn to love the Sabbath-day,

That, when on earth our Sabbaths end,  
 A glorious rest in heaven we'll spend.—I love to go, &c.

4. And when our days on earth are o'er,  
 We'll meet in heaven to part no more;  
 Our teachers kind we there shall greet,  
 And oh what joy 'twill be to meet  
 In heaven above—in heaven above—  
 In heaven above, to part no more!

## O Saviour, Keep Us!

SOLO FOR A LITTLE CHILD.      1st.      2d.      CHO.      Words and Music by DR. J. D. VINTON.

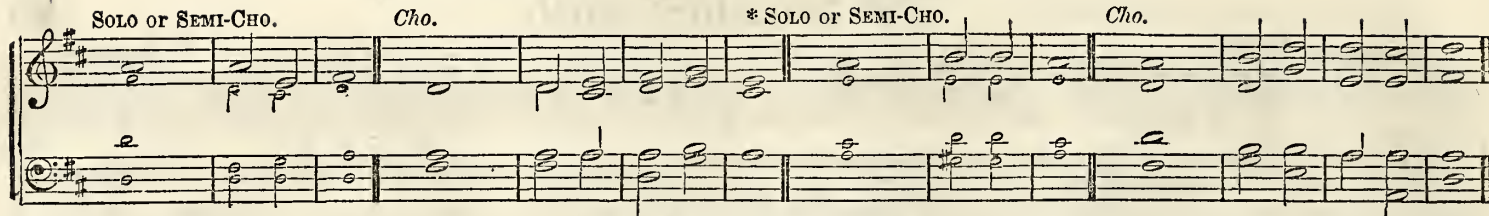
1. { Saviour, keep a lit-tle child, Yes, a lit-tle child like me,  
 { Oft by wicked thoughts beguiled, . . . . . Saviour, keep me nearer thee. } Keep us all, O Saviour dear! Let our hearts in

thee find rest; While we sing, O Je - sus, hear; Then, oh then we all are blest!

2. Though so small, my Saviour sees,  
 Much that's wrong and should not be;  
 But his tender mercy frees;  
 Therefore, Lord, I come to thee.—CHO.

3. May I never disobey  
 Father, mother—no, nor thee:  
 Keep me, Saviour, in thy way—  
 This shall ever be my plea.—CHO.

# The Heavens Declare. (Responsive Chant.)



\* The Bass may take these large notes.

1. { *Solo.* THE heavens declare the | glory — of | God ; ||  
*Cho.* And the firmament | showeth — his | handy | work. ||  
*Solo.* Day unto | day — uttereth | speech, ||  
*Cho.* And night unto | night — | showeth | knowledge. ||
2. { *Solo.* The law of the Lord is perfect, con- | verting — the | soul ; ||  
*Cho.* The testimony of the Lord is | sure, — making | wise the | simple. ||  
*Solo.* The statutes of the Lord are right, re- | joicing — the | heart ; ||  
*Cho.* The commandment of the Lord is | pure, en- | lightening — the | eyes. ||
3. { *Solo.* The fear of the Lord is clean, en- | during for | ever ; ||  
*Cho.* The judgments of the Lord are true, and | righteous | al-to- | gether. ||  
*Solo.* Let the words of my mouth and the meditation | of mine | heart ||  
*Cho.* Be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Re- | deemer. | A — | MEN ! ||

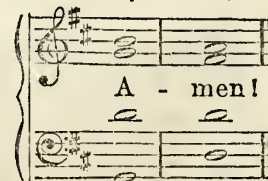
## GIVE THANKS.\*

1. Oh give thanks unto the Lord, for | he is | good ; ||
2. O give thanks unto the | God of | gods ; ||
3. Oh give thanks unto the | Lord of | lords ; ||
4. To him who alone | doeth — great | wonders ;
5. To him that by wisdom | made the | heavens ; ||
6. To him that stretched out the earth a- | bove the | waters ; ||
7. To him that | made great | lights ;
8. The sun to rule by day ; the moon and stars to | rule by | night, ||
9. Who remembered us in our | low es- | tate ; ||
10. And hath redeemed us | from our | enemies ; ||
11. Who giveth food to | all — | flesh ; ||
12. Oh give thanks unto the | God of | heaven. | AMEN. ||

\* Cho. responds to each verse.

## Response :

Cho. For his | mercy — en- | dureth —  
for | ever. ||





## OH COME, LET US SING.

(CHANT, page 94. *Responsive* or CHO. throughout.)

1. OH come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord; || let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation. ||
2. Let us come before his presence | with .. thanks- | giving, || and show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms. ||
3. For the Lord is a | great .. | God, || and a great | King a- | bove all | gods. ||
4. In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth; || and the strength of the | hills is | his — | also. ||
5. The sea is his, | and he | made it, || and his hands pre- | pared the | dry — | land. ||
6. Oh come, let us worship, | and fall | down, || and kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker; ||
7. For he is the | Lord our | God, || and we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his — | hand. ||
8. Oh worship the Lord in the | beauty of | holiness; || let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him. ||
9. For he cometh, | for he | cometh || to | judge — | the — | earth, || and with righteousness to | judge the | world, ||  
and the | people | with his | truth. ||

CHO. { *Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost; ||*  
*Gloria Patri. { As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world with- | out end. | A — | MEN. ||*

## I WAS GLAD.

1. I WAS glad when they | said unto | me, || let us go | into the | house — of the | Lord. ||
2. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, | O Je- | rusalem; || Jerusalem is builded as a city that | is com- | pact  
to- | gether, ||
3. Whither the tribes go up; the tribes of the Lord, unto the | testimony — of | Israel, || to give | thanks — unto  
the | name — of the | Lord. ||
4. For there are set | thrones of | judgment, || the | thrones — of the | house of | David. ||
5. Pray for the | peace — of Je- | rusalem; || they shall | prosper | that — | love thee. ||
6. Peace be with- | in thy | walls, || and pros- | perity with- | in thy | palaces. ||
7. For my brethren and com- | panions' | sakes, || I will now say, | Peace — be with- | in — | thee. ||
8. Because of the house of the | Lord our | God, || I will seek thy | good, — | A — | MEN!

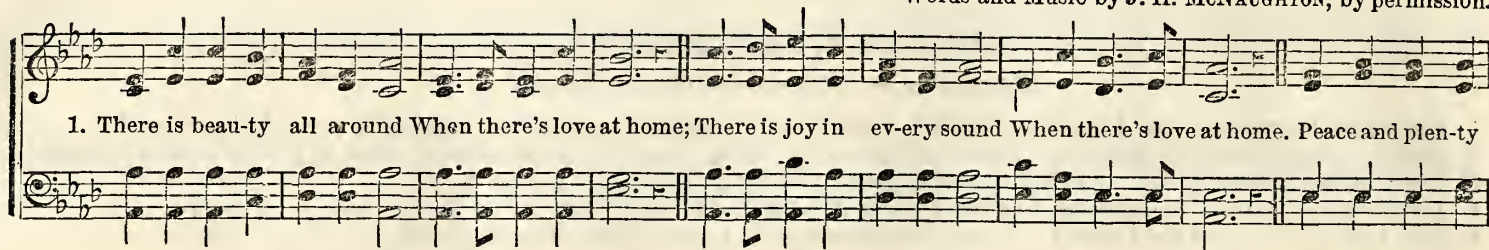
## BLESSED BE THE LORD.

1. BLESSED be the Lord! God of | Israel, || for he hath visited | and re- | deemed — his | people: ||
2. And hath raised up almighty sal- | vation | for us, || in the house | of his | servant | David; ||
3. As he spake by the mouth of his | holy | prophets, || which have been | since the | world be- | gan; ||
4. That we should be saved | from our | enemies, || and from the | hand of | all that | hate us. ||

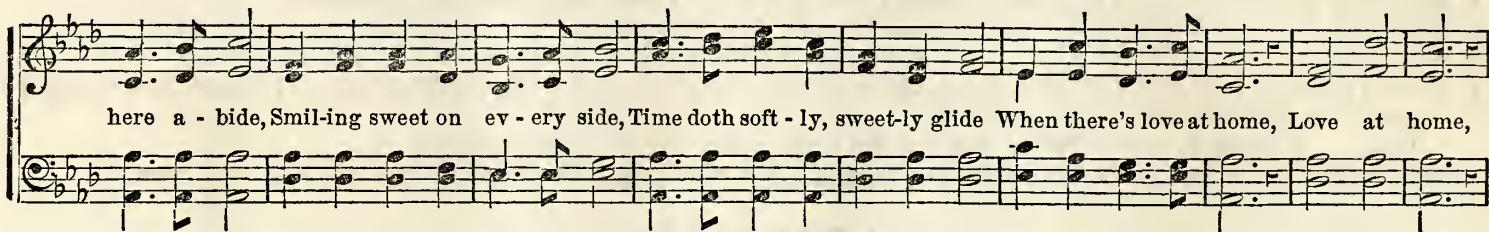
*Gloria Patri.*

## Love at Home.

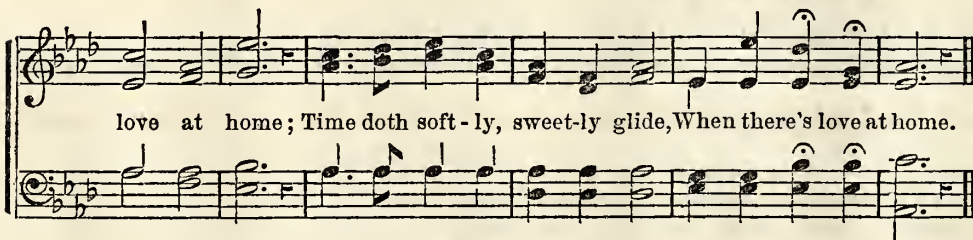
Words and Music by J. H. McNAUGHTON, by permission.



1. There is beau-ty all around When there's love at home; There is joy in ev-ery sound When there's love at home. Peace and plen-ty



here a - bid-e, Smil-ing sweet on ev - ery side, Time doth soft - ly, sweet-ly glide When there's love at home, Love at home,



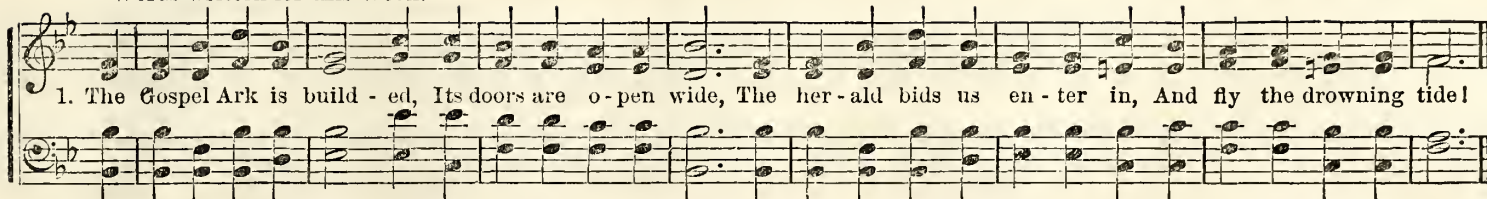
love at home; Time doth soft - ly, sweet-ly glide, When there's love at home.

2. In the cottage there is joy  
 When there's love at home;  
 Hate and envy ne'er annoy  
 When there's love at home.  
 Roses blossom 'neath our feet,  
 All the earth's a garden sweet,  
 Making life a bliss complete,  
 When there's love at home.

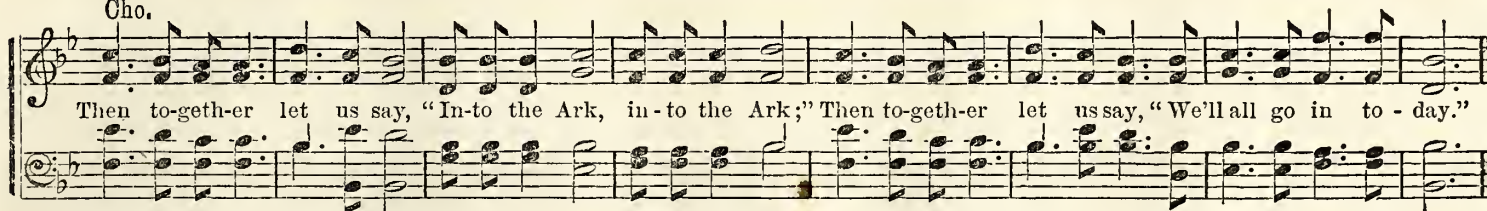
3. Kindly heaven smiles above  
 When there's love at home;  
 All the earth is filled with love  
 When there's love at home.  
 Sweeter sings the brooklet by,  
 Brighter beams the azure sky,  
 Oh, there's One who smiles on high  
 When there's love at home.

4. Jesus, make me wholly thine,  
 Then there's love at home;  
 May thy sacrifice be mine,  
 Then there's love at home.  
 Safely from all harm I'll rest,  
 With no sinful care distressed,  
 Through thy tender mercy blessed  
 With thy love at home.

Words written for this Work.



Cho.



2. Without, the awful deluge  
On mountain, vale and plain;  
The wrath of heaven pouring down  
Upon rebellious men.  
Cho.—Then together, &c.

3. Within, provision ample;  
Within, abundant room;  
Within, for all a refuge from  
The guilty sinner's doom:  
Cho.—Then together, &c.

4. We'll all go in together:  
Go, father, thou before,  
And we, with mother too, will come,  
And God will shut the door!  
Cho.—Then together, &c.

5. And when the Ark shall land us  
Upon the golden shore,  
We all together there will dwell,  
And part again no more.  
Cho.—Then together, &c.

## MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE. (Tune, page 28.)

1. My Jesus, I love thee; I know thou art mine:  
For thee all the follies of sin I resign.  
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou:  
If ever I love thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

*Now, now, Saviour divine,  
Sweet thought, that thou art mine.*

2. I love thee because thou first loved wretched me,  
And purchased my pardon on Calvary tree;

I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow:  
If ever I love thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3. I'll love thee in life, I will love thee in death,  
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me  
breath,  
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,  
If ever I love thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.



# Climbing Up Zion's Hill.

Words by REV. J. G. CHAFFE.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

From "*Singing Pilgrim*," by permission.

1. "I'm trying to climb up Zion's Hill," For the Saviour whispers "Love me," Tho' all beneath is dark as death, Yet the stars are bright a-

bove me, Then upward still to Zi-on's Hill, To the land of joy and beauty, My path before shines more and more, As it nears the golden

Solo. DUETT. CHO.

cit-y. I'm climbing up Zi-on's Hill, I'm climbing up Zi-on's Hill, Climbing, climbing, climbing up Zi-on's Hill.

2. I know I'm but a little child,  
My strength will not protect me;  
But then I am the Saviour's lamb,  
And he will not neglect me.  
Then all the time I'll try to climb  
This holy hill of Zion,  
For I am sure the way is pure,  
And on it comes "no lion."

3. Then come with me, we'll upward go,  
And climb this hill together;  
And as we walk we'll sweetly talk,  
And sing as we go thither.  
Then mount up still God's holy hill,  
Till we reach the pearly portals,  
Where raptured tongues proclaim the song  
Of the shining-robed immortals.

Tune.—ARLINGTON.

1. WHEN thou shalt make thy jewels up,  
And set thy starry crown;  
When all thy gems, O Lord, shall shine,  
Proclaimed by thee thine own;

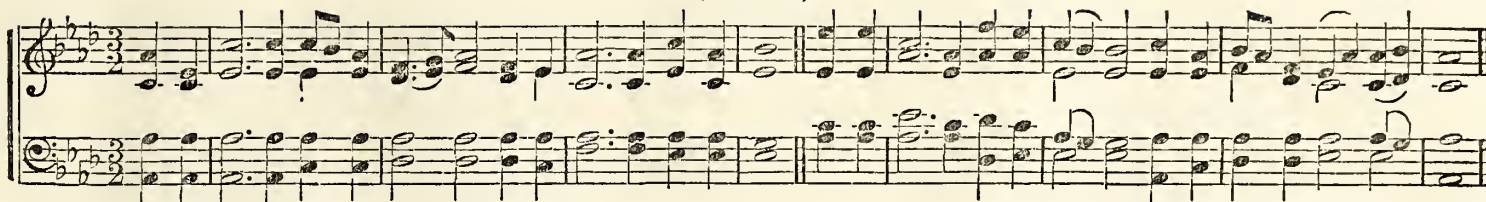
2. May we, a little band of love,  
Poor sinners saved by grace,  
From glory unto glory changed,  
Behold thee face to face.

# Brother, Rest! 8, 7.

99

(Funeral.)

J. D. VINTON.



1. *Brother!* rest from sin and sorrow;  
Death is o'er and life is won;  
On thy slumber dawns no morrow;  
Rest, thine earthly race is run.

2. *Brother,* wake! the night is waning;  
Endless day is round thee poured;  
Enter thou the rest remaining  
For the people of the Lord.

3. *Brother,* wake! for He who loved thee,  
He who died that thou mightst live,  
He who graciously approved thee,  
Waits thy crown of joy to give.

4. Fare thee well! though woe is blending  
With the tones of earthly love,  
Triumph high and joy unending  
Wait thee in the realms above.

## SECOND HYMN.

1. CEASE here longer to detain me,  
Fondest mother, drown'd in woe,  
Now thy kind caresses pain me;  
Morn advances—let me go.

2. See yon orient streak appearing,  
Harbinger of endless day;

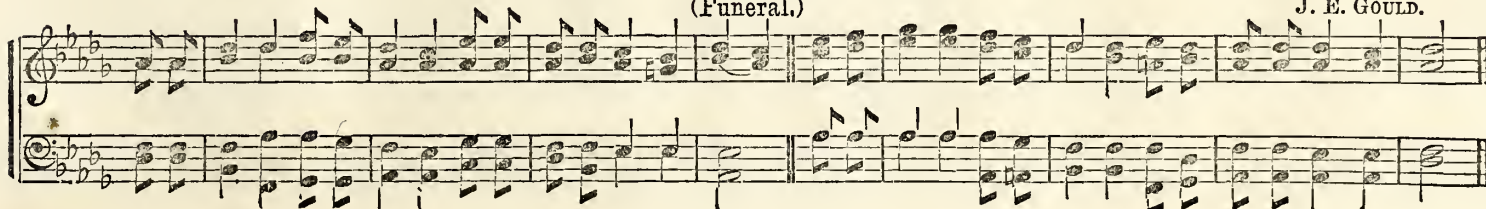
Hark! a voice beyond thy hearing,  
Calls my new-born soul away.

3. Yet to leave thee sorrowing pains me—  
Hark! that voice again I hear;  
Now thine arms no more detain me—  
Follow me, my mother dear.

# Hill. 8, 7. (Male Voices.)

(Funeral.)

J. E. GOULD.



## What shall I do with Jesus?

Rev. R. LOWRY.

By permission.

1st. 2d.

1. { What shall I do with Jesus, The Christ who may be mine? } spurn the gift divine? { His on-ly son God gave me—I must, I do de-cide; }  
 Accept him as my Saviour, Or (*Omit*) . . . . . And Christ I take to save me, Or . . . . .

2d. CHO.

Christ is now denied. "What shall I do with Jesus?" I'll give my heart to Jesus! Upon the tree on Cal-vary, He gave his life for me.

2. What shall I do with Jesus,  
 The precious Lamb of God?  
 I cast my soul upon him—  
 He bathes it in his blood;  
 I'll gratefully confess him  
 Before the vile and just;  
 My ransomed powers shall bless him,  
 My sure and only trust.

3. What shall I do with Jesus?  
 For him the cross I'll take;  
 All earthly losses suffer,  
 Ere I the Lord forsake.  
 In scenes of joy and sighing,  
 His love shall be the same;  
 While living and in dying  
 I'll glory in his name.

## Hummel. C. M.

CHAS. ZEUNER, by permission.

1. Awake, ye saints, to praise your King, Your sweetest passions raise; Your pious pleasure while yousing, Increasing with the praise.  
 2. Great is the Lord, and works unknown Are his divine employ; But still his saints are near his throne, His treasure and his joy.  
 3. Ye nations, know the living God, Serve him with faith and fear; He makes the churches his a-bode, And claims your honors there.



# Something for God.

101

1. Something, my God for thee, Something for thee, That each day's setting sun may bring Some pe - ni - ten - tial of - fer - ing. In

thy dear name some kindness done ; To thy dear love some wanderer won, Some trial meekly borne for thee, Dear Lord, for thee.

2. Something, my God, for thee,  
Something for thee:  
That to thy gracious throne may rise  
Sweet incense from some sacrifice ;  
Uplifted eyes undimmed by tears,  
Uplifted faith unstained by fears,  
That hails each joy as light from thee,  
Dear Lord, from thee.

3. Something, my God, for thee,  
Something for thee:  
For that great love which thou hast given,  
For that great love of thee and heaven,  
My soul her first allegiance brings,  
And upward plumes her heavenward wings  
That bear me nearer, Lord, to thee,  
Yes, near to thee.

## St. Brides. S. M.

Dr. HOWARD.

STEEL.

1. While my Redeemer's near, My Shepherd and my Guide ; I bid farewell to ev' - ry fear, My wants are all sup - plied.  
2. Dear Shepherd, if I stray, My wand'ring feet re - store ; To thy fair pasture guide my way, And let me rove no more.

## America. 6, 4.



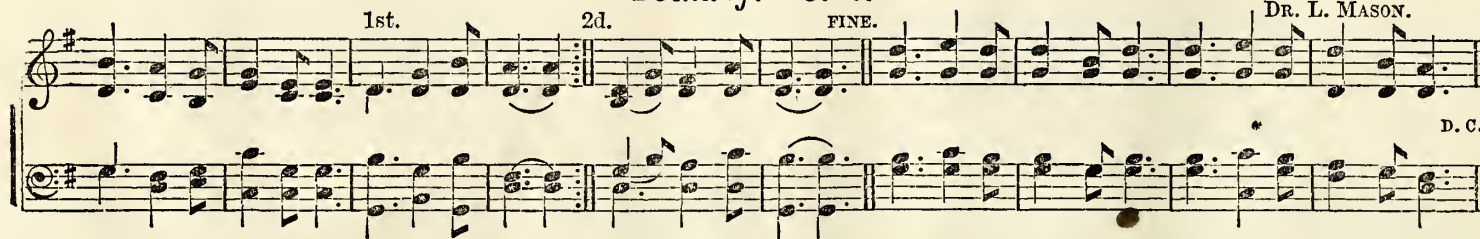
## Olivet. 6, 4.

L. MASON, 1832, by permission.



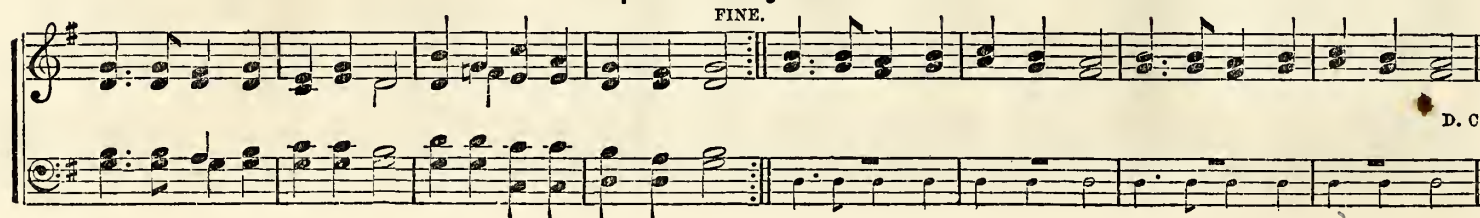
## Bethany. 6, 4.

DR. L. MASON.



## Spanish Hymn. 7s.

FINE.



*Tune.*—AMERICA.

1. My country! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died;  
Land of the pilgrim's pride;  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring.
2. My native country! thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.
3. Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.—S. F. SMITH.

*Tune.*—OLIVET.

1. My faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine!  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away;  
Oh let me, from this day,  
Be wholly thine.
2. May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart—  
My zeal inspire;

As thou hast died for me,  
Oh may my love to thee  
Pure, warm and changeless be—  
A living fire.

3. While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my Guide;  
Bid darkness turn to-day,  
Wipe sorrow's tear away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.—RAY PALMER.

*Tune.*—BETHANY.

1. NEARER, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.
2. Though a lone wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
Pillowed on stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.
3. There let the way appear  
Steps up to heaven—  
All that thou sendest me  
In mercy given—  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

4. Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

*Tune.*—SPANISH HYMN.

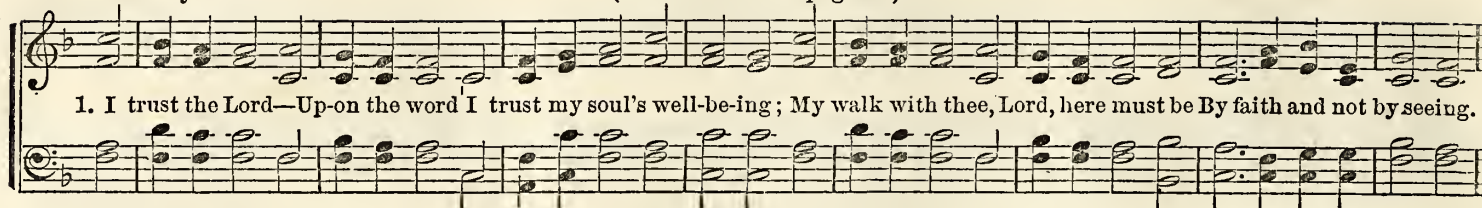
1. JESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past,  
Safe into the haven guide;  
Oh receive my soul at last.
2. Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me;  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
3. Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to pardon all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within:  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee  
Spring thou up within my heart—  
Rise to all eternity.—C. WESLEY.



# I Trust the Lord. (The Bible.)

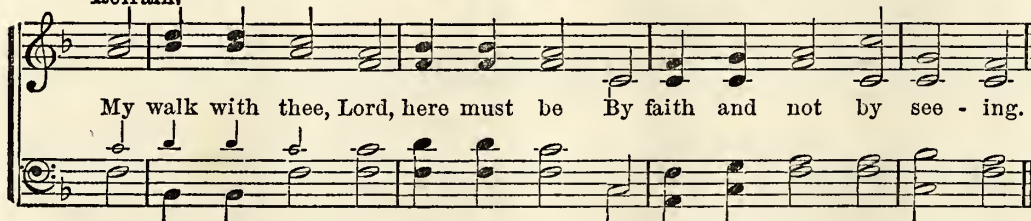
Words by GELLERT.

(Also to Music of page 48.)



1. I trust the Lord—Up-on the word I trust my soul's well-be-ing; My walk with thee, Lord, here must be By faith and not by seeing.

Refrain.



My walk with thee, Lord, here must be By faith and not by see - ing.

3. The only scheme  
Man to redeem  
From death, sin's fearful wages,  
||: Would lie concealed,  
But as revealed  
In these thy sacred pages. :||

4. By faith to live,  
Its fruits to give—  
This is the path to heaven;  
||: All strength and skill  
To do thy will  
But through thy word are given. :||

2. Thy word is sure—  
May it secure  
My confidence for ever!  
||: Let reason's pride  
Ne'er be my guide,  
From faith my soul to sever. :||

5. Teach me, O Lord,  
To prize thy word,  
This gift of matchless favor;  
||: Be it my wealth,  
Be it my health,  
My strength and life for ever. :||

## RESTING IN THE SHEPHERD'S FOLD.

(Written for the funeral of a Sunday-school scholar.) *Tune.*—"Go AND Sow," page 58.

1. In her grave robes, calmly sleeping,  
Lies our sister, still and cold;  
But her spirit, angels wafted  
To the tender Shepherd's fold.  
There she's resting, there she's resting,  
Resting in the Shepherd's fold.

2. Now within that safe enclosure,  
Her pure spirit freed from cares,  
In the bosom of her Saviour  
She his love and favor shares,  
For she's resting, &c.

3. When on earth, our sister with us  
Sang the songs of Jesus' love;  
Now, with saint and angel voices,  
Sings the songs of heaven above.  
For she's resting, &c.

4. Saviour, grant us each thy blessing,  
That when life with us is o'er,  
We may meet our sainted sister  
On the bright and peaceful shore,  
Where she's resting, &c.

S. L. PARSONS, Esq.

# Hymn, for Easter. 7.

105

*With spirit.*

Arranged from HANDEL.

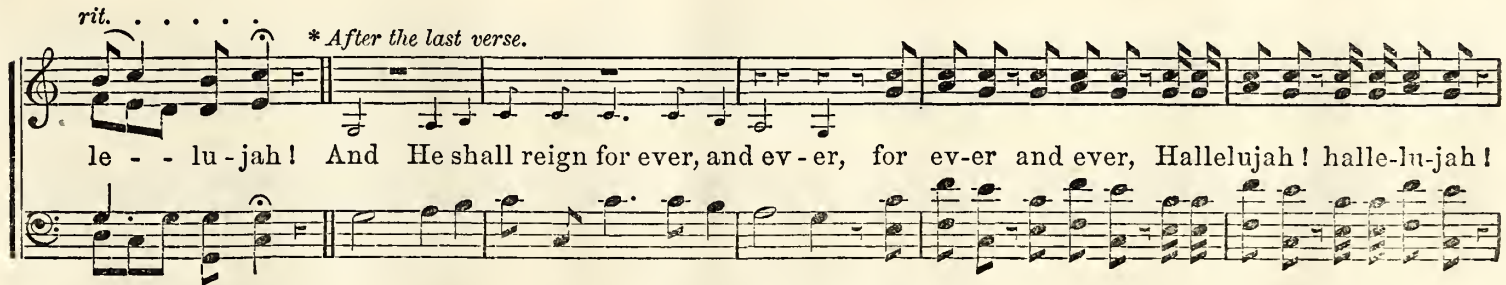


1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day, Hal-le-lu-jah! hallelujah! Sons of men and angels say: Raise your joys and



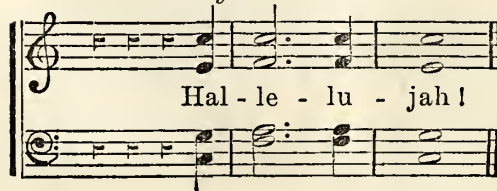
triumphs high, Halle-lu-jah! hallelujah! Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply, Halle-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! hal-

Omit in last verse, and go to \*



*rit.* . . . . . \* After the last verse.  
le - - lu-jah! And He shall reign for ever, and ev-er, for ev-er and ever, Hallelujah! halle-lu-jah!

*Adagio.*



Hal-le-lu-jah!

2. Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the victory won;  
Jesus' agony is o'er,  
Darkness veils the earth no more.
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ has burst the gates of hell;

Death in vain forbids him rise,  
Christ hath opened paradise.

4. Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
Following our exalted Head:  
Made like him, like him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.  
*And He shall reign for ever, &c.*

## Brown. c. m.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by permission.



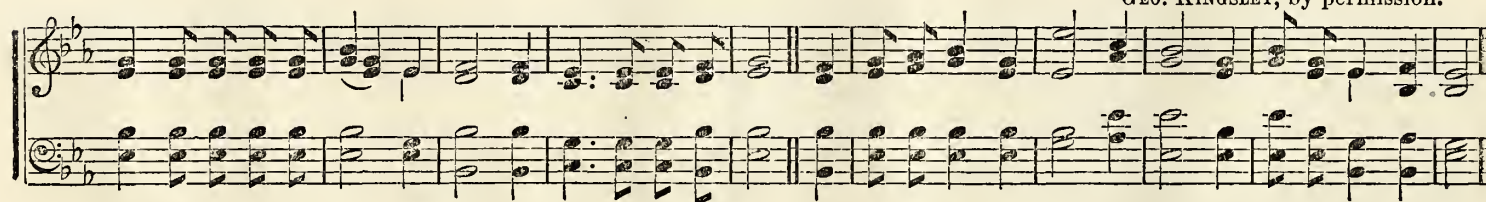
## Heber. c. m.

GEO. KINGSLEY, by permission.



## Elizabethtown. c. m.

GEO. KINGSLEY, by permission.



## Adams. c. m.

GEO. KINGSLEY, by permission.





*Tune.*—BROWN.

1. OH for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free;  
A heart that always feels thy blood,  
So freely spilled for me:
2. A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne,  
Where only Christ is heard to  
speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone!
3. A heart in every thought renew'd,  
And full of love divine, [good,  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and  
A copy, Lord, of thine!

C. WESLEY.

*Tune.*—HEBER.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
2. Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys;  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.
3. Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate—  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee  
And thine to us so great?
4. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers,  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

WATTS.

*Tune.*—ELIZABETHTOWN.

1. I LOVE to steal a while away  
From every cumb'ring care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble grateful prayer.
2. I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all his promises to plead,  
Where none but God can hear.
3. I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heav'n;  
The prospect does my strength  
renew  
While here by tempests driv'n.

BROWN.

*Tune.*—ADAMS.

1. GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise  
Within the veil and see  
The saints above, how great their  
joys,  
How bright their glories be!
2. Once they were mourning here  
below  
And wet their couch with tears;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins and doubts and fears.
3. I ask them whence their victory  
came,  
They, with united breath.  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb  
Their triumph to his death.

WATTS.

*Tune.*—CLUTZ. S. M.

1. FOR ever with the Lord!  
Amen, so let it be;  
Life from the dead is in that word;  
'Tis immortality.
2. Here in the body pent,  
Absent from him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.
3. My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul! how near  
At times to Faith's illumined eye  
Thy golden gates appear!

MONTGOMERY.

*Tune.*—WEBB, or page 10.

7. 6.

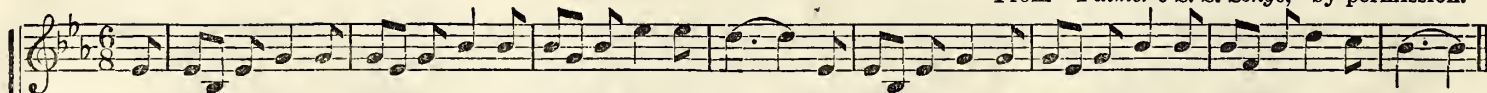
1. I LAY my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God;  
He bears them all, and frees us  
From the accursed load.  
I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
To wash my crimson stains  
White, in his blood most precious,  
Till not a spot remains.
2. I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's holy Child.  
I long to be with Jesus,  
Amid the heavenly throng,  
To sing with saints his praises,  
To learn the angels' song.

BONAR.

# The Christmas Tree.

H. R. PALMER.

From "Palmer's S. S. Songs," by permission.



1. Our Christmas Tree is deck'd once more, In joy we meet a - round ; It tells of brighter things in store ; Let songs of praise resound.
2. Our Christmas Tree is fresh and green, While skies are cold and drear, Its harvest store of fruit is seen When winter blights the year.



The Christmas Tree a - gain, So beau - ti - ful and bright ! The Christmas Tree a . gain, It blooms for us to - night.



3. Our Christmas Tree is shining bright  
While evening shades surround ;  
Thus God doth give his children light  
When darkness falls around.  
The Christmas Tree, &c.

4. Kind friends ! whose hands have decked this Tree,  
Our grateful thanks receive ;  
Yet, Lord, for Christmas joys to thee  
Our highest praise we raise.  
The Christmas Tree, &c.

## "WITH MERRY LAY," (Anniversary.) *Tune—page 33.*

By Rev. PETER STRYKER, D.D.

1. WITH merry lay this happy day,  
We join in celebration ;  
Hearts full of cheer, with voices clear,  
We offer our oblation ;  
Blessings abound the whole year round,  
All by our Father given,  
And so in love we look above,  
And send our song to heaven.—CHO. With merry, &c.

2. We sing how Spring, with zephyr wing,  
Came with fresh odors breathing ;  
Then Summer fair, with flowers rare  
In beauteous garlands wreathing :

Next in the train, with queenly reign,  
Came Autumn, full of blessing ;  
Then Winter hoar, with bounteous store,  
Her measure heaped and pressing.—CHO.

3. Night with repose, day to its close,  
With love and peace o'erflowing,  
Each bids us raise our song of praise  
To Him these gifts bestowing ;  
But gift most rare beyond compare  
Is that of free salvation :  
Jesus divine, this gift is thine,  
And thine be our oblation !—CHO.

# Song of the Little Wanderer.\*

109

H. T. B. DUETT.

FINE. Cho.

1. { Children, think of God's compassion, Of his tender care for you; } Oh how kind God's providence, Ev - er faithful, ev - er true;  
 { He who clothes the world with beauty Watches over children too. }  
 D.C. Children, think of God's compassion, Of his ten-der care for you. D.C.

\* After each verse, chant a verse of "Consider the Lilies."

2. He who gave the bird his plumage,  
 Notes each tender sparrow's fall;  
 How much more he bends to listen,  
 When the children on him call.—CHO.
3. He who gives the flower its fragrance,  
 Paints its colors rich and fair;

Grants his children his protection,  
 Bids his little flock not fear.—CHO.

4. He who giveth food to sparrows,  
 Will for children too provide;  
 Yea, much more to them he granteth,  
 For the lambs the Saviour died.—CHO.

## "Consider the Lilies." (Chant.)

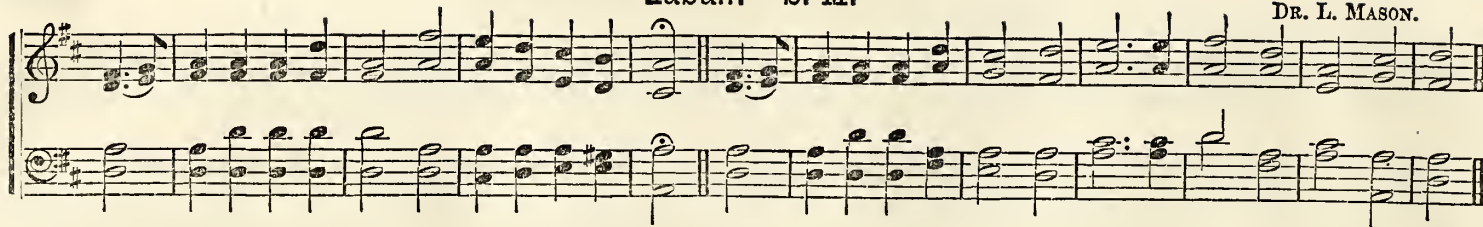
Words by ROSSETTI.

1. Consider, consider the lilies of the field, whose | bloom is | brief; ||  
 We are as they, like them we | fade a- | way, as | doth a | leaf. ||
2. Consider, consider the sparrows of the air, of | small ac- | count. ||  
 Our God doth view whether they | fall or | mount—he | guards us | too. ||
3. Consider, consider the lilies that do neither | spin nor | toil, ||  
 Yet are most fair; what profits | all this | care, and | all this | toil? ||
4. Consider, consider the birds that have no barn, nor | harvest | weeks, ||  
 God gives them food; much more our | Father | seeks to | do us | good. ||



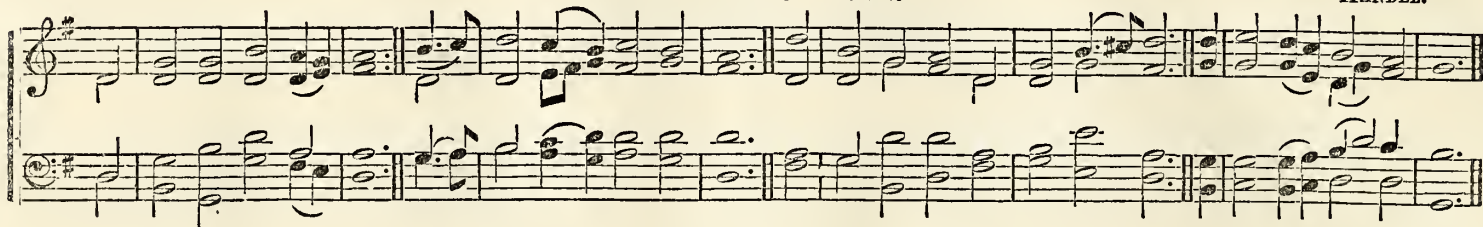
## Laban. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.



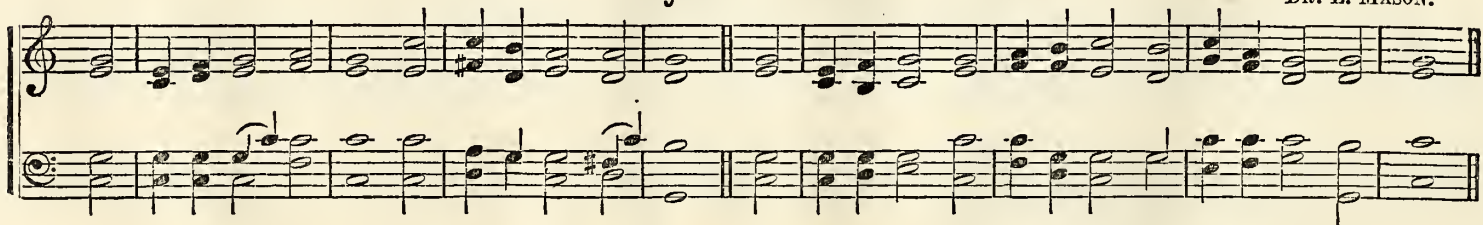
## St. Thomas. S. M.

HANDEL.

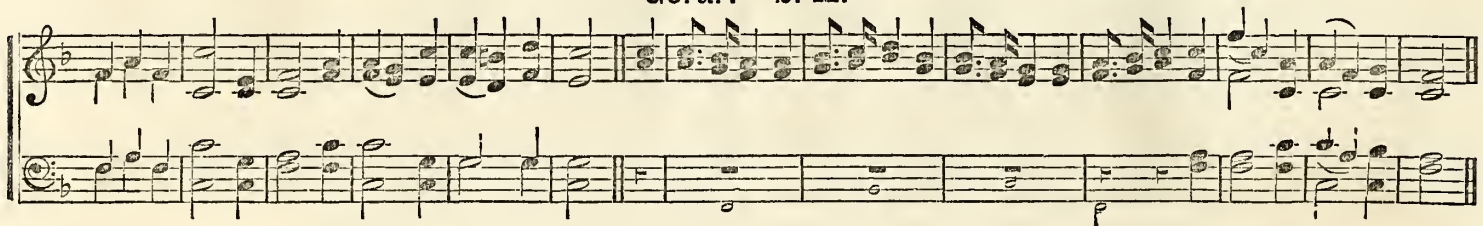


## Boylston. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.



## Gerar. S. M.



*Tune.*—LABAN.

1. My soul, be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise,  
And hosts of sins are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
3. Ne'er think the vict'ry won,  
Nor once at ease sit down;  
Thine arduous work will not be done  
Till thou hast got the crown.
4. Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee at thy parting breath  
Up to his blest abode.—HEATH.

*Tune.*—ST. THOMAS.

1. My soul, repeat His praise,  
Whose mercies are so great;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
2. High as the heavens are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.
3. His power subdues our sins,  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.

*Tune.*—BOYLSTON.

4. The pity of the Lord,  
To those who fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel;  
He knows our feeble frame.
5. Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.—WATTS.

*Tune.*—GERAR.

1. Not all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
2. But Christ, the heavenly lamb,  
Takes all our sins away—  
A sacrifice of nobler name  
And richer blood than they.
3. My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

WATTS.

1. BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love—  
The fellowship of kindred minds,  
Is like to that above.
2. Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;

Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear,  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
4. The glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way,  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.

FAWCETT.

*Tune.*—ST. THOMAS.

1. I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of thine abode,  
The church our blest Redeemer saved  
With his own precious blood.
2. I love thy Church, O God!  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.
3. For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend,  
To her my cares and toils be given  
Till toils and cares shall end.
4. Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

DWIGHT.

Words by DR. THOS. HASTINGS.  
*Con spirito.*

# Zion's Glad Morning. 11, 10.

(Missionary Hymn.)

J. E. GOULD.

Hush'd

1. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain! Hush'd be the ac-cents of  
2. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning! Long by the prophets of Is-rael fore-told; Hail to the millions from

sor-row and mourning, Zi-on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign, Zi-on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.  
bondage re-turn-ing, Gen-tiles and Jews the blest vis-ion be-hold, Gen-tiles and Jews the blest vis-ion be-hold.

3. Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,  
Streams ever copious are gliding along;  
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,  
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4. See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,  
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;  
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,  
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

## YOUR MISSION. 8, 7.

(TUNES, pp. 44 and 57.)

1. HARK, the voice of Jesus crying,  
Who will go and work to-day?  
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,  
Who will bear the sheaves away?  
Loud and long the Master calleth,  
Rich reward he offers free;  
Who will answer, gladly saying,  
"Here am I, send me, send me?"

2. If you cannot cross the ocean,  
And the heathen lands explore,  
You can find the heathen nearer,  
You can help them at your door;  
If you cannot give your thousands,  
You can give the widow's mite;  
And the least you can give for Jesus  
Will be precious in his sight.



(Missionary.) *p*

DR. J. D. VINTON.

1. { Christian, see! the orient morning Breaks along the heathen sky;  
Lo! th' expected day is dawning— Glorious day-spring from on high; } Hal-le-lu-jah! hal - le - lu-jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal-le-

lu - jah! Hail the day-spring from on high!

2. Heathen at the sight are singing; Morning wakes the tuneful lays;  
Precious offerings they are bring- ing—  
First-fruits of more perfect praise. Hallelujah! &c.
3. Zion's Sun, salvation beaming, Gilding now the radiant hills,  
Rise and shine, till brighter gleaming,  
All the world thy glory fills. Hallelujah! &c.

4. Then the valleys and the mountains,  
Breaking forth in joy, shall sing;  
Then the living, crystal fountains  
From the thirsty ground shall spring.  
Hallelujah, &c.

5. While the wilderness rejoices,  
Roses shall the desert cheer;  
Then the dumb shall tune their voices,  
Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear.  
Hallelujah! &c.

3d and 4th verses of "YOUR MISSION." (See page 112.)

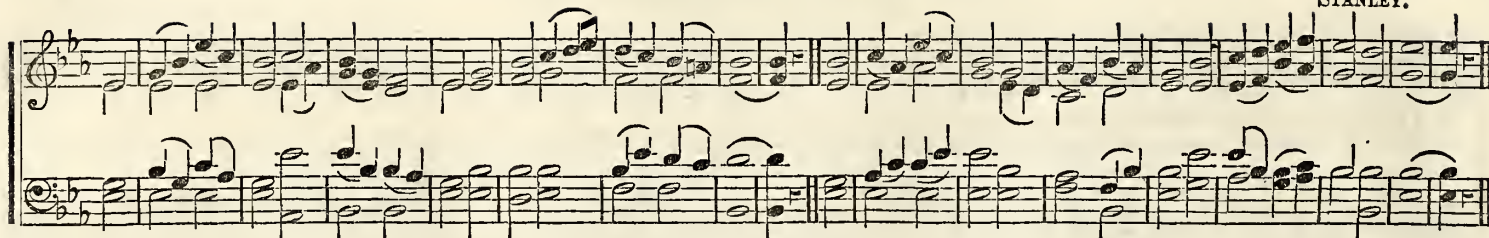
3. If you cannot speak like angels,  
If you cannot preach like Paul,  
You can tell the love of Jesus,  
You can say he died for all.  
If you cannot rouse the wicked  
With the judgment's dread alarms,  
You can lead the little children  
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4. Let none hear you idly saying,  
"There is nothing I can do,"  
While the sons of men are dying,  
And the Master calls for you.  
Take the task he gives you gladly,  
Let his work your pleasure be,  
Answer quickly, when he calleth:  
"Here am I, send me, send mc."

REV. D. MARCH.

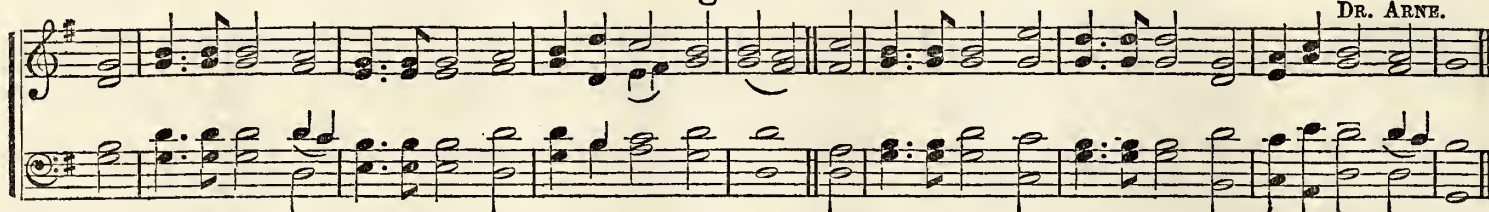
## Warwick. c. m.

STANLEY.



## Arlington. c. m.

DR. ARNE.

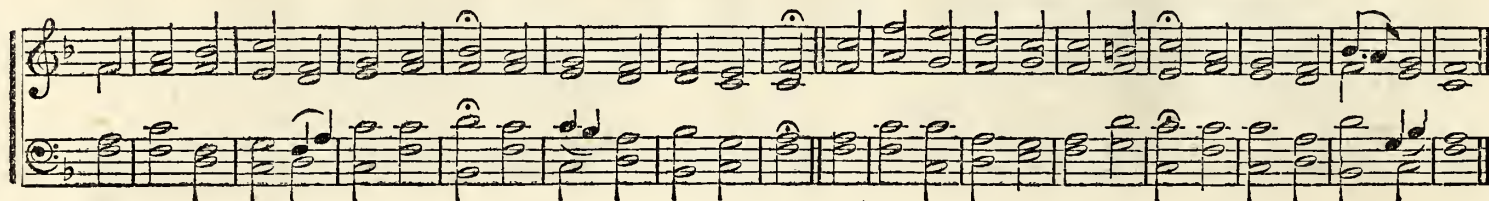


## Downs. c. m.

DR. L. MASON.



## Dundee. c. m.



*Tune.*—WARWICK.

1. LORD, in the morning thou shalt  
My voice ascending high; [hear  
To thee will I direct my prayer,  
To thee lift up mine eye.
2. Thou art a God before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand;  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
3. But to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there;  
I will frequent thy holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.
4. Oh may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness;  
Make every path of duty straight  
And plain before my face!

WATTS.

*Tune.*—ARLINGTON.

1. THIS is the day the Lord hath  
made,  
He calls the hours his own;  
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be  
glad,  
And praise surround his throne.
2. To-day he rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell;  
To-day the saints his triumphs  
spread,  
And all his wonders tell.
3. Hosanna to the anointed King,  
To David's holy Son!

Help us, O Lord! Descend, and  
bring  
Salvation from thy throne.

4. Blest be the Lord, who comes to  
With messages of grace, [men  
Who comes in God his Father's  
To save our sinful race. [name,
5. Hosanna in the highest strains  
The Church on earth can raise;  
The highest heavens, in which he  
reigns,  
Shall give him nobler praise.

WATTS.

*Tune.*—DOWNS.

1. COME, humble sinner, in whose  
breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve—  
Come, with your guilt and fear op-  
pressed,  
And make this last resolve:
2. "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
High as a mountain rose;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.
3. Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.
4. I can but perish if I go,  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must for ever die."—JONES.

*Tune.*—DUNDEE.

1. JESUS, I love thy charming name,  
'Tis music to mine ear;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud  
That earth and heaven should  
hear.
2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
My joy, my hope, my trust;  
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.
3. All my capacious powers can wish  
In thee most richly meet;  
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.

DODDRIDGE.

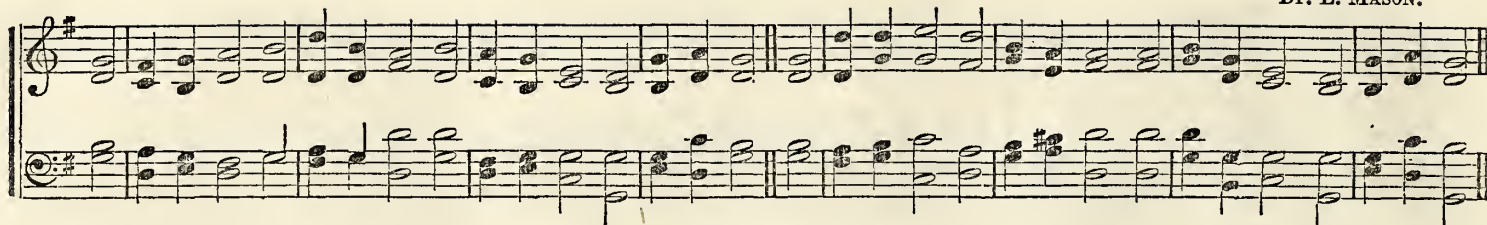
1. WHILE thee I seek, protecting  
Be my vain wishes still'd,  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be fill'd.
2. Thy love the power of thought be-  
stow'd—  
To thee my thoughts would soar;  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd—  
That mercy I adore.
3. In each event of life how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see!  
Each blessing to my soul more dear  
Because conferr'd by thee.
4. In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear, [praise,  
My heart shall find delight in  
Or seek relief in prayer.

MISS H. M. WILLIAMS.



## Rockingham. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



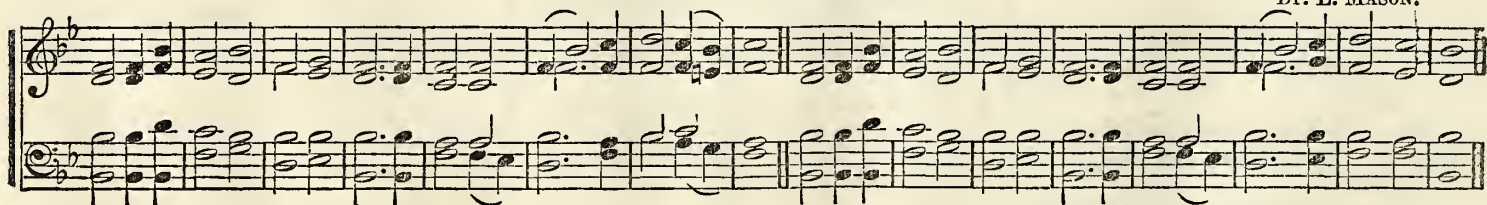
## Hamburg. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



## Ward. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



## Retreat. L. M.

Dr. HASTINGS.



*Tune.—ROCKINGHAM.*

1. Now I resolve with all my heart,  
With all my powers, to serve  
the Lord;  
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,  
Whose service is a rich reward.
2. Oh be his service all my joy!  
Around let my example shine,  
Till others share the blest employ,  
And join in labors so divine.
3. Be this the purpose of my soul,  
My solemn, my determined  
choice,  
To yield to his supreme control,  
And in his kind commands re-  
joice.

*Tune.—HAMBURG.*

1. BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!  
He gently knocks, has knocked  
before,  
Has waited long—is waiting still,  
You treat no other friend so ill.
2. Oh lovely attitude! he stands  
With melting heart and bleeding  
hands. [shows  
Oh matchless kindness! and he  
This matchless kindness to his  
foes.
3. Admit him ere his anger burn,  
His feet departed ne'er return;  
Admit him, or the hour's at hand  
You'll at his door rejected stand.  
GREGG.

*Tune.—WARD.*

1. THERE is a stream whose gentle  
flow  
Supplies the city of our God,  
Life, love and joy still gliding  
through,  
And watering our divine abode.
2. That sacred stream, thine holy  
word,  
Our grief allays, our fear con-  
trols;  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to faint-  
ing souls.
3. Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
Secure against a threatening  
hour;  
Nor can her firm foundation  
move,  
Built on his truth and armed  
with power.—WATTS.

*Tune.—RETREAT.*

1. WITH tearful eyes I look around;  
Life seems a dark and stormy  
sea;  
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a  
sound,  
A heavenly whisper, Come to  
me.
2. It tells me of a place of rest—  
It tells me where my soul may  
flee;

Oh to the weary, faint, opprest,  
How sweet the bidding, Come  
to me!

3. When nature shudders, loth to  
part  
From all I love, enjoy and see;  
When a faint chill steals o'er my  
heart, [me.  
A sweet voice utters, Come to

*Tune.—HAMBURG.*

1. JESUS, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee?  
Ashamed of thee whom angels  
praise,  
Whose glories shine through end-  
less days!
2. Ashamed of Jesus! that dear  
Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven  
depend!  
No; when I blush, be this my  
shame,  
That I no more revere his name.
3. Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
4. Till then—nor is my boasting  
vain—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
And oh may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

## Miscellaneous Hymns.

*Tune.*—MISSIONARY HYMN. 7, 6.

1. FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand,  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.
2. Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.—**HEBER.**

- 
1. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,  
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.  
Do not detain me, for I am going  
To where the fountains are ever flowing.  
CHO.—I'm a pilgrim, &c.
  2. There's the city to which I journey;  
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!  
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
Nor any sin there, nor any dying!  
CHO.—I'm a pilgrim, &c.

*Tune.*—SUN OF MY SOUL. L. M. (Page 66.)

1. GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
2. Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Arise, glorious, at the awful day.—**KENN.**

*Tune.*—BROWN. C. M.

1. WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High-Priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
And overflows with love.
2. Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.
3. He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.—**WATTS.**

*Tune.*—ARLINGTON. C. M.

1. ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

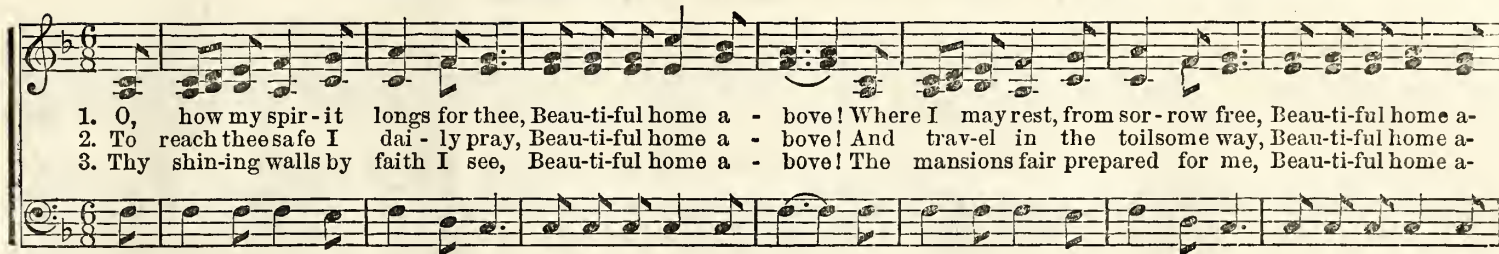
Oh, how I love Jesus! (See page 9.)

2. Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groan'd upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
3. But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do.—**WATTS.**

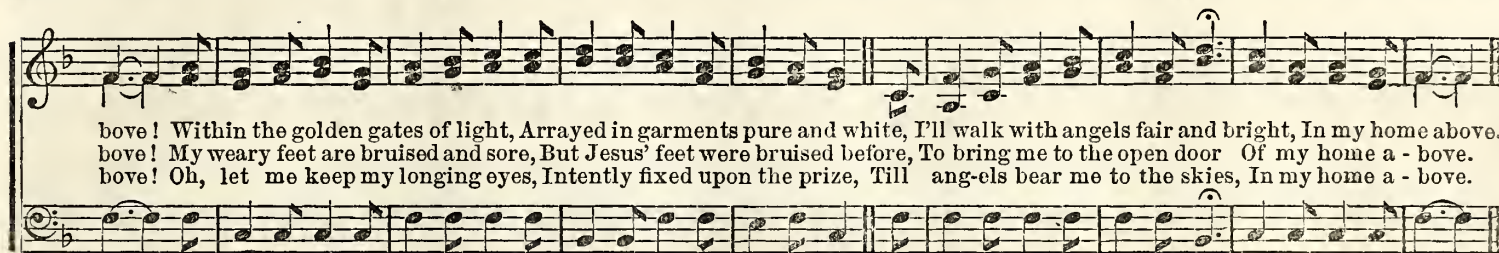
*Tune.*—ROBINSON. 8, 7.

1. COME, thou fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise:
2. Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount—oh fix me on it—  
Mount of God's unchanging love.
3. Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it—  
Seal it from thy courts above.—**ROBINSON.**



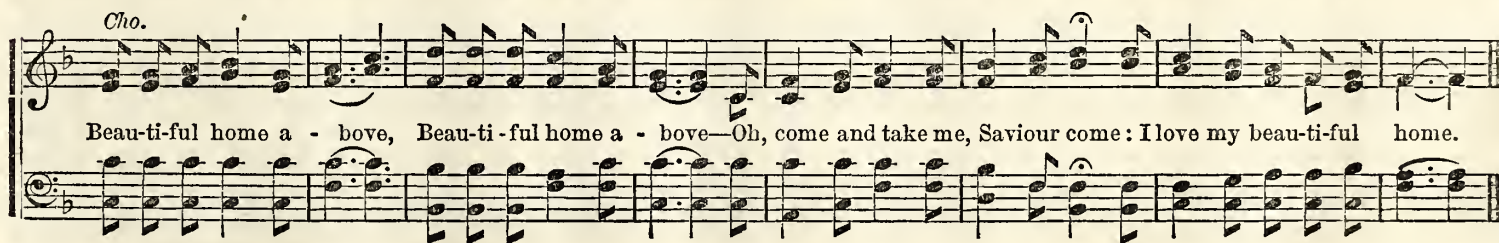


1. O, how my spir - it longs for thee, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove! Where I may rest, from sor - row free, Beau - ti - ful home a -  
 2. To reach thee safe I dai - ly pray, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove! And trav - el in the toilsome way, Beau - ti - ful home a -  
 3. Thy shin - ing walls by faith I see, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove! The mansions fair prepared for me, Beau - ti - ful home a -



bove! Within the golden gates of light, Arrayed in garments pure and white, I'll walk with angels fair and bright, In my home above.  
 bove! My weary feet are bruised and sore, But Jesus' feet were bruised before, To bring me to the open door Of my home a - bove.  
 bove! Oh, let me keep my longing eyes, Intently fixed upon the prize, Till angels bear me to the skies, In my home a - bove.

*Cho.*



Beau - ti - ful home a - bove, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove—Oh, come and take me, Saviour come: I love my beau - ti - ful home.



Home, home, sweet, sweet home, I long for my beau - ti - ful home . . . a - bove.

## ANTHEM.—"The Lord doth build up."

Written by Rev. Wm. W. Newton.

(First four measures from T. MORLEY, 1595.)

*Allegro.*

J. E. GOULD.

The Lord doth build up Je - ru - sa - lem, And gath - er to - geth - er the out - casts, and gath - er to - geth - er the out - casts of

Is - ra - el. He heal - eth those that are bro - ken in heart, He heal - eth those that are bro - ken in heart, He

heal - eth all their dis - eas - es! He send - eth us peace, He giv - eth us wheat, He feed - eth the hun - gry And mak - eth them


glad. He feed - eth the hun - gry And mak - eth them glad. In our trou - bles he be - friends us, In our dark - ness  
and maketh them glad.



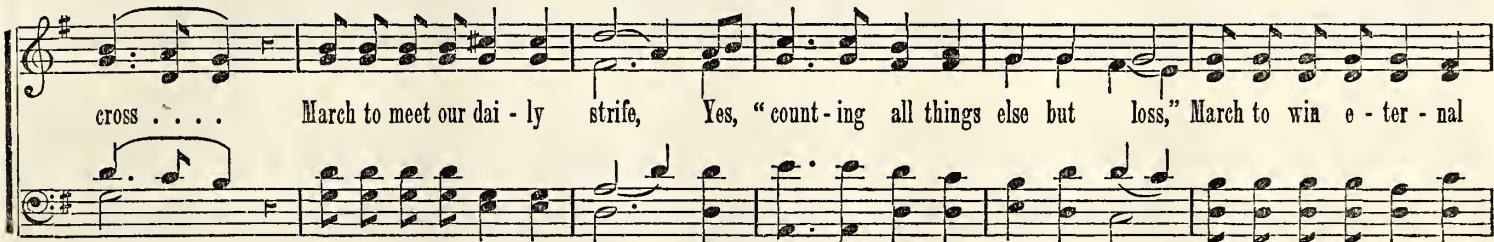
# "The Lord doth build up."—Concluded.

121

DUETT. *allegro.*

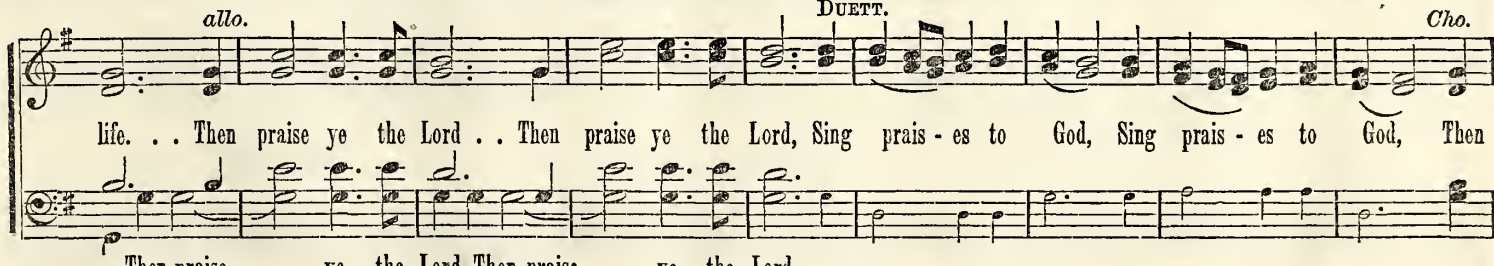


day - light gives, From the door of death he leads us, We shall live for Je - sus lives. Raise the ban - ner of the



cross . . . . . March to meet our dai - ly strife, Yes, "count - ing all things else but loss," March to win e - ter - nal

*allegro.* DUETT. *Chor.*



life. . . Then praise ye the Lord . . Then praise ye the Lord, Sing prais - es to God, Sing prais - es to God, Then

Then praise . . ye the Lord, Then praise . . ye the Lord.

*ff* *rit.*



praise ye the Lord, Sing prais - es to God, For joy - ful and pleas - ant it is to be - - - thank - ful.

sing praises



## I will Seek My Father. 7s &amp; 6s peculiar.

Words by permission  
of GEO. F. ROOT.

(Morning and Evening Prayer.)

From Blumenthal,  
By J. E. GOULD.

1. When the morn is bright and fair, When sweet songsters charm the air, I will lift my heart in pray'r, I will seek my Fath - er.  
2. In the sol - i - tude a - part, In the wil - der - ness or mart, Oh, my sorely - tempted heart, I will seek my Fath - er.  
3. When the ev'ning sun is red, When each blossom droops its head, Kneeling low beside my bed, I will seek my Fath - er.

Lest my feet should go a-stray From his pure and perfect way; Lest I grieve him as I may, I will seek my Fath - er.  
In the darkness as the day, He shall be my Guide and Stay; I will lean on him al-way— I will seek my Fath - er.  
That I slum-ber in his care, Shielded from each harmful snare, And for life or death prepare; I will seek my Fath - er.

HEBER.

## Siloam. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY, by per. of  
F. J. HUNTINGTON.

1. By cool Siloam's shady rill  
How fair the lily grows!  
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,  
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2. Lo! such the child, whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod,  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.

# We'll Wait till Jesus Comes.

Dr. MILLER.

123

Cho. From "Sabbath Carols," by per.

1st. 2d.

1. { O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come, } dwell in peace at home? We'll wait till Je-sus comes, We'll wait till

We'll wait till Jesus comes We'll wait till

Jesus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes, And we'll be gathered home.

Je-sus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.

2. No tranquil joys on earth I know,  
No peaceful sheltering dome,  
This world's a wilderness of woe,  
This world is not my home.  
We'll wait, &c.

3. To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;  
He bade me cease to roam,  
And lean for succour on his breast,  
And he'd conduct me home.  
We'll wait, &c.

4. I sought at once my Saviour's side,  
No more my steps shall roam;  
With him I'll brave death's chilling tide,  
And reach my heavenly home.  
We'll wait, &c.

MUHLENBERG.  
Rather slow and gentle.

Milwaukee. 8s & 7s.

JOHN ZUNDEL, by permission.

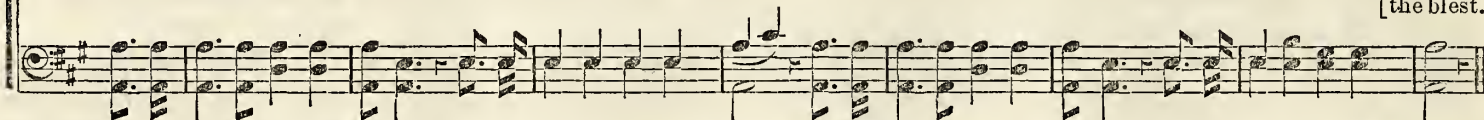
1. Saviour, who thy flock art feeding With the shepherd's kindest care, All the feeble gently leading, While the lambs thy bosom share.  
2. Now, these little ones receiving, Fold them in thy gracious arm; Then, we know, thy word believing, Only then, secure from harm.  
3. Never, from thy pasture roving, Let them be the lion's prey; Let thy tenderness, so loving, Keep them through life's dangerous way.  
4. Then with-in thy fold e-ter-nal, Let them find a rest-ing place, Feed in pastures ev - er vernal, Drink the riv-ers of thy grace.



## Far Beyond this World of Sorrow.

Words and Music by  
C. COLLINS, Jr.

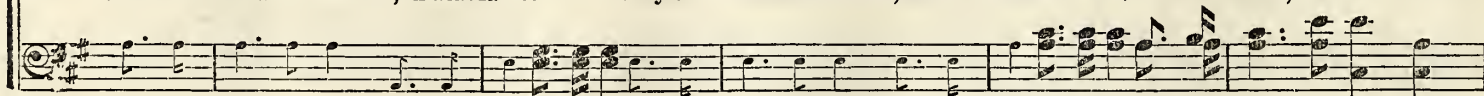
1. Far beyond this world of sorrow, Where the ransom'd millions rest, There's a glorious, endless morrow, In the mansions of the blest.
2. There 'neath bow'rs of deathless glory, Ev'ry heart with peace possess'd, Sweetly chant redemption's story, In the mansions of the blest.
3. There are those we've loved and cherish'd, Leaning on the Saviour's breast; They're at home—not dead, or perish'd, In the mansions of [the blest.



Shall we know them there, in that land?

They the same smile wear, in that land?

Shall we meet, and know each

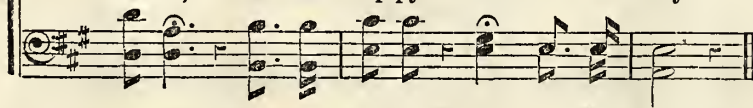


Far a-way,

Far a-way,



oth-er, In that happy land far a-way?



4. There the day knows no declining,  
Neither shade nor twilight rest,  
But a sunlike brightness shining,  
In the mansions of the blest.

*Cho.*—That's our Father's home,

In the land, far away,

'Neath his smile we'll roam,

In that land, far away;

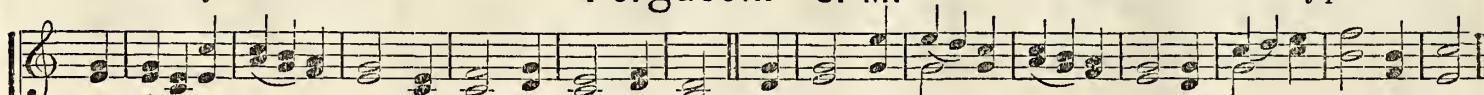
We shall meet and praise together,

In that happy land, far away.

Words by C. WESLEY.

Ferguson. S. M.

G. KINGSLEY. By permission.



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri-fy; A nev-er dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
2. To serve the pres-ent age, My call-ing to ful-fil,— Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage To do my Master's will.





# My Heavenly Home.

T. E. PERKINS. By permission.

125

1st.

2d.

Cho.

1. { My heaven - ly home is bright and fair; We'll be gathered home; } We'll be gathered home. We'll  
 { Nor death, nor sigh - ing, vis - it there (*Omit*) . . . . . }

wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.

2. Its glittering towers the sun outshine,  
 We'll be gathered home;  
 That heavenly mansion shall be mine,  
 We'll be gathered home.  
*Cho.*—We'll wait, &c.

3. My Father's house is built on high,  
 We'll be gathered home;  
 Above the arched and starry sky,  
 We'll be gathered home.  
*Cho.*—We'll wait, &c.

4. Let others seek a home below,  
 We'll be gathered home;  
 Which flames devour, or waves o'erthrow,  
 We'll be gathered home.  
*Cho.*—We'll wait, &c.

From "Modern Harp."

Adrian. S. M.

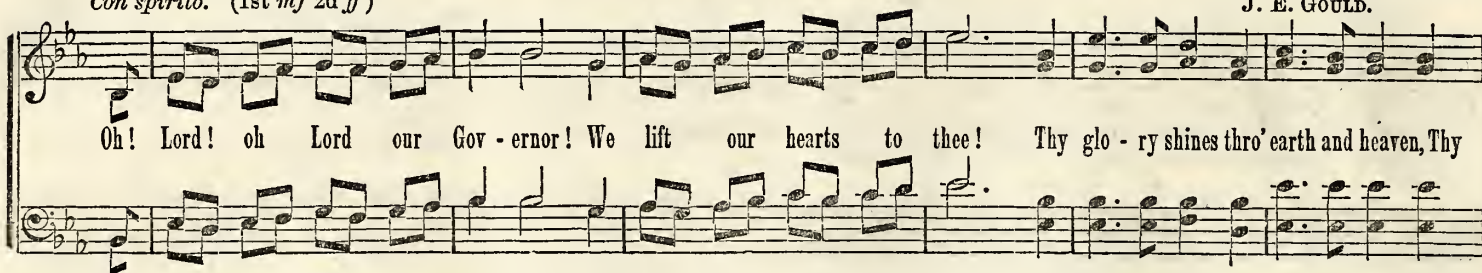
J. E. GOULD.

1. Se - rene I laid me down Beneath God's Guardian care; I slept, and I a - woke and found My kind pre - ser - ver near.  
 2. Oh how shall I re - pay The boun - ties of my God? This fee - ble spir - it pants beneath The pleasing, pain - ful load.  
 3. Dear Sa - viour, to thy cross I bring my sa - cri - fice; Tin - ged with blood, it shall ascend With fragrance to the skies.

## ANTHEM.—Oh Lord our Governor.

Words by Rev. WM. W. NEWTON.  
*Con spirito. (1st mf 2d ff)*

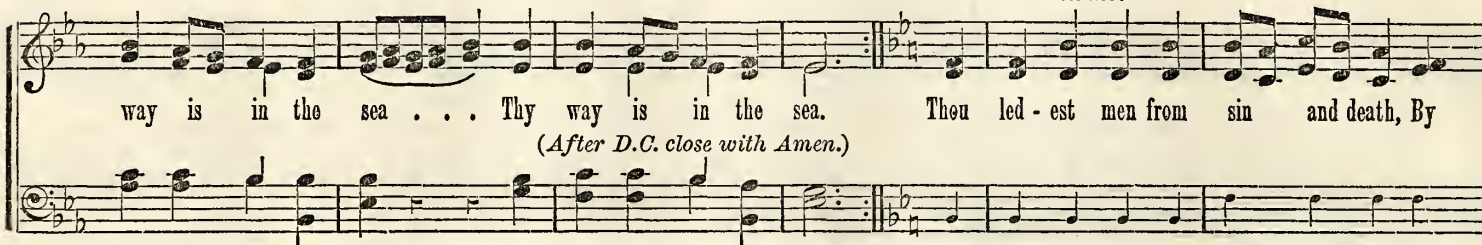
Written for St. Paul's Ch. by  
 J. E. GOULD.



Oh! Lord! oh Lord our Gov - ernor! We lift our hearts to thee! Thy glo - ry shines thro' earth and heaven, Thy

*rit. 2d and last time.*

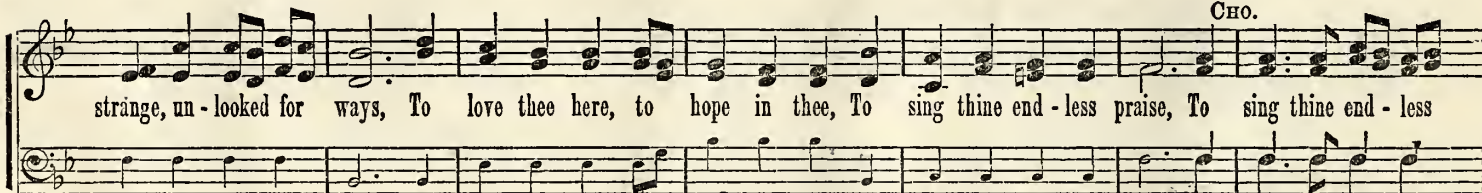
DUETT. *moderato.*



way is in the sea . . . Thy way is in the sea. Thou led - est men from sin and death, By

(After D.C. close with Amen.)

CHO.



strange, un - looked for ways, To love thee here, to hope in thee, To sing thine end - less praise, To sing thine end - less

*f* CHO.—*con spirito.*



praise, To sing thine end - less praise! For - ev - er and for - ev - er! Our songs to thee we'll raise; For -



ev - er and for - ev - er, Through nev - er end - ing days, With an - gels and the host of heav'n, We'll

sing our Fath - er's praise! A . . . . . men! A . . . . . men!

## Missionary Chant. L. M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.  
By permission.

1. Ye Christian he-roes, go, proclaim Sal-va-tion thro' Im-man-nel's name; To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha-ron there.

2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire,  
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire;  
Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
And hush the tempest into peace.

3. And when your labors all are o'er,  
Then we shall meet to part no more;  
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,  
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.



## ANTHEM.—O Praise ye the Lord.

Words by Rev. WM. W. NEWTON.  
*mf Allegro.*

Written for St. Paul's Ch. by  
 J. E. GOULD.

*f*

O praise ye the Lord, For his mer-cies are great, And well it be-com-eth The just to be thankful, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, For his mercies are great,  
 Then praise ye the Lord, &c.

*mf* *Fine. DUETT. moderato.* *rit.*

And well it be-com-eth, The just to be thankful. Ev - er more his mer - cies stand, Bless - ings crown our fa - vored land.

*tem.* *p rit.* *tem.* *accel.* *tem. rit.* *p*

Heavenly Fath-er—God of love— All our gifts . . are from . . a - bove. We may wan-der far from thee, Er-ring

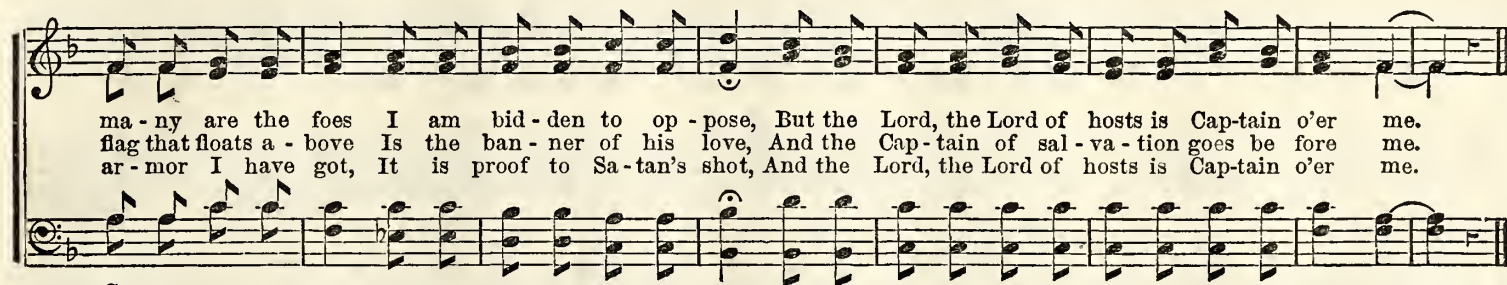
*cres. accel.* *cres.* *rit.* *D.C.*

chil-dren we may be, But thy love is still the same—God of mer-cy is thy name, God of mer - cy is thy name.

*D.C.*



1. I'm a sol - dier, sol - dier of the cross, Lit - tle sol - dier of the cross, In the ar - my of the Lord; Fierce and  
 2. I'm a sol - dier, sol - dier of the cross, Lit - tle sol - dier of the cross, In the ar - my of the Lord; And the  
 3. I'm a sol - dier, sol - dier of the cross, Lit - tle sol - dier of the cross, And I know I'll win the crown, For the



ma - ny are the foes I am bid - den to op - pose, But the Lord, the Lord of hosts is Cap - tain o'er me.  
 flag that floats a - bove Is the ban - ner of his love, And the Cap - tain of sal - va - tion goes be fore me.  
 ar - mor I have got, It is proof to Sa - tan's shot, And the Lord, the Lord of hosts is Cap - tain o'er me.

CHO.



On, on, on! I'm marching on! On to glo - ry! on to glo - ry! Fierce and ma - ny are the foes I am



bid - den to op - pose, But the Lord, the Lord of hosts is Cap - tain o'er me.

4. I'm a soldier, soldier of the cross,  
 Little soldier of the cross;  
 Marching where the Captain leads;  
 Long the marches are and fast  
 But I'll reach my home at last,  
 On the flowery plains, the flowery plains of Glory.  
 Cho.—On, on, on, &c.



## Hallelujah Chorus!

Arranged from HANDEL for this work.

## INTRODUCTION.

*Allegro maestoso.*



# Hallelujah Chorus.—Continued.

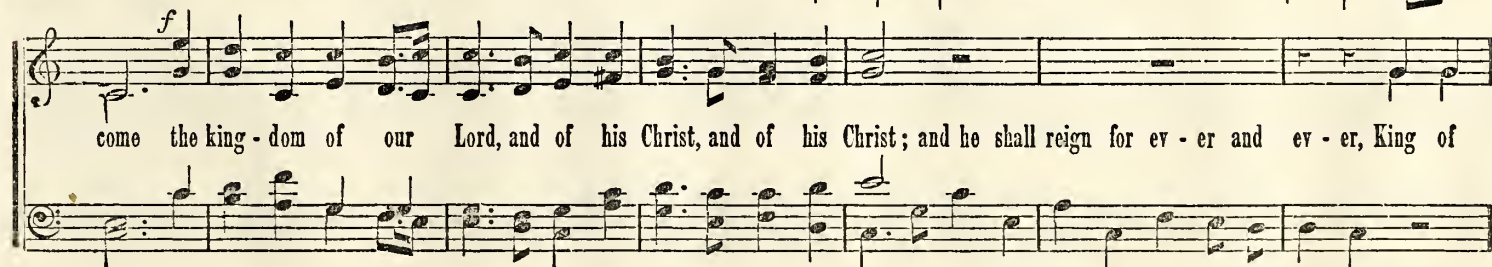
131



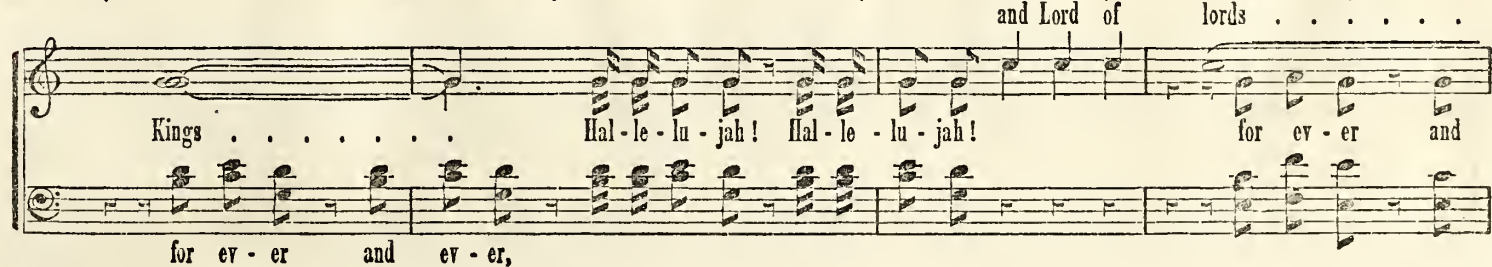
lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord God om - ni - po - tent reign - eth, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -



lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! *p* The king - dom of this world *p* is be -



*f* come the king - dom of our Lord, and of his Christ, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ev - er and ev - er, King of



and Lord of lords . . . . .  
Kings . . . . . Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! for ev - er and  
for ev - er and ev - er,

## Hallelujah Chorus.—Continued.

ev - er Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! King of kings, and Lord of lords, and he shall reign for ev - er and  
ev - er,

ev - er. And he shall reign for ev - er and ev - - - er, King of kings . . . . .  
and he shall reign for ev - er and ev - er, for ev - er and

ev - er Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! and he shall reign for ev - er, for ev - er and ev -  
ev - er, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! and

er, King of kings! and Lord of lords! King of kings! and Lord of lords! and he shall

# Hallelujah Chorus.—Concluded.

133

he shall reign for King of kings! and Lord of

reign for ev - er and ev - er and ev - er, for ev - er and ev - er, for ev - er and

lords!

ev - er, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

*adagio. ff*

## Palms of Glory. 7, or 8, 7.

MONTGOMERY.

1st.

2d.

J. E. GOULD.

1. { Palms of glo - ry, rai - ment bright, Crowns that nev - er fade a - way, }  
 { Gird and deck the saints in light,—Priests, and kings, and con - (Omit) . . } qu'rors they: Yet the conqu'rors  
 n.c. And pro - claim, in joy - ful psalms, Vict' - ry through his cross a - lone.

bring their palms To the Lamb a - midst the throne.

2. Who were these? on earth they dwelt,  
 Sinners once of Adam's race;  
 Guilt, and fear, and suff'ring felt,  
 But were saved from all by grace:  
 They were mortal, too, like us;—  
 Ah! when we like them shall die,  
 May our souls, translated thus,  
 Triumph, reign, and shine on high.



## Gloria in Excelsis. (Chant.)



To Chant Part 1.

## GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

1. GLORY be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- | will toward | men. ||
2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory. ||

To Part 2.

3. O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al- — | mighty ! ||
4. O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ, || O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son .. of the | Fa — | ther ! ||

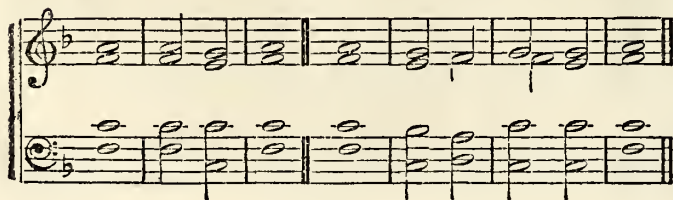
To Part 3.

5. That takest away the | sins .. of the | world, || have mercy up- | on — | us. ||
6. Thou that takest away the | sins .. of the | world, || have mercy up- | on — | us. ||
7. Thou that takest away the | sins .. of the | world, || re- | ceive our | prayer. ||
8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy up- | on — | us. ||

To Part 1.

9. For thou only | art — | holy, || thou | only | art the | Lord. ||
10. Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory .. of | God the | Father. || A- | MEN. ||

## The Lord's Prayer. (Chant.)



1. { OUR Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name ; ||  
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth .. as it | is in | heaven. ||
2. { Give us this day our | daily | bread ; ||  
And forgive us our | debts, as .. we for- | give our | debtors. ||
3. { And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver us — from | evil ; ||  
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | ever —  
and | ever. . . A- | MEN. ||

# Closing Responses.

135

(To be Read.)

1. *Sup't.*—Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.
2. *Resp.*—If a man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his.
3. *Sup't.*—I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me.
4. *Resp.*—Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else.
5. *Sup't.*—Behold I stand at the door and knock.
6. *Resp.*—Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.
7. *Sup't.*—If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.
8. *Resp.*—Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.
9. *Sup't.*—Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.
10. *Resp.*—They that seek me early shall find me.
11. *Sup't.*—Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,
12. *Resp.*—He that endureth to the end shall be saved.
13. *Sup't.*—Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you.

(To be followed by the SINGING or reading, in concert, verses 1, 2, 3, 4, 9 and 10, to "GLORIA IN EXCELSIS," page 134.)

Words by DR. THOS. HASTINGS. **Return, O Wanderer. C. M. (Hymn Chant.)**

J. E. GOULD.

Return, } to thy home, Thy Father calls for thee: No longer now an ex - ile roam, In guilt or misery:  
O wanderer, } 'Tis Jesus calls for thee; The Spirit and the Bride say Come, Oh now for refuge flee: Oh return! return!  
'Tis madness to delay; There are no pardons in the tomb, And brief is mercy's day!

*Organ. pp*

**My Times are in thy Hand. S. M. (Hymn Chant.)**

1. My times are in thy hand, } My life, my friends, my }  
O God, I . . . . . } wish them there; soul I leave Entirely } to thy care, Entirely to thy care, Entirely to thy care.

- |   |  |   |
|---|--|---|
| <p>2. My times are in thy hand,<br/>Whatever   they may   be,   <br/>Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,<br/>As best may   seem to   thee.   <br/>As best, &amp;c.</p> | <p>3. My times are in thy hand,<br/>Why should I   doubt or   fear?   <br/>A Father's hand will never cause<br/>His child a   needless   tear.   <br/>His child, &amp;c.</p> | <p>4. My times are in thy hand,<br/>Jesus, the   cruci-   fied;   <br/>The hand my many sins have pierced<br/>Is now my   guard and   guide.   <br/>Is now, &amp;c.</p> |
|---|--|---|

# "Over There." 8, 7. (Double.)

Words by H. T. B.  
DUETT.

(Missionary.)

J. E. GOULD.

ALL. Cho.

1. { Do the chil-dren know of Je-sus, Ov-er there, ov-er there? } Ah! they know not of the Saviour, Of his wondrous love and care: { Have they heard redemption's story, Ov-er there, ov-er there? }

Still they sit in heathen darkness, Without Je-sus, ov-er there.

4. Do the children work for Jesus,  
Over there, over there?  
Do they labor for his glory,  
Over there, over there?—CHO.

2. Do the children pray to Jesus,  
Over there, over there?  
Do they seek his kind protection,  
Over there, over there?—CHO.

3. Do the children sing of Jesus,  
Over there, over there?  
Do they chant his praises ever  
Over there, over there?—CHO.

5. Do the children live for Jesus,  
Over there, over there?  
Do they love the precious Saviour,  
Over there, over there?—CHO.

## SECOND HYMN. (Aid for the Heathen.)

1. "COME and help us"—hear them crying,  
Over there, over there;  
Send them of your own abundance,  
Over there, over there.  
CHO.—"Come and help us," hear and answer,  
Listen to their earnest prayer;  
Labor for them without ceasing.  
Send the gospel over there.

2. See the darkness that surrounds them,  
Over there, over there;

See them bowing down to idols,  
Over there, over there.—CHO.

3. Send the precious Gospel to them,  
Over there, over there;  
Send the herald of salvation,  
Over there, over there.—CHO.

4. Oh remember them when praying,  
Over there, over there;  
Sympathizing, help them gladly,  
Over there, over there.—CHO. H. T. B.



# The Arrow shall Rest in its Quiver.

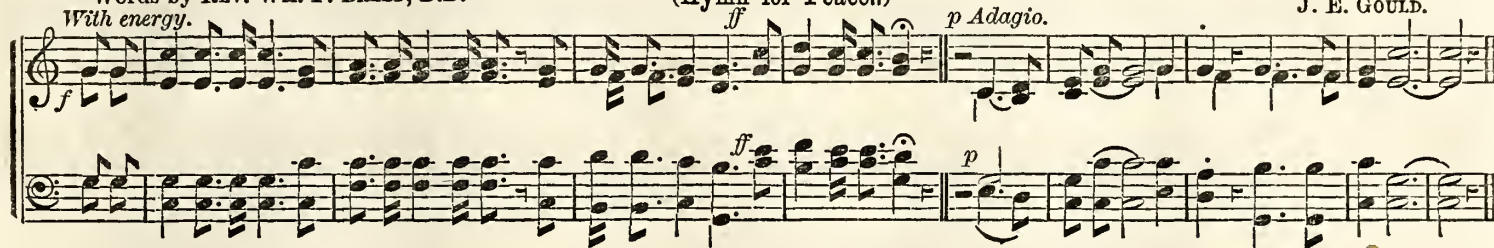
137

Words by REV. WM. P. BREED, D.D.

(Hymn for Peace.)

J. E. GOULD.

*With energy.*



1. WHEN no more horrid war  
Shall make the world shiver  
With cannon and shell,  
And fierce battle yell,  
The arrow shall rest in its quiver.
2. When revenge—wrathful strife—  
Shall rage again never,  
Nor angry debate,  
Nor hot-burning hate,  
The arrow shall rest in its quiver.
3. When the True and the Just  
Shall sway their bright sceptre—  
Right sinewed with might  
O'er earth shed its light,  
The arrow shall rest in its quiver.

4. Oh when Christ shall have come  
All shackles to sever,  
And breathe from above  
Each heart full of love,  
The arrow shall rest in its quiver.
5. When the voice of high joy,  
Of gladness for ever,  
Of bridegroom and bride,  
With men shall abide,  
The arrow shall rest in its quiver.
6. When on yon shining shore  
Across the dark river,  
No clanging of bell  
Ring death's dismal knell,  
The arrow shall rest in its quiver.

## Hymn for Peace. (Male Voices.)



## Folsom. L. M. (Male Voices.)

J. E. GOULD.

1. When we, our wea - ry limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Eu - phra - tes' stream, We wept, with dole - ful

thoughts op - pressed, And Si - on was our mourn - ful theme.

2. Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,  
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,  
With silent strings neglected hung  
On willow trees that withered there.

3. O Salem! our once happy seat,—  
When I of thee forgetful prove,  
Let then my trembling hand forget  
The tuneful strings with art to move.

Other verses on page 139.

## Woodworth. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by permission.

1. No more, my God! I boast no more, Of all the duties I have done; I quit the hopes I held before, To trust the mercies of thy Son.

Other verses on page 139.

## Gratitude. L. M.

BOST.

1. I send the joys of earth a - way;  
A - way, ye temp - ters of the mind, } False as the smooth, de - ceit - ful sea, And emp - ty as the whistling wind.

(For first verse, see WOODWORTH, page 138.)

2. Now for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain I count my loss:  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.
3. Yes, and I must and will esteem  
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;  
Oh may my soul be found in him,  
And of his righteousness partake!—WATTS.

(For first verse, see GRATITUDE, page 138.)

2. Your streams were floating me along,  
Down to the gulf of dark despair;  
And while I listened to your song,  
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
3. Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
Which warned me of that dark abyss,  
Which drew me from those treacherous seas,  
And bade me seek superior bliss.—WATTS.

Words by NEWTON.

## Ford. L. M. (Double.)

FINE.

THOMAS FORD, 1605.

As when the weary trav'ler gains The height of some o'erlooking hill,  
His heart revives, if cross the plains He eyes his home, tho' distant still. }  
Thus when the Christian pilgrim views, }  
By faith, his mansion in the skies,  
D. C. The sight his fainting strength renews. And wings his speed to reach the prize. D. C.

Words by H. BONAR.

## Pass Over to thy Rest. (Hymn Chant.)

J. E. GOULD.

cres. . . . .

1. From this bleak hill of storms, To yon warm, sun-ny heights, Where love for ev-er shines,  
2. From hunger and from thirst, From toil and wea-ri-ness, From shadows and from dreams,

(Inst.) p The rest of God.

Pass over to thy | rest, . . . , the rest . . . of God.

3. From tides, and | winds, and | waves, ||  
From shipwrecks | of the | deep, ||  
From parted | anchors | here, ||  
Pass over to thy | rest, the | rest of | God. ||
4. From falsehoods | of the | age, ||  
From broken | ties and | hearts, ||  
From suns gone | down at | noon, ||  
Pass over to thy | rest, the | rest of | God. ||



## The Lord's Prayer.\* (Paraphrase.)

J. E. GOULD.

When thou prayest, enter into thy closet: and when thou hast shut the door, after this manner pray . . . saying:

*Not too slowly.*

Our Heav'nly Father hear our prayer, Thy name be hallowed every where; Thy kingdom come; thy perfect will In earth, as heav'n, let all ful - fil; let

*rit. . . . . tem.*

all ful - fil; Give this day's bread, that we may live; forgive our sins as we for-give; Help us temp-tation to withstand, From evil shield us

*adagio.*

by thy hand; Now and for ev - er un - to thee, The king-dom, pow'r and glo - ry be. A - - men! A - - men!

# Joyful Hosannas.

141

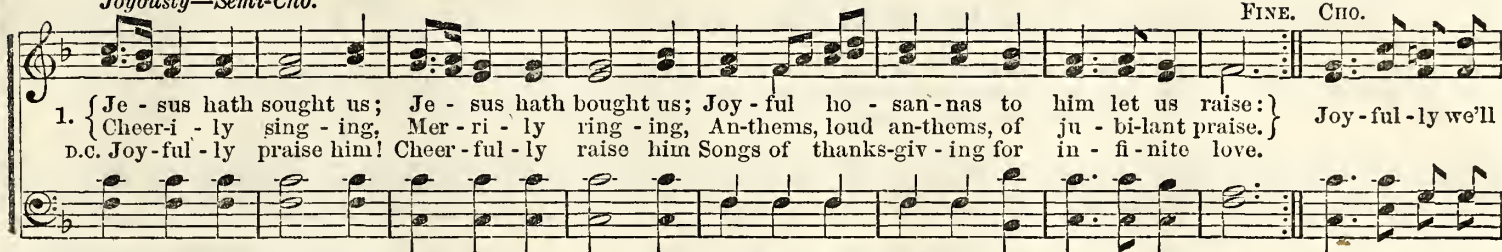
Written by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

(Anniversary.)

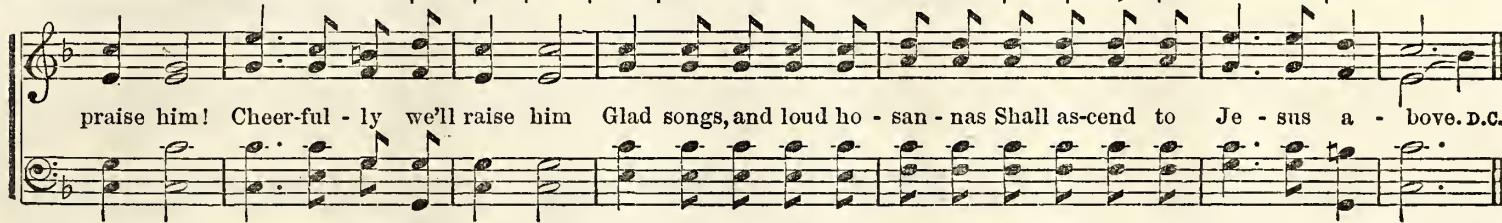
J. E. GOULD.

*Joyously—Semi-Cho.*

*FINE. CHO.*



1. { Je - sus hath sought us; Je - sus hath bought us; Joy - ful ho - san - nas to him let us raise: } Joy - ful - ly we'll  
 { Cheer - i - ly sing - ing, Mer - ri - ly ring - ing, An - thems, loud an - thems, of ju - bi - lant praise. }  
 D.C. Joy - ful - ly praise him! Cheer - ful - ly raise him Songs of thanks - giv - ing for in - fi - nite love.



praise him! Cheer - ful - ly we'll raise him Glad songs, and loud ho - san - nas Shall as - cend to Je - sus a - bove. D.C.

2. Kind friends have taught us,  
 Jesus hath brought us  
 Under this roof where we gather to-day;  
 Gracious Jehovah,  
 Guide and watch over;  
 Look on thy children in mercy, we pray.  
*Cho.—Joyfully we'll praise him! &c.*

3. Keep us and guide us;  
 Kindly provide us  
 Comfort and strength for each step of the way;

Mercy and blessing,  
 Goodness expressing,  
 Hold us in peace for eternity's day.  
*Cho.—Joyfully we'll praise him! &c.*

4. When thou hast led us,  
 Taught us, and fed us,  
 Strengthened our hearts, as we've journeyed along,  
 Then, gracious Father,  
 Thy children gather,  
 Joining in chorus of heaven's new song.  
*Cho.—Joyfully we'll praise him! &c.*

## Responses to the Commandments.

(No. 1. after each of first NINE Commandments, or only the NINTH. No. 2. after the TENTH.)



No. 1. Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.  
 No. 2. Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we beseech thee.



# My whole dear Class for Jesus.

*Expressively.*

FINE.

1. My pre-cious class for Je - sus, Who did so much for me— Who paid the price which justice claimed, In hours of agony : }  
 2. 'Tis lit - tle, O, my Sa - vour, That my weak hand can give; O, let me win these thoughtless ones, To look to thee and live. }  
 4. While life is in its morn-ing, And bright things cluster nigh, May those immortal souls lay up Their treasures in the sky.

6. One lit - tle step may sev - er The part-ing veil a - way, And forms that now are glad and fair, To-morrow may be clay.

3. My whole dear class for Je-sus! Now in their youthful bloom, Ere sha-dows lie a-cross the path, Dull sickness and the tomb.  
 5. My whole dear class for Je-sus! O, let not one be lost, When Cal-vary was the fearful sum Their wondrous ransom cost. D.C.

## How Sweet to be allowed to Pray. C. M.

From "Modern Harp."

(Suitable for Opening Piece.)

*rit.*

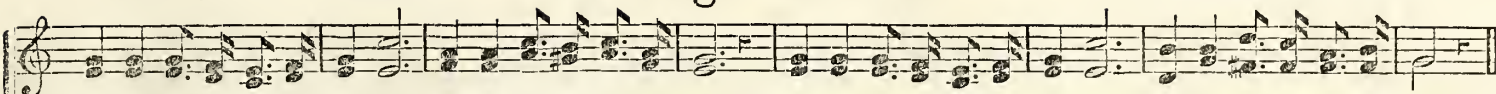
J. E. GOULD.

*Larghetto, Esp.*

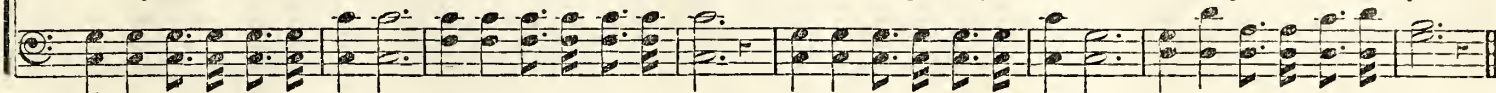
1. How sweet to be allowed to pray To God, the ho-ly One, With fil - ial love and trust to say, O God, thy will be done.  
 2. We in these sacred words can find A cure for ev'-ry ill; They calm and soothe the troubled mind, And bid all care be still.  
 3. O, teach my heart the blessed way To im - i-tate thy Son! Teach me, O God, in truth to pray, "Thy will, not mine, be done."



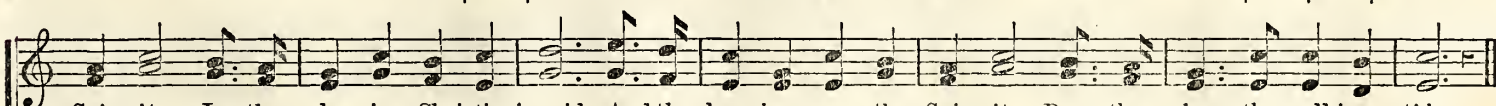
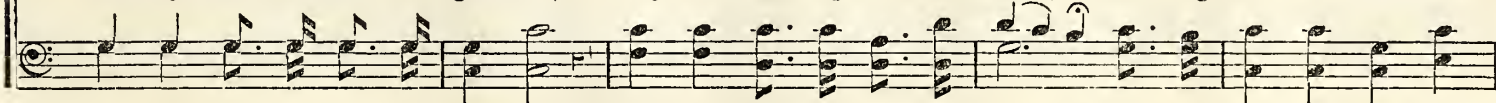
## The Angel Boatman.



1. One by one we cross the riv - er, One by one we're passing o'er : One by one the crowns are given, On the bright and happy shore.  
 2. One by one we come to Je - sus, As we heed his gentle voice ; One by one his vineyard en - ter, There to la - bor and re - joice.  
 3. One by one the hea - vy la - den, Sink beneath the noontide sun ; And the a - ged pilgrim welcomes Evening shadows as they come.



Youth and child-hood oft are pass - ing, O'er the dark and roll - ing tide, And the bless - ed, ho - ly  
 One by one sweet flow'rs we gath - er, In the glo - rious work of love,— Gar - lands for the bless - ed  
 One by one with sins for - giv - en, May we stand up - on the shore, Wait - ing till the bless - ed



Spir - it Is the dy - ing Christian's guide, And the lov - ing gen - tle Spir - it Bears them o'er the roll - ing tide.  
 Sa - viour, Gath - er for the realms a - bove, And the lov - ing gen - tle Spir - it Bears them to our home of love.  
 Spir - it Takes our hand and guides us o'er, And the lov - ing gen - tle Spir - it Leads us to the shining shore.



## "JUST AS I AM."

1. Just as I am, without one plea,  
 But that thy blood was shed for me,  
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.
2. Just as I am, and waiting not  
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.

3. Just as I am, though tossed about  
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
 Fightings within, and fears without,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—  
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
 Yes, all I need in thee to find,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.—C. ELLIOTT.

## Song for Picnics.

*Spiritedly.*

FINE. CHO.

1. { The day has come, we'll hie a - way, In sha - dy groves to sing; } { We'll forget the strife of our dai - ly life, While  
Then let us with our joy - ful lay, Make all the wel - kin ring. } { For the songs of birds, and the low - ing herds In-

here we sing and play, } spire our hearts to - day. D.C.

2. Come, parents, teachers, one and all,  
Be young again and play;  
Come, answer to the joyous call,  
And drive dull care away.—CHO.

3. Our heavenly Father's open hand  
Has spread the grove and field;  
Then let us, a united band,  
Our hearty praises yield.—CHO.

## SECOND HYMN. (Anniversary.)

1. Another year has passed away,  
And we again have met,  
To hail the quick returning day  
That finds us living yet.

*Chorus.*—In a song of cheer will we welcome here  
The lovely and the bright;—  
Hear the joyful sound as it swells around,  
This anniversary night!

2. O thank the Lord for all his care,  
Through days so quickly flown,  
Who scatters blessings everywhere,  
And leaves no part unknown!—CHO.

3. 'Tis He who leads us day by day—  
Who life eternal gives;  
And they who walk the heavenly way,  
Shall live with Him who lives.—CHO. J. D. V.

## Purves. S. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY. By permission.

1. A sin - ner saved by grace! No other hope is mine, Than thus to see my Father's face, And in his glory shine, And in his glory shine.  
2. No merits of my own, No righteousness I bring, With broken, contrite heart, alone To Jesus' cross I cling, To Jesus' cross I cling.



# "Dare to be True."

145

*Resolutely.*

Cho. (semi-cho.)

cho. (semi-cho.)

DUETT.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Dare (to do right!) Dare (to be true!) You have a work that no oth-er can do: Do it so brave-ly, so

kind-ly, so well, An-gels will hast-en the sto-ry to tell, Do it so brave-ly, so kind-ly, so well,

An-gels will hast-en the sto-ry to tell. Dare, dare, dare to do right and be true.

2. Dare to do right! Dare to be true!  
Other men's failures can never save you;  
||: Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith,  
Stand like a hero, and battle till death. :|| Cho.

3. Dare to do right! Dare to be true!  
God who created you, cares for you, too:  
||: Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed,  
Counts and protects every hair of your head. :|| Cho.

4. Dare to do right! Dare to be true!  
Keep the great judgment-seat always in view;  
||: Look at your works as you'll look at it then—  
Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men. :|| Cho.

5. Dare to do right! Dare to be true!  
Jesus, your Saviour, will carry you through;  
||: City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,  
Can you not dare to be true and do right! :|| Cho.



# Flow on Thou Rapid River.

Words and music by Dr. J. D. VINTON.

QUARTETTE.

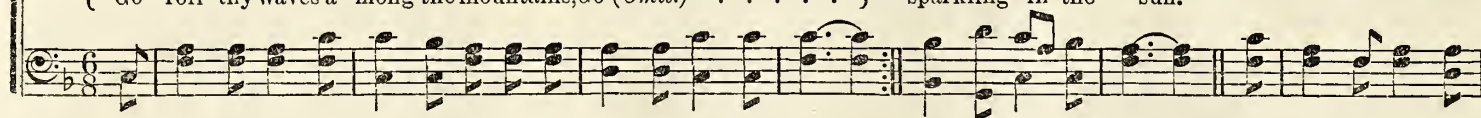
1st.

2d.

Cho.



1. { Flow on, flow on, thou rap - id riv - er, Thine ev - er swelling tide, } to the o - cean glide.  
 { Flow like a sparkling stream of sil - ver, And (Omit.) . . . . . }  
 2. { Flow on, flow on from sun - ny fountains, And ere thy course is run, } This life is like that  
 { Go roll thy waves a - mong the mountains, Go (Omit.) . . . . . } sparkling in the sun.



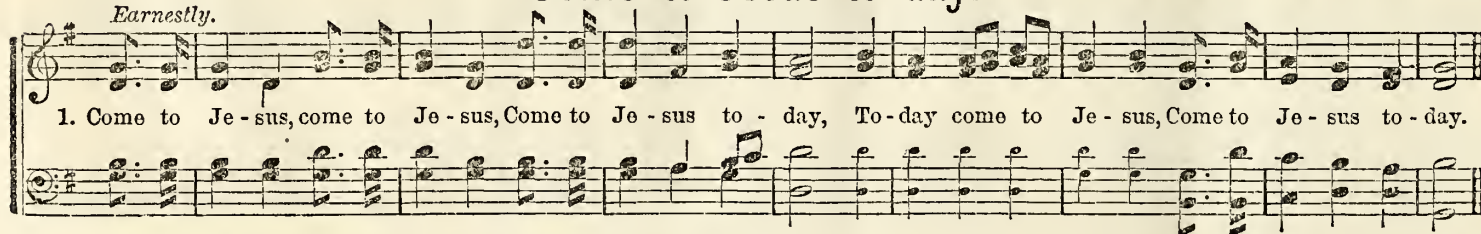
rap - id riv - er, We feel its rush - ing tide, And like that sparkling stream of sil - ver, Down to our tomb we glide.

3. Flow on, flow on, thou hast a mission,  
 And with the clouds must go,  
 E'en to the most benighted nation,  
 With blessings for their woe.

4. Flow on, flow on, but though now rolling,  
 Thy waters soon must sleep;  
 Thy murmurs are thy death-knell tolling,  
 Thy home is in the deep.

## Come to Jesus to-day.

*Earnestly.*



1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus to - day, To - day come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus to - day.

2. He will save you.

3. Oh, believe him.

3. He'll receive you.

5. Flee to Jesus, &c.

6. He will hear you, &c.

7. He'll have mercy, &c.

8. He'll forgive you, &c.

9. He will cleanse you, &c.

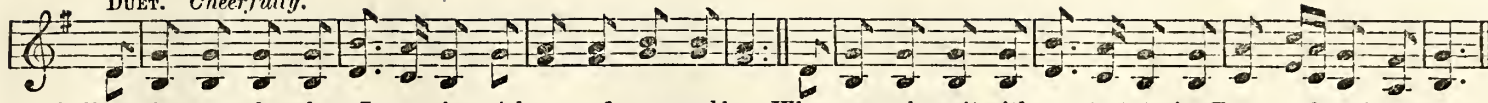
10. Jesus loves you, &c.

# Welcome Home.

147

REV. R. LOWRY. By permission.

DUET. *Cheerfully.*

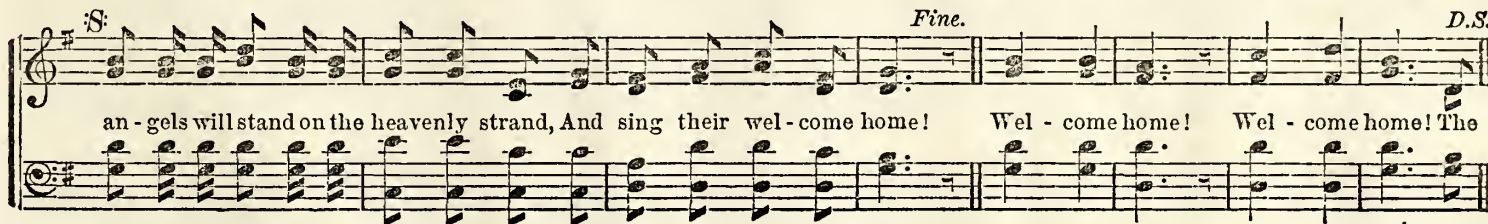


1. There is a realm where Jesus reigns, A home of grace and love, Where an-gels wait with sweetest strains, To greet the saints above.
2. The sons of earth will join to bless The pre-cious Saviour's name, Cloth'd in his perfect righteousness, And saved from sin and shame.

*Cho.*



They'll sing their wel - come home to me, They'll sing their wel - come home to me; The



an - gels will stand on the heavenly strand, And sing their wel - come home! Wel - come home! Wel - come home! The

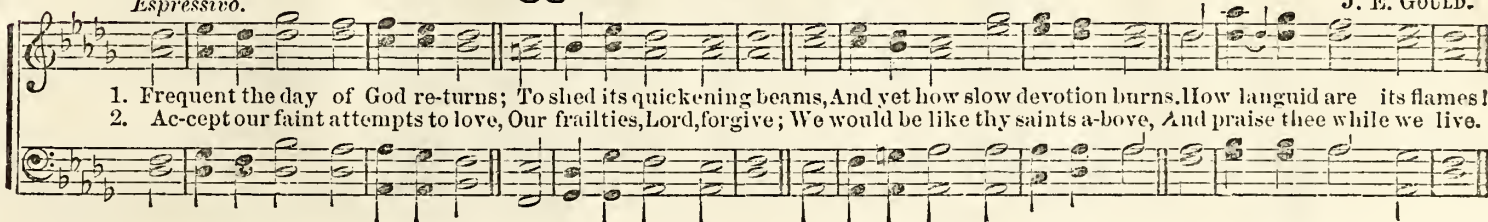
3. Yet all, alas! will not be there,  
For some will slight his grace,  
Though now he calls, they do not care  
To turn and seek his face.—*Cho.*

4. He speaks so kindly, "Come to me,  
And I will give you rest;"  
The angels wait their melody,  
To greet you with the blest.—*Cho.*

BROWNE.  
*Espressivo.*

Leggatt. C. M. (Male voices.)

J. E. GOULD.



1. Frequent the day of God re-turns; To shed its quickening beams, And yet how slow devotion burns, How languid are its flames!
2. Ac-cept our faint attempts to love, Our frailties, Lord, forgive; We would be like thy saints a-bove, And praise thee while we live.



## Now the Sabbath Eve Declining. 8, 7.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. { Now the Sab-bath eve de - clin-ing, Sheds around a hallowed light,  
And the sil-ver stars are shin-ing With a ra-diance pure and bright. } Soft and gentle be the numbers Which our grateful

spir - its raise: God above, while nature slumbers, Hear, oh hear our song of praise.

2. May the words of inspiration  
Which our ears have heard to-day,  
Wake a holy contemplation,  
Call our souls from earth away.  
While with hearts and voices blending,  
Up to heaven our thoughts we raise,  
Thou to mortal vows attending,  
Hear, oh hear our song of praise.

From "Modern Harp."

## Sidonia. 8. (Double.)

J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

D.C.

1. { How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Je-sus no lon-ger I see!  
Sweet prospect, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have lost all their sweetness to me. } The mid-summer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
D.C. But when I am hap-py in him De-cem-ber's as pleasant as May.

2. His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice.  
I should, were he always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
No mortal so happy as I—  
My summer would last all the year.

3. Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song,  
Say, why do I languish and pine,  
And why are my winters so long?  
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
Or take me unto thee on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.—NEWTON.



*Cheerfully.*

1. Give, give, will - ing - ly give, Since God hath given to thee, So ma - ny rich to - kens of his love, So  
2. Give, give, joy - ful - ly give, Of thy most bountiful store; To suc - cor the need - y ones of earth, To

*Chor.* *rit.* . . . .  
bounteously and so free. Oh, hast - en to give to the suf - fer - ing ones—Oh, hast - en your blessing be -  
glad - den the suff' - ring poor.

. . . . *tem.*  
stow! Re - mem - ber who makes thee to dif - fer from them—From whom thy mer - cies all flow.

*ff*  
Give, give, give, 'Tis bet - ter to give than re - ceive.  
*ff*

3. Give, give, gratefully give,  
The precious Gospel of peace;  
That sinners may know the Saviour's love,  
The weary may find release.—*CHO.*

4. Give, give, speedily give  
Although the gift may be small;  
A smile, or a tear, or loving word  
May surely be giv'n by all.—*CHO.*

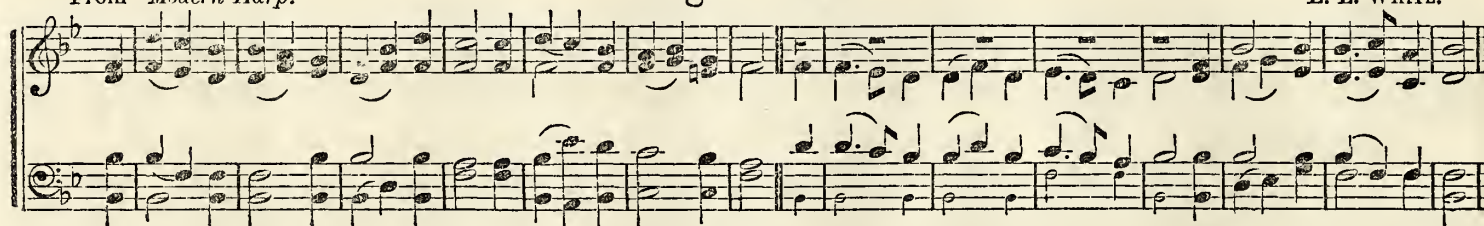
## Miltona. c. M.

J. E. GOULD.

From "*Modern Harp.*"

## Logan. c. M.

E. L. WHITE.



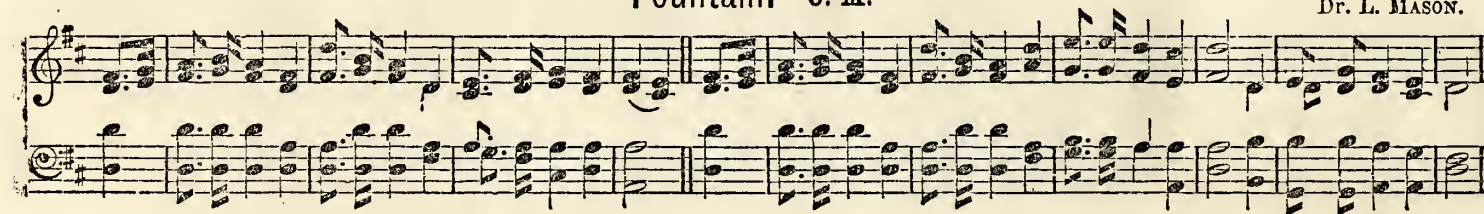
## Newbold. c. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY, by permission.



## Fountain. c. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



*Tune.*—MILTONA.

1. DEFEND the poor and desolate,  
And rescue from the hands  
Of wicked men the low estate  
Of him that help demands.
2. Regard the weak and fatherless,  
Despatch the poor man's cause,  
And raise the man in deep dis-  
By just and equal laws. [tress
3. Rise, God! judge thou the earth  
in might,  
Th' oppressed land redress;  
For thou art he who shall by right  
The nations all possess.

MILTON.

*Tune.*—LOGAN.

1. As o'er the past my memory  
strays,  
Why heaves the secret sigh?  
'Tis that I mourn departed days,  
Still unprepared to die.
2. The world, and worldly things be-  
loved,  
My anxious thoughts employed;  
And time, unhallowed, unim-  
proved,  
Presents a fearful void.
3. Yet, holy Father, wild despair  
Chase from my laboring breast;  
Thy grace it is which prompts the  
prayer—  
That grace can do the rest.

MIDDLETON.

*Tune.*—NEWBOLD.

1. Oh how I love thy holy law!  
'Tis daily my delight:  
And thence my meditations draw  
Divine advice by night.
2. My waking eyes prevent the day,  
To meditate thy word:  
My soul with longing melts away  
To hear thy gospel, Lord.
3. Thy heavenly words my heart  
engage,  
And well employ my tongue,  
And in my tiresome pilgrimage  
Yield me a heavenly song.

WATTS.

*Tune.*—FOUNTAIN.

1. THERE is a fountain filled with  
blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that  
flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as  
Wash all my sins away. [he,
3. E'er since by faith I saw the  
stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my  
theme,  
And shall be till I die.

COWPER.

1. How shall the young secure their  
hearts  
And guard their lives from sin?  
Thy word the choicest rules im-  
parts  
To keep the conscience clean.
2. 'Tis like the sun a heavenly light  
That guides us all the day;  
And through the dangers of the  
night  
A lamp to lead our way.
3. Thy word is everlasting truth;  
How pure is every page!  
That holy book shall guide our  
youth,  
And well support our age.

WATTS.

1. Thou, dear Redeemer, dying  
Lamb!  
We love to hear of thee;  
No music like thy charming  
name,  
Nor half so dear can be.
2. Oh may we ever hear thy voice  
In mercy to us speak!  
In thee, O Lord, let us rejoice,  
And thy salvation seek.
3. Jesus shall ever be our theme  
While in this world we stay;  
We'll sing of Jesus' lovely name  
When all things else decay.



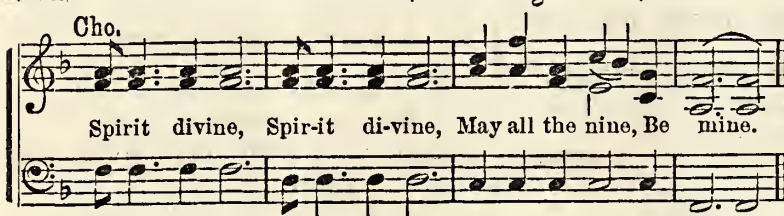
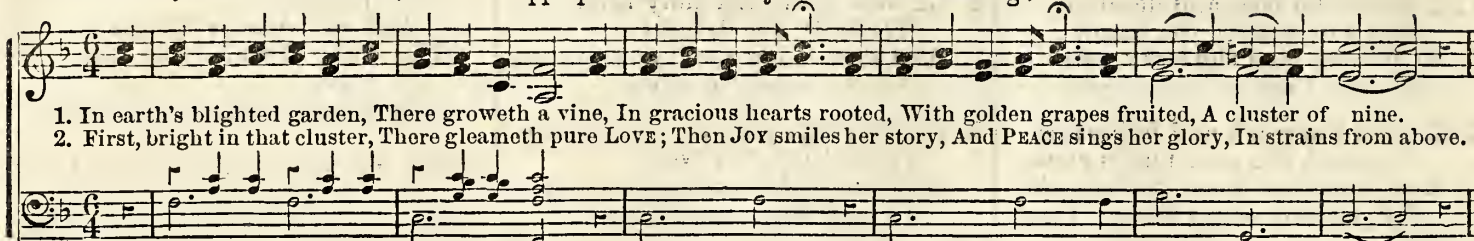
# The Golden Nine.\*

(Gal. v. 22, 23.)

Written by Rev. WM. P. BREED, D.D.

(Appropriate to the Prayer and Social Meeting.)

J. E. GOULD.



3. Then lamb-like LONG-SUFFERING FAITH, true and unflinching,  
Resentment beguiles, And MEEKNESS, divine,  
And GENTLENESS, GOODNESS, Then TEMPERANCE repressing,  
All harshness and rudeness The passion's transgressing,  
Displace with their smiles. Completeth the nine.  
Spirit divine, &c. Spirit divine, &c.

\* This piece may be made an attractive feature for Sunday-school Concerts, in the following manner: Let *nine* little girls or boys be the performers, and each bear a shield or banner, on one side of which is printed THE GOLDEN NINE, in letters large enough to be seen by all. If a shield, it could be held up three or four feet, by being *mounted* and held by a little staff. On the opposite side of each should be *one* of the mottoes (say Love, Joy, &c., &c.,) according to the words of the text. Let them march out in single file, showing the audience only the GOLDEN NINE side of the shields. When within, say, four feet of the position to which they will afterward advance, they will sing, in chorus, the first verse. Then the three representing the first three mottoes will commence the second verse,

and as they sing, *advance* to the position indicated, each turning the shield as they reach the motto as it occurs in the poetry. So with the third and fourth verses, when the *nine* mottoes will be exposed to the audience. They then, in concert, *speak* as follows (Matt. v. 16): "LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE BEFORE MEN THAT THEY MAY SEE YOUR GOOD WORKS, AND GLORIFY YOUR FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN." Then (Gal. v. 25): "IF WE LIVE IN THE SPIRIT, LET US ALSO WALK IN THE SPIRIT." Then (Gal. v. 22, 23): "THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT IS LOVE, JOY, PEACE," &c., each one looking at and pointing to her motto as she speaks the word. To conclude with the repetition of first verse, in chorus, the audience joining, reversing the shields so as to expose THE GOLDEN NINE.

P. S.—These mottoes, (Love, Joy, &c.,) gotten up in beautiful style, in different colors, will be sent free of expense, on receipt of \$1.25. They consist of 18 cards, and will be very attractive for the walls of the school-room, after use. Address J. C. GARRIGUES & Co., Philadelphia, giving *plainly* state, county and town. Dimensions of cards 10 x 18 inches.

## Tune.—LEBANON, S. M. (Double.)

1. I was a wand'ring sheep,  
I did not love the fold,  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice  
I would not be controll'd;  
I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home,  
I did not love my Father's voice  
I loved afar to roam.

2. The Shepherd sought his sheep,  
The Father sought his child;  
They followed me o'er vale and hill  
O'er deserts waste and wild;  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famished, and faint, and lone;  
They bound me with the bands of love,  
They saved the wandering one.

3. Jesus my Shepherd is,  
'Twas he that loved my soul,  
'Twas he that wash'd me in his blood  
'Twas he that made me whole;  
'Twas he that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep;  
'Twas he that brought me to the fold  
'Tis he that still doth keep.—BONAR.

Words by DOANE.  
*Expressively.*

# Fading Day. 7. (Quartette. Evening Opening Piece.)

J. E. GOULD. 153

*mf*

1. Soft - ly now the light of day - - - - - Fades up-on my sight a-way: - - - - - Free from care from  
*p* Soft - ly now the light of day, - - - Fades up-on my sight a-way; Free from, &c.,  
*p*

*pp* *mf* *mf* *pp* **DUET.**

la - bor free, Lord I would com - mune with thee; - - - Free from care, from

*rit*

la - bor free, - - Lord, I would com-mune with thee.  
Lord, I would - - commune with thee.

2. Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
Nought escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault and secret sin.

3. Soon, for me, the light of day  
Shall forever pass away;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

WATTS.

## Powers. S. M. (Male voices.)

J. E. GOULD.

*mf* *p* *mf* *p*

1. The Lord my Shep-herd is, I shall be well sup-plied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be-side?  
2. He leads me to the place Where heav'nly pasture grows, Where liv-ing wa-ters gent-ly pass, And full sal-va-tion flows.



## Dear Canaan of Promise. 11.

Words by Rev. PETER STRYKER, D.D.

(THE PENITENT.)

*Tenderly.**Fine.*

1. { O car - ry me o - ver the riv - er, so deep! The cur - rent is swift, and the bank ver - y steep; }  
 My spi - rit is wea - ry, and longs for sweet rest— In hea - ven - ly man - sions, the home of the blest. }

D.C. O, why should I stand in the wa - ter so cold, When long - ing to en - ter the ci - ty of gold?

*DUET.**D.C.*

O, car - ry me o - ver the riv - er, so dear! Why must I still ling - er in sor - row and fear?

2. O, carry me over the river, dear Lord!  
 Thou knowest my weakness, kind succor afford!  
 Thy voice can control e'en the wind and the tide,  
 One beck of thy hand make these billows subside.  
 O, carry me over the river! say "Peace!"  
 And give to my soul a most joyful release,  
 My Shepherd thou art, I have followed thy rod,  
 And follow thee now through the river to God.

3. He hears me,—dear Jesus! he answers my prayer,  
 He takes me away from this region of care;  
 I spring from my fetters; I'm clasped in his arms,  
 No longer I'm subject to death's rude alarms.  
 Across the dark river, no more shall I roam,  
 A pilgrim and stranger from heaven my home;  
 The veil is uplifted; my eyes now behold  
 The splendor that lights up the city of gold.

E A S T E R T I D E. *Tune.*—"THERE'S A WONDERFUL TREE," page 159.

1. CHILDREN, come and we'll sing the wonderful love  
 Of Him who came from bright heaven above;  
 Light from the grave illumines the sky,  
 For Jesus hath triumphed and reigns on high.  
 CHO.—Now in Easter's glad tide, join with loud acclaim,  
 To Christ our dear Saviour; praise ye his holy name.

2. When for three weary days he lay in the tomb,  
 The earth was shrouded in darkest gloom;  
 But now let praises fill the sky,  
 For Christ has arisen, and reigns on high.—CHO.

3. A bright angel came down from heaven above,  
 The heavy stone from the tomb to move;  
 Jesus came forth, no more to die,  
 For he has arisen, and reigns on high.—CHO.

4. He has conquered for ever death and the grave,  
 And he is mighty and waits to save;  
 Fly, then, to him for refuge fly,  
 For Christ has arisen and reigns on high.  
 CHO.—Now in Easter's &c.—E. C. T.



# The Silver Brook. 7. (Double.)

155

Written by E. C. T.

1st.

2d.

DUETT. DONNIZETTI.

1. { God is love! the sil-ver brook, Murm'ring in its sha - dy nook, } As it rip - ples o'er the stones, God is love! Each  
 2. { Sings the song, in soft-est tones, }  
 { God is love! in ev' - ry breeze, Rustling thro' the for - est trees; } Whisp'ring of his presence near; God is love! the  
 { We the still small voicemay hear, . . . . . }

tin - y flower Swells the praises of his power, As it blooms in beau - ty rare, Shed - ding fra-grance on the air.  
 lit - tle birds Ca - rol forth the joy - ous words; Let us join the grate-ful song, Prais-es to our God be - long.

## "Beyond the Smiling." (Quartette.)

(Published in sheet form, with solo and acc.,  
 by LEE & WALKER.) J. E. GOULD.

*Expressivo.\**

1. Be-yond the smil-ing and the weeping, I shall be soon, Be - yond the waking and the sleeping, Be-yond the sowing

DUETT. home. rit . . . pp  
 mf . . . . . Sweet hope!  
 and the reaping, I shall be soon; Love, rest and home, Lord, tarry not, but come.  
 Sweet hope!

\* Small notes to be sung, but pp.

2. Beyond the parting and the meeting,  
 I shall be soon;  
 Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
 Beyond the pulse's fever beat-ing,  
 I shall be soon.  
 Love, rest, &c.

## Our Welcome Anniversary Day.

Words by FANNIE CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE. By permission.

1. An - oth - er hap - py gold - en year Has brightly smil'd and pass'd a - way; With pas - tor, friends, and

Cho.  
 teach - ers dear, We hail our an - ni - ver - sary day! Our wel - come an - ni - ver - sary day, Our

joy - ful an - ni - ver - sary day, With pas - tor, friends, and teachers dear, We hail our an - ni - ver - sary day!

2. With grateful hearts to God above,  
 We gladly join our festive lay;  
 We thank him for the tender love  
 That crowns our anniversary day.  
*Cho.*—Our welcome, &c.

3. Our growing numbers still we view,  
 With every week that glides away,  
 While blessings fall like pearly dew,  
 On this our anniversary day.  
*Cho.*—Our welcome, &c.

4. Though some who once were with us here  
 Have gone to fairer climes away,  
 Perhaps their spirits, hovering near,  
 Behold our anniversary day.  
*Cho.*—Our welcome, &c.

5. And when these mortal scenes are past,  
 When one by one they fade away,  
 Oh, may we meet in heaven at last,  
 To spend a long, eternal day!  
*Cho.*—Our welcome, &c.



# Searcher of Hearts.\* C. M. (Hymn Chant.)

157

Words by GEO. P. MORRIS.  
DUETT.

(Any C. M. Hymn will go to this Chant.) *Quartette.*

J. E. GOULD.

1. Searcher of hearts! from mine erase All | thoughts that | should not | be; || And in its deep re- | ces - - es | trace |

DUETT. *ten.* CHO.  
My grat-i-tude to thee, My grat-i-tude, My grat-i-tude to thee.

2. Giver of all, for every good  
In | the Re- | deemer | came; ||  
For raiment, shelter | and for | food, ||  
||: I thank thee in his name. :||
3. Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost!  
Thou | glorious | three in | one! ||  
Thou knowest best what | I most | need, ||  
||: And let thy will be done. :||

\* Published in sheet music form by LEE & WALKER.

## Rockwood. 8, 7, 4. (Male Voices.)

Words by S. F. SMITH. 1st.

2d. (Missionary.)

J. E. GOULD.

{ Yes, my native land! I love thee, All thy scenes I love them well; }  
{ Friends, connections, happy country, . . . . . } Can I bid you all farewell? Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in heathen lands to dwell? }

1. Yes, my native land! I love thee,  
All thy scenes I love them well;  
Friends, connections, happy country,  
Can I bid you all farewell?  
||: Can I leave you, :||  
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2. Home! thy joys are passing lovely—  
Joys no stranger heart can tell;

- Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee!  
Can I, can I say farewell?  
||: Can I leave you? :|| &c.

3. In the deserts let me labor,  
On the mountains let me tell  
How he died, the blessed Saviour,  
To redeem a world from hell!  
||: Let me hasten, :|| &c.



## Harold. (Or Rock of Ages.) 7. Double.

HAROLD. Arr. for this Work.

1st. 2d.

1. { Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; } Be of sin the double cure,  
 { Let the water and the blood . . . . . } From thy wounded side that flow'd, Cleanse me from its

guilt and power, Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
 Simply to thy cross I cling;  
 Naked, come to thee for dress,  
 Helpless, look to thee for grace;  
 ¶: Vile, I to the fountain fly,  
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die. :||

2. Not the labor of my hands  
 Can fulfill the law's demands;  
 Could my zeal no respite know,  
 Could my tears for ever flow,  
 ¶: All for sin could not atone—  
 Thou must save, and thou alone. :||

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When my heart-strings break in death,  
 When I soar to worlds unknown,  
 See thee on thy judgment-throne—  
 ¶: Rock of ages, cleft for me!  
 Let me hide myself in thee. :||—TOPLADY.

## Florence. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. Oh hap-py is the man who hears Re - lig-ion's warning voice, And who ce-les - tial Wisdom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.

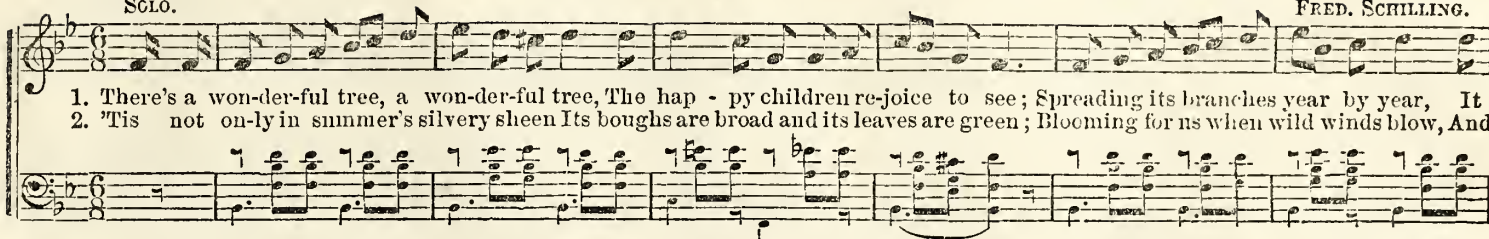
2. For she has treasures greater far  
 Than east or west unfold;  
 More precious are her bright rewards  
 Than gems or stores of gold.

3. Her right hand offers to the just  
 Immortal, happy days;  
 Her left, imperishable wealth,  
 And heavenly crowns displays.

# "There's a Wonderful Tree." (Christmas.)

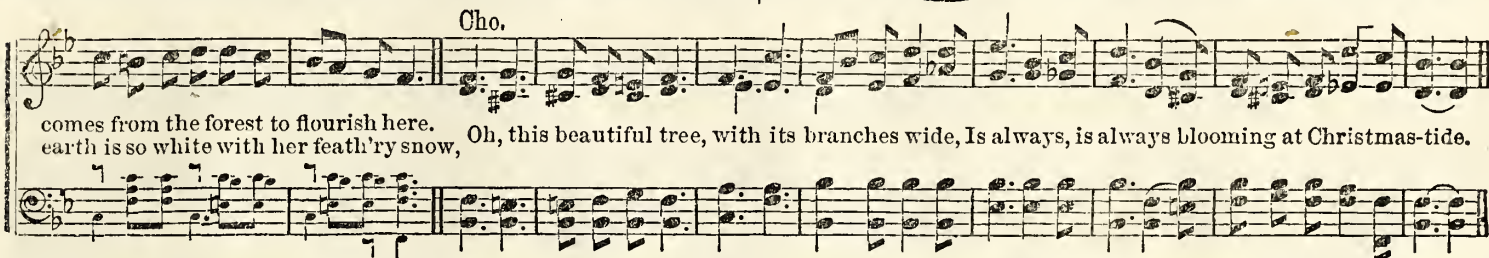
159

FRED. SCHILLING.



1. There's a won-der-ful tree, a won-der-ful tree, The hap - py children re-joice to see ; Spreading its branches year by year, It  
2. 'Tis not on-ly in sum-mer's silvery sheen Its boughs are broad and its leaves are green ; Blooming for us when wild winds blow, And

Cho.



comes from the forest to flourish here.  
earth is so white with her feath'ry snow, Oh, this beautiful tree, with its branches wide, Is always, is always blooming at Christmas-tide.

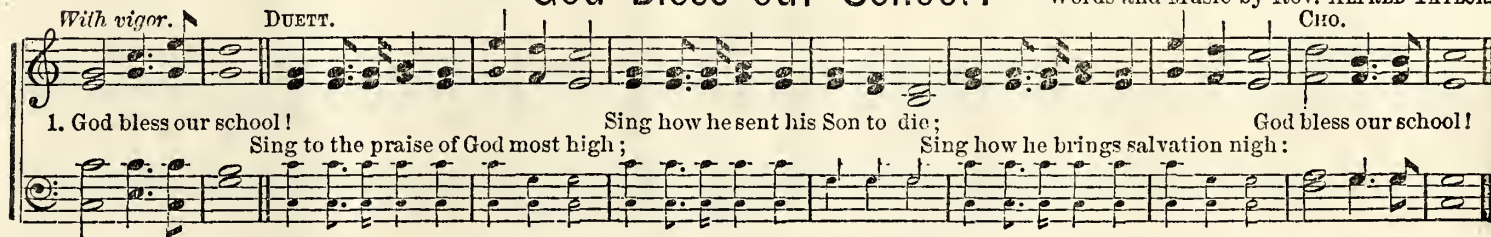
3. And a voice sweetly tells, its branches among,  
Of watchful shepherds and angels' song;  
And of a Babe in manger low,  
The beautiful story of long ago.  
Oh, this beautiful tree, &c.

4. Oh, then spread thy full branches, wonderful tree !  
And bring some dainty present to me,  
Filling my heart with a burning love  
For Him who once came from his home above.  
Oh, this beautiful tree, &c.

# "God Bless our School!"

Words and Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

With vigor. DUETT.



1. God bless our school ! Sing how he sent his Son to die ; God bless our school !  
Sing to the praise of God most high ; Sing how he brings salvation nigh :

2. God bless our school !  
Bring all the wand'ring children in,  
Bring all the heirs of death and sin,  
Bring them, immortal life to win :  
God bless our school !

3. God bless our school !  
Teach us the word of truth to know.  
Teach us in Christian strength to grow,  
Teach us to serve thee here below :  
God bless our school !

4. God bless our school !  
Fill all our hearts with heav'nly grace,  
Lead us in love to that blest place  
Where we shall see our Saviour's face .  
God bless our school !



## Sweet By-and-By.

\*(Echo from adjoining room.)

*Happily.*

1st.

2d.

J. E. GOULD.

1. { There's a land that is fair-er than day, . . . And by faith we may see it a - far, . . . } To pre-pare us a dwelling-place there.  
 For the Father waits over the way, . . . . . }

fair . . . . . er than day.  
 o . . . . . ver the way.

See . . . . . it a far.

*f* \*(repeat pp.) *f* *f* (repeat pp.) *f*  
 In the sweet by-and-by We shall meet on that beautiful shore! In the sweet by-and-by We shall meet on that beautiful shore!  
*f* *f* *f*  
 (repeat pp.) (repeat pp.)

2. We shall sing on that beautiful shore,  
 The melodious songs of the blest,  
 And our spirits shall sorrow no more—  
 Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.  
 CHO.—In the sweet by-and-by  
 We shall sing on that beautiful shore.

3. To our bountiful Father above,  
 We will offer the tribute of praise,  
 For the glorious gift of his love,  
 And the blessings that hallow our days!  
 CHO.—In the sweet by-and-by  
 We shall praise on that beautiful shore.

## Horton. 7.

Words by CENNICK.

WARTENSEE.

1. Children of the heav'nly King, As we journey we will sing— Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.  
 2. We are trav'ling home to God In the way the fathers trod; They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.  
 3. Lord, submissive make us go, Gladly leav-ing all be-low; On - ly thou our Lead-er be, And we still will fol-low thee.



HAMMOND.  
*Andante.*

# Aiken. 7. (Opening Piece.)

J. E. GOULD. 161

Lord, we come before thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow; - - Oh, do not our suit disdain! Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

WATTS.  
*Expressivo.*

## Geer. C. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.

How vain are all things here be-low! How false, and yet how fair! Each pleas-ure has its

poi-son too, And ev'-ry sweet a snare.

## Bemerton. C. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.

Lord, let me know my term of days, How

soon my life will end: The num'rous trains of ills dis-close Which this frail state at-tend.

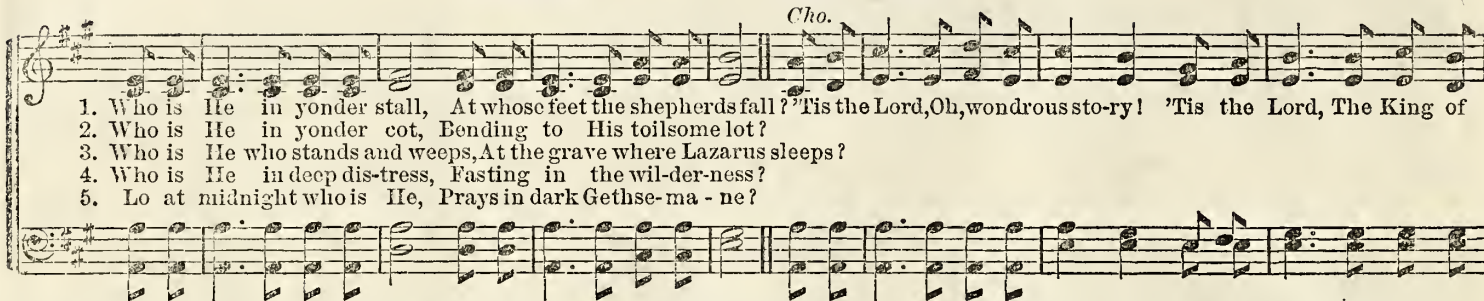
(Tenor.)

## Who is He?

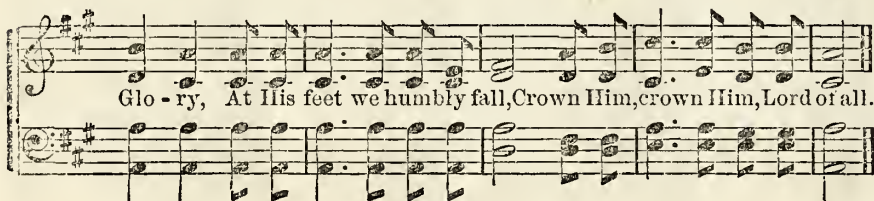
(The questions may be asked by the Superintendent or Teachers.)

From "Chapel Gems."

*Cho.*



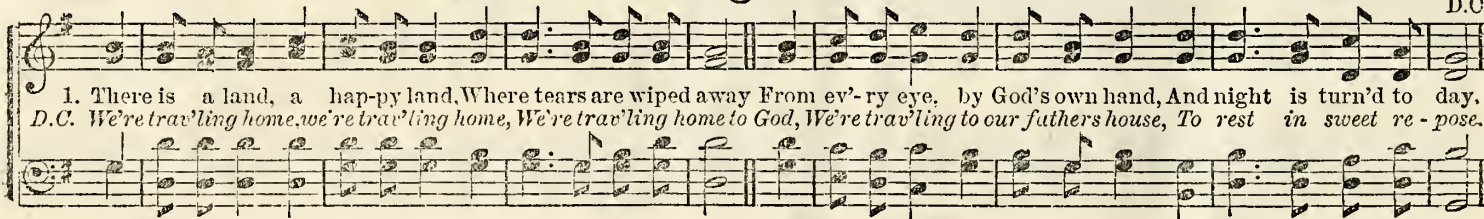
1. Who is He in yonder stall, At whose feet the shepherds fall? 'Tis the Lord, Oh, wondrous sto-ry! 'Tis the Lord, The King of
2. Who is He in yonder cot, Bending to His toilsome lot?
3. Who is He who stands and weeps, At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?
4. Who is He in deep dis-tress, Fasting in the wil-der-ness?
5. Lo at midnight who is He, Prays in dark Gethse-ma - ne?



Glo - ry, At His feet we humbly fall, Crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all.

6. Who is He, in Calvary's throes,  
Asks for blessings on his foes?
7. Who is He that, from the grave,  
Comes to heal, and help, and save?
8. Who is He that, on yon throne,  
Rules the world of light alone?

## We're Traveling Home. C. M.

Arranged for this work.  
D.C.


1. There is a land, a happy land, Where tears are wiped away From ev'-ry eye, by God's own hand, And night is turn'd to day.  
*D.C. We're trav'ling home, we're trav'ling home, We're trav'ling home to God, We're trav'ling to our fathers house, To rest in sweet re - pose.*

2. There is a home, a happy home,  
Where wayworn travellers rest,  
Where toil and languor never come,  
And every mourner's blest.—*Cho.*

3. There is a port, a peaceful port,  
A safe and quiet shore,  
Where weary mariners resort,  
When life's rough journey's o'er.—*Cho.*

4. There is a crown, a dazzling crown,  
Bedecked with jewels fair;  
And priests and kings of high renown  
That crown of glory wear.—*Cho.*

5. That land be ours, that calm retreat,  
That crown of glory bright;  
Then we'll esteem each bitter, sweet,  
And every burden light.—*Cho.*



# Will You Stand up for Jesus?\*

(FOR REVIVAL MEETINGS.)

Words and music by  
Dr. J. D. VINTON.

163

1. Is there an - y - bod - y here who is seek - ing for Je - sus? Is there a - ny - bod - y here who is seek - ing for  
2. Is there an - y - bod - y here who will stand up for Je - sus? Is there a - ny - bod - y here who will stand up for  
Je - sus? Is there an - y - bod - y here who is seek - ing for Je - sus? Come, bro - ther, come, and we'll help you  
Je - sus? Is there an - y - bod - y here who will stand up for Je - sus?  
on your way, For you we are plead - ing; Oh! for you in - ter - ced - ing! Come sin - ner, come to Je - sus!

3. Is there anybody here who is longing for Jesus? &c.
4. Is there anybody here who will now follow Jesus? &c.
5. Sinner will you come and bow at the footstool of Jesus? &c.
6. Will you longer slight the call of a sin-pardoning Jesus? &c.
7. Oh! there'll be a time when some will be calling for Jesus, &c.

But, sinner, what if you find no pardon then?

Vain will be your pleading—

Oh! no one interceding;

Come, sinner, come to Jesus!

\* Words can be easily made for this tune as desired. For the word BROTHER, sister, sinner, &c., may be substituted as occasion requires.

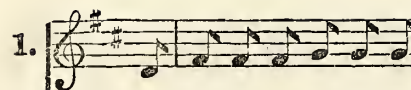


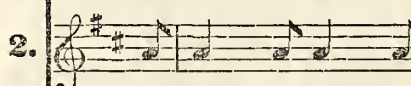
## Sabbath Morning.

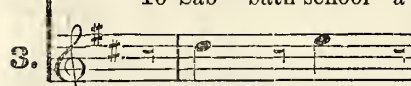
*Very Spiritedly.*

(A Round.)

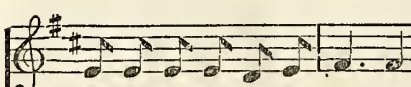
Arranged from FERRARI by Dr. J. D. VINTON.

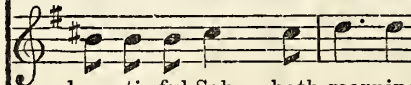
1.  A beau-ti-ful breeze and a cloudless sky, Pro-claim it a Sab - bath morning Be-fore the sun ri-ses, a - way we fly, Dull

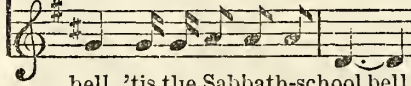
2.  To Sab - bath school a - way, . . . The sun the green hills is adorning, The face of all nature looks gay, 'Tis a

3.  Hark! hark! forward; 'tis the bell, 'tis the Sabbath-school bell! Hark! hark! forward; 'tis the

2d Hymn (Anniversary).

2.  sleep and a drowsy bed scorning.

3.  beau-ti-ful Sab - bath morning.

1.  bell, 'tis the Sabbath-school bell!

On! on! onward!  
'Tis our bright anniversary day! ♪: V.

3d Hymn (Temperance).

O drinkers and tipplers just stop awhile,  
And see what a step you're taking,  
As, stumbling and pitching in rowdy style,  
The laws of good sense you are breaking!

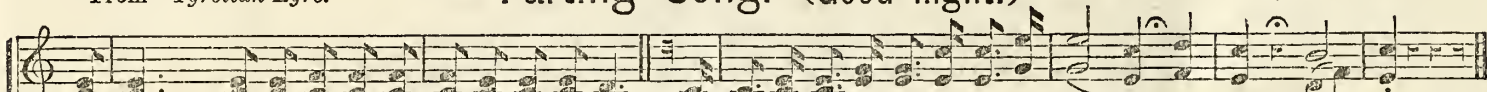
Come, quit your drinking now,  
And see if you cannot stop shaking!  
Only make a good temperance vow,  
And your limbs will at once stop aching.

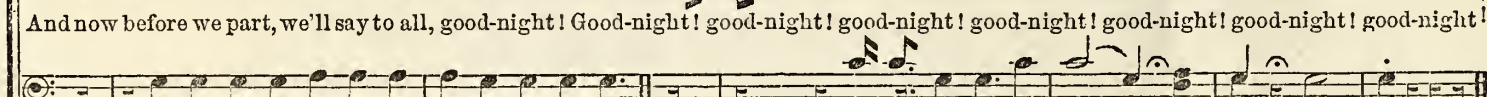
♪: Come! come! rally!  
Let us fight in the temperance cause! ♪: V.

From "Tyrolian Lyre."

## Parting Song. (Good-night.)

I. E. GOULD.

 And now before we part, we'll say to all, good-night! Good-night! good-night! good-night! good-night! good-night! good-night! good-night!

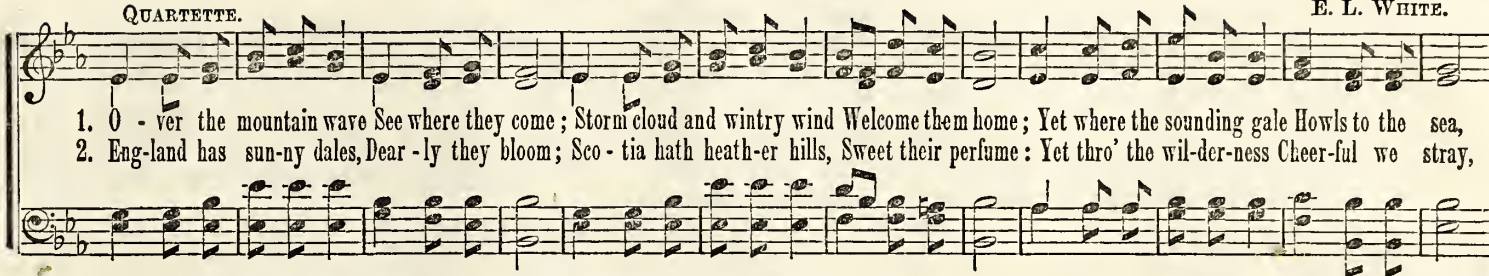
 And now before we part, &c.

# Over the Mountain Wave." (Patriotic.)

165

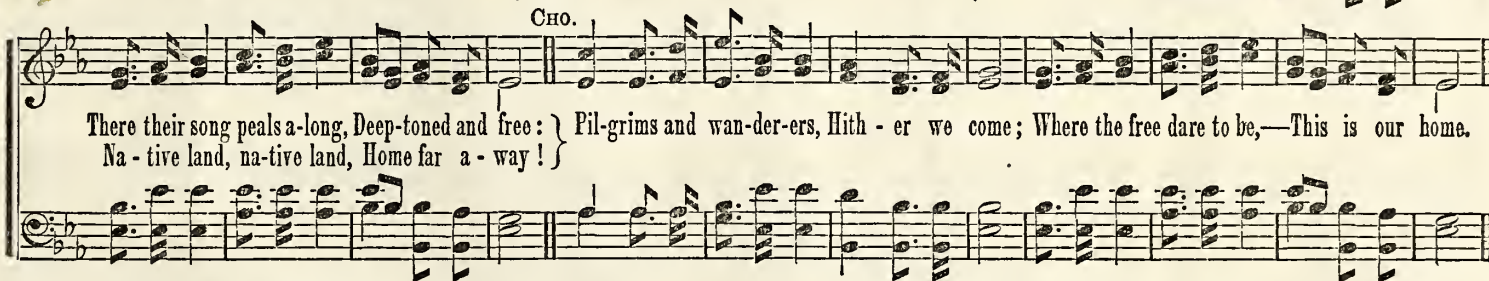
QUARTETTE.

E. L. WHITE.



1. O - ver the mountain wave See where they come ; Storm cloud and wintry wind Welcome them home ; Yet where the sounding gale Howls to the sea,  
2. Eng-land has sun-ny dales, Dear - ly they bloom ; Sco - tia hath heath-er hills, Sweet their perfume : Yet thro' the wil-der-ness Cheer-ful we stray,

CHO.



There their song peals a-long, Deep-toned and free : } Pil-grims and wan-der-ers, Hith - er we come ; Where the free dare to be,—This is our home.  
Na - tive land, na-tive land, Home far a - way ! }

3. Dim grew the forest-path—onward they trod ;—  
Firm beat their noble hearts, trusting in God !  
Grey men and blooming maids, high rose their song,  
Hear it sweep, clear and deep, ever along :—CHO.

4. Not theirs the glory-wreath torn by the blast ;  
Heavenward their holy steps, heavenward they part,  
Green be their mossy graves ! ours be their fame,  
While their song peals along, ever the same.—CHO.

## ADAM'S ALE,—Tune p. 33.

1. O come with me, and sing with glee,  
Each temperance son and daughter,  
A happy band, joined hand in hand,  
In praise of pure, cold water.

CHO.—This Adam's ale does not turn pale  
Nor human victims slaughter ;  
'Tis clear and bright as rays of light  
This pure life-giving water. (D.C.)

2. Fools may combine to sing of wine,  
Of whisky, gin, or porter ;

But we delight with all our might  
To sing of pure, cold water.—CHO.

3. Down mountain side behold it glide,  
A joy to son and daughter,  
From rocky cell, in shady dell,  
Springs forth the pure, cold water.—CHO.

4. Distilled on high, down from the sky  
It drops from every quarter,  
Man makes the wine, but hands divine  
Create the pure, cold water.—CHO.

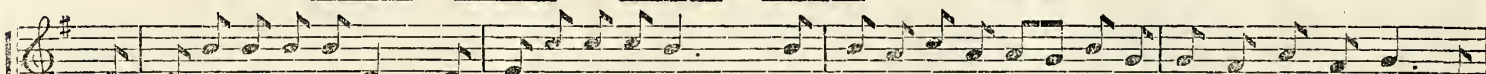
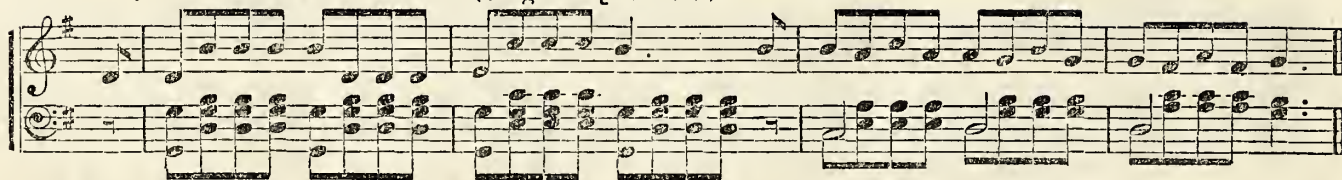
Rev. PETER STRYKER.



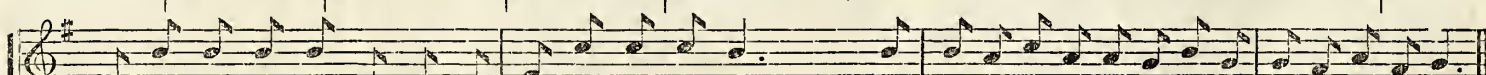
# I have a Darling Brother.

Words by Dr. J. D. VINTON.

(Song and Quartette.)



1. I have a darling broth-er, And Ed-die is his name, The dear-est lit-tle crea-ture On earth that ev-er came. His  
 2. I love my darling brother, So beau-ti-ful and fair, He's four years old to-mor-row, If God his life shall spare. His  
 3. O what a hap-py broth-er, When winter evenings come, And oft-times in the par-lor We all have met at home! His  
 4. But see! my darling brother Has ceased from all his fun; Around the room no long-er I see him light-ly run: But,

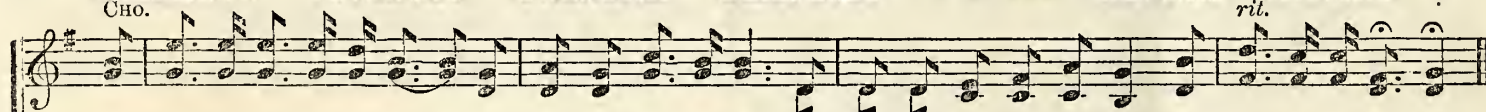


dimpled cheeks of ro-sy hue, His soft and cur-ly hair, His sparkling eyes of heavenly blue Are fairest of the fair.  
 play things numbered by the score—Af-ford him worlds of fun, As down among them on the floor He turns them one by one.  
 ma-gic voice so loud and clear—As round the room he runs,— Tells what a charm the Maker gives To all his lit-tle ones.  
 bowed be-side his moth-er's knee, He prays the Lord "to keep His precious soul," and with "good-night!" lie sweetly falls asleep.

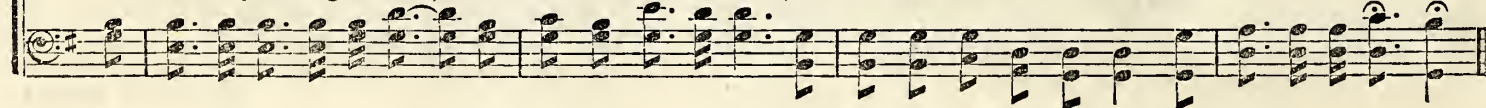


CHO.

*rit.*



O that's my darling broth-er, And Ed-die is his name; The dearest lit-tle crea-ture On earth that ev-er came!





# Now Good-Night!

167

*mf* DUETT. Cho.

1. Now good-night, now good-night, Work is ended with the light, Gold - en stars a - gain are beaming, From the arch of heaven  
2. Peace - ful night, peaceful night, Joys that made the earth so bright, Shall in dreams not all forsake us, 'Till a new day shall a -

1st. 2d.

gleam - ing, And the moon is smil - ing bright, Now good - night! Now good - night!  
wake us, In the realms of pure de - light, . . . . . Now good - night! good - night!

good - night!

## Poor Thing!

(Infant Class.)

Written for this Work.  
*Feelingly.*

1. Mother, this dark, rainy day My ca - na - ry flew away! Oh how I loved the little thing! His tiny eye, his yellow wing! And  
2. Left his home, poor silly thing! Food and water, perch and ring, Where all his time he spent in play, And where I thought he loved to stay. He  
3. Birdling boy, you too have flown From God's bosom; all alone Your precious soul has flown away; And while from Jesus, dear, you stay, The

how I loved to hear him sing!  
looked so mer - ry, seemed so gay. } "Poor lit - tle thing! poor lit - tle thing!"  
ho - ly an - gels, sigh - ing, say,

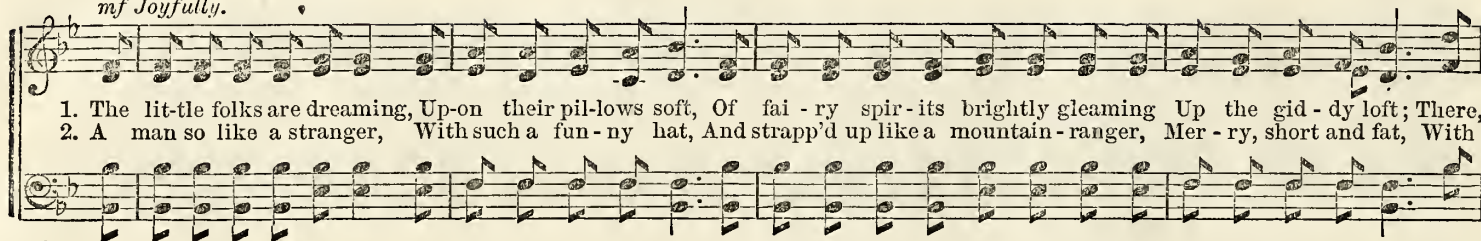
4. Should you grow up in your sin,  
Satan all your heart may win;  
Then you may learn to curse and swear,  
Then you the drunkard's woe may bear,  
And die at last in black despair.  
Poor thing! poor thing!

5. Darling, with the curly brow,  
Kneel and yield to Jesus now;  
Then he will take your sin away,  
Then from him you'll no farther stray,  
And o'er you none will ever say,  
"Poor thing! poor thing!"

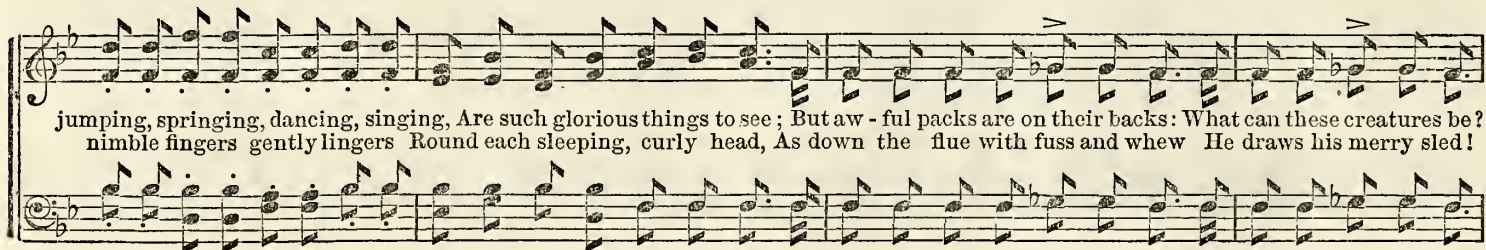
## Christmas Bells.

Words by Dr. J. D. VINTON.

J. E. GOULD.

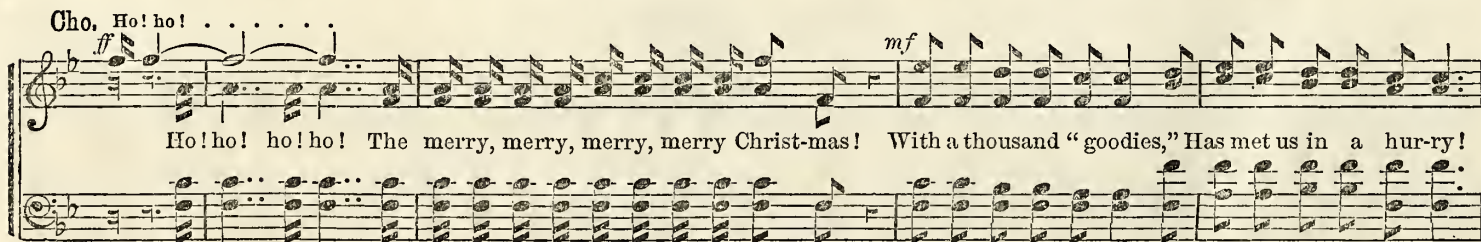
*mf Joyfully.*


1. The lit-tle folks are dreaming, Up-on their pil-lows soft, Of fai-ry spir-its brightly gleaming Up the gid-dy loft; There,  
2. A man so like a stranger, With such a fun-ny hat, And strapp'd up like a mountain-ranger, Mer-ry, short and fat, With

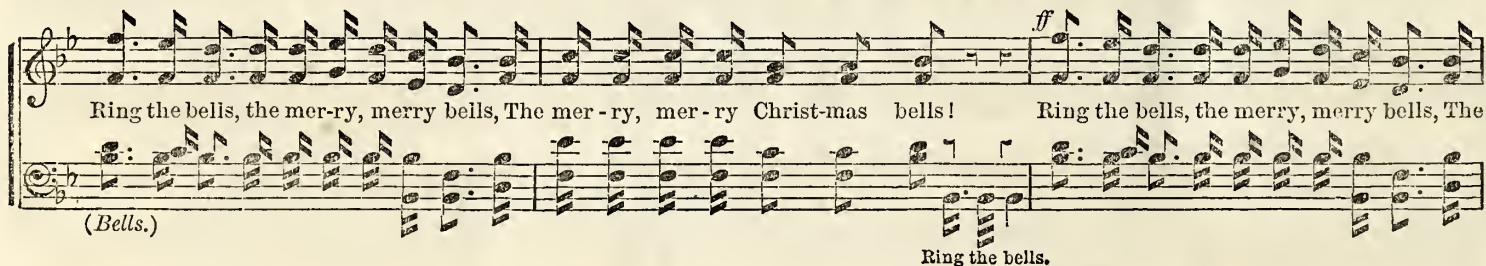


jumping, springing, dancing, singing, Are such glorious things to see; But aw-ful packs are on their backs: What can these creatures be?  
nimble fingers gently lingers Round each sleeping, curly head, As down the flue with fuss and whew He draws his merry sled!

Cho. Ho! ho! . . . . .



Ho! ho! ho! ho! The merry, merry, merry, merry Christ-mas! With a thousand "goodies," Has met us in a hur-ry!



Ring the bells, the mer-ry, merry bells, The mer-ry, mer-ry Christ-mas bells! Ring the bells, the merry, merry bells, The

(Bells.)

Ring the bells.



# Christmas Bells.—Concluded.

169

(Bells to \*)

merry, merry Christmas bells! Jing, jing, jing, jing, jing, jing, Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, how they ring! To and fro, how they go!

*mf*

*cres.* *f* *\** (Bells.)

Jing, jing, jing, jing, jing, jing, jing, jing, Jingle, jingle, jing they go! Once a - gain jin - gle the bells.

*mf*

Jing, jing, jing jing, jing, jing, jing, jing,

*\** *ff*

Ring the bells, the merry, merry bells: How they go, to and fro! All to - geth - er ring the bells, Jingle, jingle, jingle, ring the bells,

*ff*

jing, jing jing, jing, jing, jing, jing, jing.

*cres.* (Bells.)

Jin - gle, jin - gle, jingle, jin - gle, jin - gle, jin - gle, jin - gle, jin - gle, jin - gle they go!

Jin - gle, jin - gle, jin - gle, jin - gle.

3. The dreamers still in slumber  
 Enjoy a world of fun.  
 As pretty playthings without number  
 Quickly are undone;  
 Plum-cakes and candies—jumping dandies  
 Gay old Santa Claus supplies!  
 "Tis Christmas day," they hear him say,  
 And off again he flies.
- CHORUS.—Ho! ho! ho! &c.



## The Blushing Rose.

Words by C. EVEREST.

J. E. GOULD.

*mf* *pp* *mf* *pp* (Quartette.) *mf*

(\* With mouth closed.)

{ *d. c.* While passing by . . . the breezes sigh, . . . And say to me . . . that God is nigh, . . . And say to  
His voice is in . . . the mighty sea, . . . Thro' all his works . . . he speaks to me, . . . Thro' all his

*mf* *pp* *mf* *pp* *mf*

Thro' all his works he speaks to me, Thro' all his

*mf* *pp* *mf* *pp* *mf*

**FINE. Cho.**

me, that God is nigh. He made the sun, that shines by day, When night, when shades of night have

me that God is nigh. } He made the sun that shines by day, When shades of night, when shades of night have

works he speaks to me. } works, his works he speaks to me. He made the sun that shines by day, When night, when shades of night have

*mf* *pp* *mf* *pp* *mf*

pass'd, have pass'd a - way, He made . . . the stars to shine by night, When day withdraws her brighter light.

He made to shine by night, When day, &c.

He made to shine by night, When day, &c.

*d. c.* *d. c.*

2. The blushing rose and lily fair  
||: Proclaim the hand of God is there ; ||  
He gave their form, he gave their hue,  
He gave to them their fragrance too.—**Чо.**

3. Where'er we go we see his hand,  
||: Upon the deep, or on the land : ||  
We cannot from his presence flee,  
His Spirit e'er will follow thee.—**Чо.**

# Hear the Chief from his Pavilion.

171

Rev. WM. P. BREED, D.D.

"And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars: see that ye be not troubled; for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet."—MATT. XXIV. 6.

J. E. GOULD

SOLO.—*Ad lib.*

1st.

2d.

Cho.

{ Hear the Chief from his pavilion, From the stirring battle's marge; }  
 { Foes begird you by the million, . . . . . } Up and at them, soldiers, charge! Boldly strike and

*f.*

*rit.* . . . . . *tem.* *ff*

en - ter in; Reck not tho' the scoffer scout you— Glory, glory, you shall win!

2. Woe to those at ease in Zion,  
 Lounging on luxurious beds;  
 Hasten whither Judah's Lion  
 His embattled legions leads.  
 Draw the sabre, &c.

3. This a time for dance and revel!  
 Now, when like a mighty flood,  
 Legions of the Lion Devil  
 Fill the earth with shame and blood!  
 Draw the sabre, &c.

4. Rest not, soon in heaven's tower,  
 You shall lay your weapons down;  
 Wreathe your brow in triumph's bower  
 With the amaranthine crown.  
 Draw the sabre, &c.

## One by One. 7. Or 8, 7.

Words by MISS PROCTER.

Solo.—*Sop. or Ten.*

J. E. GOULD.

1. One by one the sands are flowing, One by one the moments fall; Some are coming, some are going; Do not strive to grasp them all.  
 2. One by one thy griefs shall meet thee; Do not fear an armed band; One will fade while others greet thee, Shadows passing thro' the land.  
 3. Hours are golden links, God's token, Reaching heaven, but one by one; Take them lest the chain be broken, Ere thy pilgrimage be done.



## Harvard. H. M.

From "Modern Harp."—J. E. GOULD.

1. O Si-on, tune thy voice, And lift thy hands on high; Tell all the world thy joys, And shout sal - va - tion nigh;  
2. He gilds the mourning face With beams that cannot fade; His all-re - splend-ent grace He pours a - round thy head;

ALTO. Sop.  
Cheer - ful in God, a - rise and shine; While rays di - vine stream all . . a - broad.  
The na - tions round thy form shall view, With lus - tre new di - vine - - ly crowned.

Cheerful A-rise While rays stream all a - broad.

Words by WATTS.  
*Spiritedly.*

## Creation. L. P. M.

Arranged from HAYDN.  
By J. E. GOULD.

1. I love the vo - lume of thy word; What light and joy those leaves af-ford, To souls be-night-ed and distressed!  
2. Who knows the er - rors of his thoughts? My God! for-give my se - cret faults, And from presumptuous sins restrain;

Thy pre-cepts guide my doubt-ful way, Thy fear for-bids my feet to stray, Thy pro-mise leads my heart to rest.  
Ac-cept my poor at-tempts of praise, That I have read thy book of grace, And book of na - ture, not in vain.

Thy precepts guide



# INDEX.

A BEAUTIFUL BREEZE.....	164	Blessed be the Lord....( <i>Chant</i> )	95	Dear bower of prayer.....	87	Glory be to God.....( <i>Chant</i> )	134
Abide with me.....	64	Blessed comfort.....	44	Dear Canaan of promise.....	154	Glory to thee, my God.....	118
A charge to keep.....	124	Blest be the tie.....	111	Dearest Saviour, for me.....	80	Glowing bright.....	27
A crown of glory bright.....	35	Blest is the hour.....( <i>Chant</i> )	61	Dedication hymn.....	87	Go and sow.....	58
Adams.....	106	Blow ye the trumpet.....	27	Defend the poor.....	151	Go and tell Jesus.....	75
Adam's ale.....	165	Boylston.....	110	Dennis.....	72	God bless our school.....	159
Adrian.....	125	Bowring.....	89	Do the children know.....	136	God is love.....	52
After the Christian's ( <i>Chant</i> )	24	Brightest and best.....	68	Downs.....	114	God is love, the silver.....	155
Aiken.....	161	Brother! rest from sin.....	99	Dundee.....	114	God is near me.....	44
Alas! and did my Saviour.....	118	Brown.....	106	EARTHLY BLISS.....	83	Going home.....	77
A little while.....( <i>Chant</i> )	91	By cool Siloam's.....	122	Eastertide.....	154	Good-night.....	164
All hail the power of Jesus'..	88	By Ganga's dark gliding.....	47	Eckardtshcim.....	83	Grateful praise.....	32
America.....	102	CALM.....	71	Elizabethtown.....	106	Gratitude.....	138
Anchored fast.....	22	Cease here longer to detain...	99	Even me.....	86	Guide me, O thou.....	70
And now before we part.....	164	Children, come.....	154	Evening.....	78		
Another happy, golden year..	156	Children, hear the Saviour's..	15	Evening shades are falling...	89	HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS.....	112
Another year has passed.....	144	Children of the.....	160	Eventide.....	64	Hail.....( <i>Male voices</i> )	67
Any room for Jesus.....	22	Children, think of God's.....	109	Eventide.....( <i>Chant</i> )	65	Hallelujah chorus.....	130
Arlington.....	114	Christian, see! the orient.....	113	Except a man be born ( <i>Chant</i> )	135	Halting still.....	21
A sinner saved by grace.....	144	Christmas bells.....	168	FADING DAY.....	153	Hamburg.....	116
As o'er the past.....	151	Christ the Lord.....	105	Far beyond this world.....	124	Hark! how the songs.....	3
A starless crown.....	34	Christ was born.....	85	Father, whate'er.....	31	Hark! the herald angels.....	57
As through the storms.....	21	Climbing up Zion's.....	98	Federal Street.....	81	Hark! the voice of Jesus.....	112
As when the weary traveler...	139	Closing responses.....	135	Ferguson.....	124	Hark! what mean.....	79
At the door.....	40	Come and help.....	136	Florence.....	158	Harold.....	158
Autumn.....	54	Come, come to that home.....	7	Flow on.....	146	Harvard.....	172
Awake, ye saints.....	100	Come, Holy Spirit.....	107	Folsom.....( <i>Male voices</i> )	138	Have you any room.....	22
		Come, humble sinner.....	115	Ford.....	139	Haydn.....	73
BAVARIA.....	32	Come, let our voices.....	32	For ever with the Lord.....	107	Hear the chief.....	171
Beautiful faces.....	45	Come, thou fount.....	118	Fountain.....	150	Hear the voice of Jesus.....	14
Beautiful home above.....	119	Come to Jesus.....	146	Frequent the day.....	147	Heavenly rest.....	39
Beautiful river.....	18	Come to Jesus, erring.....	54	From all that dwell.....	78	Heber.....	106
Behold a stranger.....	117	Consider the lilies.....( <i>Chant</i> )	109	From every stormy wind.....	78	He spake and all was still....	42
Bemerton.....	161	Coronation.....	88	From Greenland's icy.....	118	Hill.....( <i>Male voices</i> )	93
Be not afraid.....	43	Coventry.....	11	From this bleak hill...( <i>Chant</i> )	139	Holy Bible, well I.....	79
Bera.....	47	Creation.....	172			Holy, holy, holy Lord.....	90
Best or not.....	36	Cross and crown.....	53	GEER.....	161	Horton.....	160
Bethany.....	102	DARE TO BE TRUE.....	145	Gerar.....	110	How gentle God's.....	73
Be thou, O God.....	63	Dare to do right.....	145	Give, give willingly.....	149	How shall the young..	151
Beyond life's raging fever....	55	Darling, go to rest.....	89	Give me the wings.....	107	How sweet is the sight.....	28
Beyond the smiling.....91,	155	Day is gone.....( <i>Round</i> )	5	Gloria in Excelsis.....( <i>Chant</i> )	134	How sweet the hour.....	78
Beyond the vale.....	55					How sweet the name.....	83

How sweet to be allowed.....	142	Jesus, as now we.....	5	Milwaukee.....	123	O give thanks unto....( <i>Chant</i> )	94
How tedious and tasteless.....	148	Jesus bids us shine.....	85	Miltona.....	150	O happy is the man.....	158
How vain are all things.....	161	Jesus hath sought us.....	141	Missionary Chant.....	127	O holy Saviour.....	43
Hummel.....	100	Jesus, I live.....	51	Morning.....	46	O how I love Jesus.....	9
Hymn for Easter.....	105	Jesus, I love thy.....	115	Mother, this dark.....	167	O how I love thy.....	151
Hymn for peace ( <i>Male voices</i> )	137	Jesus is mine.....	33	Mozart.....	57	O how my spirit longs.....	119
I AM SITTING.....	58	Jesus, little children's friend	33	Must Jesus bear.....	53	O land of rest, for thee.....	123
I cannot always.....	89	Jesus, lover of my soul.....	103	My country, 'tis of thee.....	103	O Lord, our Governor ( <i>Anth.</i> )	126
If you have a pleasant.....	56	Jesus paid it all.....	39	My days are gliding.....	48	O merrily, merrily....( <i>Round</i> )	161
I have a darling brother.....	166	Jesus, tender Saviour.....	53	My faith looks.....	103	O praise ye the Lord....( <i>Anth.</i> )	123
I have a Saviour.....	12	Jesus, the water of.....	19	My God, is any.....	81	O Saviour, keep us.....	93
I have entered the valley.....	20	Jewels.....	16	My God, my Father....( <i>Chant</i> )	61	O Saviour, mine.....	33
I heard a voice.....	23	Joy among the angels.....	67	My good-night prayer.....	33	O Sion, tune thy voice.....	172
I heard the voice of Jesus say	11	Joyful away.....	12	My heavenly home.....	125	O shall I wear.....	34
I know not if or dark.....	36	Joyful hosannas.....	141	My home in heaven.....	7	O take me kindly.....	49
I know there's a crown.....	50	Joyfully, joyfully.....	69	My Jesus, I love thee.....	97	O welcome day, that.....	82
I lay my sins.....	107	Just as I am.....	143	My lambs.....	38	O what a precious book.....	92
I'll do my duty.....	37	Just as thou art.....	21	My precious class.....	142	O what can you tell.....	6
I loved them so.....	38	Just over the river.....	74	My Saviour stands.....	40	O where shall rest.....	72
I love the volume of thy.....	172	KEDRON CHANT.....	11	My Saviour, 'tis sweet.....	73	O who'll be there.....	29
I love thy kingdom.....	111	LABAN.....	110	My soul, be on.....	111	Old Hundred.....	63
I love to steal a while away...	107	Leggatt.....( <i>Male voices</i> )	147	My soul, repeat.....	111	Olivet.....	102
I'm a pilgrim.....	118	Let us fight.....	84	My soul, what hast thou.....	47	Once more before.....	72
I'm a soldier.....	129	Little birds of the.....	86	My times are in.....( <i>Chant</i> )	135	One by one we cross.....	143
I'm not ashamed.....	75	Little child, why.....	45	My whole dear class.....	142	One by one the sands.....	171
I'm trying to climb.....	98	Little drops of water.....	56	NEARER, MY GOD.....	103	One sweetly solemn....( <i>Chant</i> )	24
In earth's blighted garden.....	152	Little pebble.....	6	Newbold.....	150	One there is above.....	57
In her grave robes.....	104	Little soldier of the cross.....	129	No crumb for me.....	15	On Jordan's stormy.....	77
In the Christian's home.....	23	Logan.....	150	No more, my God.....	138	On this Christmas.....	14
Into the ark.....	97	Look up.....	21	Not all the blood.....	111	On those jeweled.....	25
I send the joys.....	138	Lord, have mercy.....	141	Nothing either great.....	39	Opening hymn.....	5
Is there anybody.....	163	Lord, I hear.....	86	Now good-night.....	167	Orient morning.....	113
Is thy heart.....	80	Lord, in the morning.....	115	Now I resolve.....	117	Our Christmas tree.....	108
I stood outside the gate.....	65	Lord, let me know.....	161	Now the Sabbath eve.....	148	Our Father God.....	71
It cannot be.....	90	Lord, we come.....	161	O CARRY ME OVER.....	154	Our Father, who art.....	134
I trust the Lord.....	104	Love at home.....	96	O Christian, look up.....	62	Our Jesus.....	86
I've a home.....	74	Love divine.....	54	O come, let us sing....( <i>Chant</i> )	95	Our song of triumph.....	76
I've been thinking....( <i>Chant</i> )	60	Luella.....	53	O come with me.....	165	Outside the gate.....	65
I was a wand'ring sheep.....	152	MAKE HASTE.....	16	O could our thoughts.....	11	Our welcome anniversary.....	153
I was glad when.....( <i>Chant</i> )	95	March along.....	76	O drinkers and tipplers.....	164	Over the mountain.....	165
I will seek my Father.....	122	Marching on.....	31	O for a closer walk.....	53	Over there.....	136
I would not live alway.....	29	May I go to the.....	47	O for a heart.....	107	PALMS OF GLORY.....	133
JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.....	46	May the grace of.....	77	O for a shout of.....	88	Parting song.....	156
Jesus, and shall.....	117						



Passing, Lord.....	15	Songs of gladness.....	3	The polar star.....	69	We are coming.....	83
Pass over to thy.....( <i>Chant</i> )	139	Soon will our weeping.....	71	The prodigal son.....	34	We are ready.....	84
Pisgah's mountain.....	12	Spanish hymn.....	102	The Sabbath-school.....	93	We are watching.....	51
Point high your arrow.....	5	St. Brides.....	101	The shadow of the Rock.....	30	Weary wanderer.....	69
Poor thing.....	167	St. Thomas.....	110	The silver brook.....	155	We dedicate.....	87
Powers.....( <i>Male voices</i> )	153	Submission.....	54	The Spirit in our.....	35	We dwell this side.....	26
Praise God from whom.....	63	Sunday-school battle song.....	31	The sweetest voice.....	23	Welcome home.....	147
Praise we our God.....	13	Sun of my soul.....	66	The throne of grace.....	52	We'll wait till.....	123
Praying for you.....	12	Sweet by-and-by.....	160	The valley of blessing.....	20	We meet for evening.....	72
Purves.....	144	Sweet hour of prayer.....	62	The water of life.....	19	We love the Sabbath-school.....	82
		Sweet Sabbath bells.....	81	The winds were howling.....	42	We're climbing.....	41
RESPONSES TO COMMANDMENTS	141	Sweet the moments.....	32	There is a fountain.....	151	We're traveling home.....	162
Resting in the Shepherd's.....	104	Sweet thought, my God.....	39	There is a land, a.....	162	What light.....	63
Retreat.....	116	Sweet was the time.....	42	There is a land of bliss.....	91	What then.....( <i>Chant</i> )	24
Return, O wanderer.....( <i>Chant</i> )	135	Swell the songs.....	34	There is a place.....	92	What shall I do.....	100
Robinson.....	77			There is a realm.....	147	When bright all around.....	28
Rockingham.....	116	TAKE MY HEART.....	8	There is a spot.....	52	When he cometh.....	13
Rock of Ages.....	158	Taylor.....( <i>Male voices</i> )	59	There is a stream.....	117	When I can read.....	42
Rockwood.....( <i>Male voices</i> )	157	The angel boatman.....	143	There is beauty.....	96	When no more horrid.....	137
Roll on.....	71	The angel choir.....	79	There is joy.....	67	When the morn is.....	122
		The arrow shall rest.....	137	There's a bright hall.....	36	When thou prayest.....	140
SABBATH MORN.....	27	The beauteous day.....	51	There's a crown.....	50	When thou shalt.....	98
Sabbath morning.....	164	The beautiful.....	45	There's a land.....	160	When we are called.....	49
Salvation, O the joyful sound	88	The blushing rose.....	170	There's a wonderful tree.....	159	When we get home.....	48
Saviour, breathe.....	59	The children are coming.....	4	These are the crowns.....	49	When we our weary.....	138
Saviour, keep a.....	93	The Christmas tree.....	108	Thine holy day's returning...	10	Where is thy rest.....	80
Saviour, like a.....	59	The day has come.....	144	This is the day.....	115	While my Redeemer's.....	101
Saviour, visit thy.....	18	The day is past.....	67	Though the clouds are.....	37	While passing by.....	170
Saviour, who thy flock.....	123	The golden nine.....	152	Thou dear Redeemer.....	151	While thee I seek.....	115
Say, brothers, will you.....	6	The gospel ark.....	97	Thoughts of home.....( <i>Chant</i> )	60	Who are these.....	4
Searcher of hearts.....( <i>Chant</i> )	157	The hall of banqueting.....	36	Thou mansion bright.....	9	Who is he.....	162
Serene I laid me.....	125	The heavens declare.....( <i>Chant</i> )	94	Thy will be done ( <i>Chant</i> ).....	61	Willingly give.....	149
Shall we gather at the river..	18	The hour of prayer.....	81	To leave my dear friends.....	87	Will you stand.....	163
Sidonia.....	143	The hours on eagle.....	21	To prayer—for the.....( <i>Chant</i> )	61	With joy we.....	118
Silent river.....	70	The little folks.....	168	To prayer, to prayer...( <i>Chant</i> )	60	With merry lay.....	108
Siloam.....	122	The Lord doth build...( <i>Anth.</i> )	120	Tossed with rough winds.....	43	With tearful eyes.....	117
Singing for Jesus.....	68	The Lord is in.....	66	Tossing on the billow.....	22	Woodworth.....	138
Singing from the heart.....	56	The Lord, my Shepherd.....	153	To thee, O precious.....	10	Work for the night.....	17
Sitting at the feet of Jesus...	8	The Lord's prayer.....( <i>Chant</i> )	134	UTICA.....	72		
Sitting at the portal.....	58	The Lord's prayer...( <i>paraph.</i> )	140	WAITING BY THE SILENT.....	70	YE CHRISTIAN HEROES.....	127
Softly now the light.....	153	The morning bright.....	55	Wake, O my soul.....	46	Yes, my native land.....	157
Something for God.....	101	The mount of blessing.....	41	Ward.....	116	Your mission.....	112
Something, my God.....	101	The other side.....	26	Warwick.....	114	Youthful days.....	10
Song for pic-nics.....	144	The pity of the Lord.....	111	We are but young.....	17	ZION'S GLAD MORNING.....	112
Song of the little wanderer... 109		The place for me.....	92				



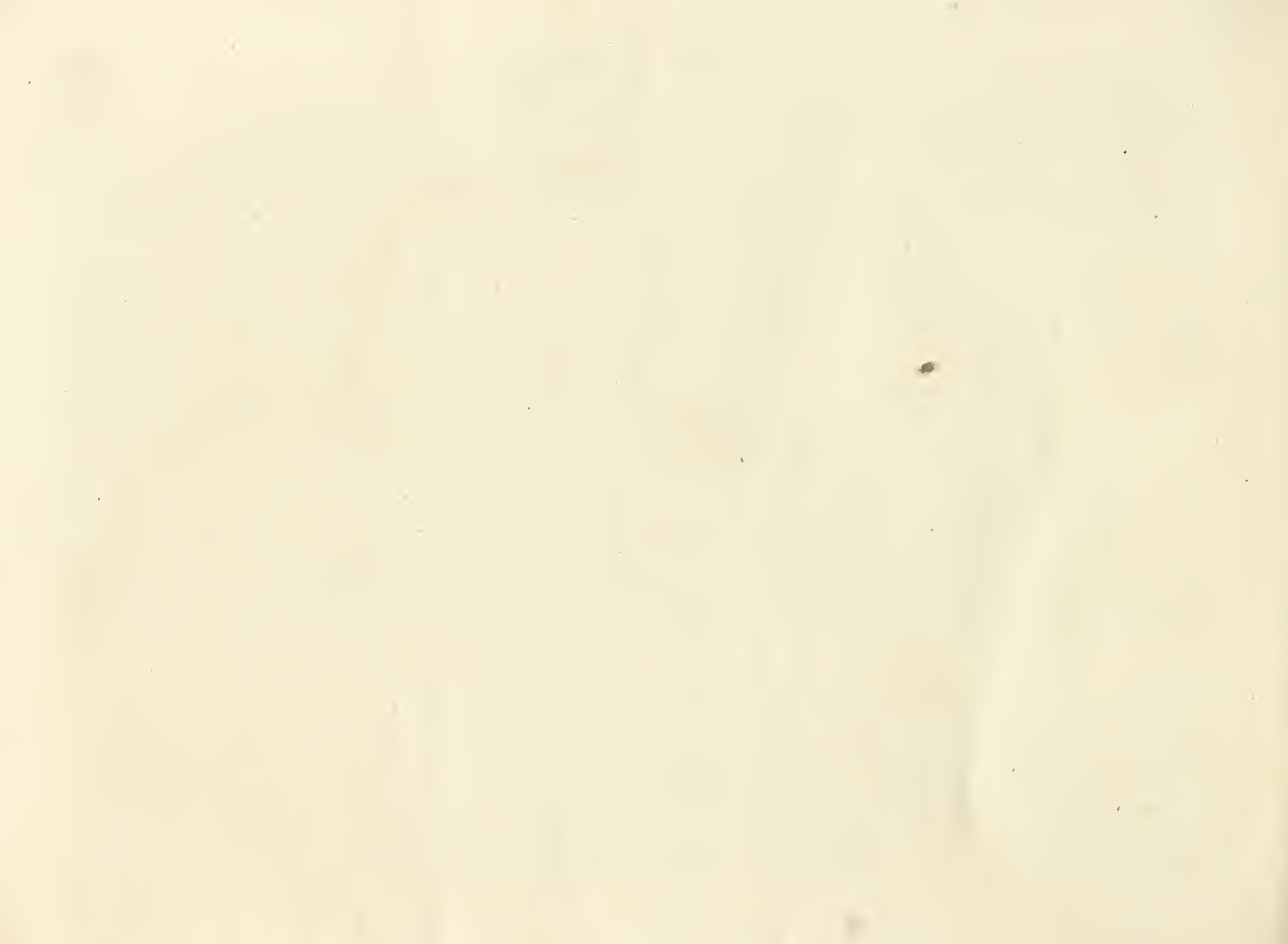
## METRICAL INDEX.

<b>L. M.</b>		Dundee.....	114	Hall.....( <i>Male voices</i> )	67	The Angel Choir.....	79	Sitting at the Feet....	8
BERA.....	47	Eckardtshiem.....	83	Haydn.....	73	Where is thy Rest.....	80	Taylor....( <i>Male voices</i> )	59
Bowring.....( <i>Quebec</i> )	89	Elizabethtown.....	106	Laban.....	110	When we get Home... 48			
Evening.....	78	Florence.....	158	Powers...( <i>Male voices</i> )	153			7, 6:	
Federal Street.....	81	Fountain.....	150	Purves.....	144	8, 7, 4.		I WILL SEEK.....	122
Folsom....( <i>Male voices</i> )	138	Geer.....	161	St. Brides.....	101	ORIENT MORNING.....	113	Youthful Days.....	10
Ford.....	139	Going Home.....	77	St. Thomas.....	110	Rockwood, <i>Male voices</i>	157		
Gratitude.....	138	Heavenly Rest.....	39	Utica.....	72			8, 5.	
Hamburg.....	116	Heber.....	106			8, 6.		SUBMISSION.....	54
Missionary Chant.....	127	Ife Spake.....	42	<b>H. M.</b>		THOU MANSION.....	9		
Morning.....	46	How Sweet.....	142	HARVARD.....	172			6, 4.	
Old Hundred.....	63	Hummel.....	100	<b>L. P. M.</b>		8.		AMERICA.....	102
Retreat.....	116	Kedron Chant.....	11	CREATION.....	172	SIDONIA.....	148	Bethany.....	102
Roekingham.....	116	Leggatt..( <i>Male voices</i> )	147					Grateful Praise.....	32
Roll on.....	71	Logan.....	150	8, 7.				Olivet.....	102
Sun of my soul.....	66	Miltona.....	150	ANY ROOM.....	22	AIKEN.....	161		
Ward.....	116	Newbold.....	150	Autumn.....	54	Hark! the Herald....	57	6, 5.	
Woodworth.....	138	Searcher of Hearts..	157	Bavaria.....	32	Harold.....	158	LUELLA.....	53
		Siloam.....	122	Blessed Comfort.....	44	Holy, holy.....	90		
		The Place for Me....	92	Brother, Rest.....	99	Horton.....	160	10.	
		These are the Crowns	49	Fading Day.....	153	Hymn for Easter.....	105	ABIDE WITH ME.....	64
		Warwick.....	114	Go and Sow.....	58	Mozart.....	57	Eventide.....	64
		We're traveling Home	162	God is Love.....	52	One by One.....	171		
				Hill.....( <i>Male voices</i> )	99	Palms of Glory.....	133	11.	
		<b>S. M.</b>		Milwaukee.....	123	Roek of Ages.....	158	DEAR CANNAN..	154
		ADRIAN.....	125	Mozart.....	57	Spanish Hymn.....	102		
		Boylston.....	110	One by One.....	171	Taylor....( <i>Male voices</i> )	59	11, 10.	
		Dennis.....	72	Palms of Glory.....	133	The Silver Brook.....	155	ZION'S GLAD MORNING	112
		Ferguson.....	124	Robinson.....	77				
		Gerar.....	110	Sitting at the feet....	8				

## INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

ANNIVERSARIES, CONCERTS, ETC., 3, 5, 83, 108, 141, 144, 152, 156, 164.	Country, 103, 165.	Giving, 136, 149.	Morning, 71, 115, 122, 164.	Revivals, 86, 146, 162, 163.
Bible, 5, 79, 92, 104.	Death, 38, 91, 99, 104, 155.	Infant class, 4, 33, 45, 55, 56, 85, 89, 93, 109, 167.	Monthly concert, 136.	Sabbath, 10, 27, 81, 115, 142.
Chants, 24, 60, 61, 65, 94, 95, 109, 134, 135, 141, 157.	Dedication, 87.	Male voices, 59, 60, 67, 91, 99, 137, 138, 147, 153, 157.	Occasional, 165, 166, 167, 168, 170.	Sabbath-schools, 4, 82, 92, 93, 142, 159.
Christmas, 13, 14, 57, 79, 85, 108, 159, 168.	Dismissal, 72, 77.	Missionary, 15, 37, 46, 47, 72, 112, 113, 127, 136.	Opening, 5, 16, 21, 52, 64, 66, 71, 81, 90, 142.	Teachers' meetings, 17, 22, 101.
Closing, 5, 72.	Doxologies, 63, 78.		Peace, 137.	Temperance, 164, 165.
	Easter, 105, 154, 13.		Pic-nics, 144.	
	Evening, 59, 67, 78, 122, 148, 153, 164, 167.		Poor, 109, 151.	
	Farewell, 157.			















ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1, 1859.

# THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

JOHN S. HART, LL.D.,  
I. NEWTON BAKER, A.M., } Editors

During the past ten years this journal has constantly aided in the work and taken note of the progress of the Sabbath-school in all its varied departments. Its information and encouragement have been drawn from the earnest, active superintendents, teachers and other friends of the cause of all denominations, in our own as well as other lands. With the first of January it entered upon a new career of usefulness, by the publication of a weekly lesson for teachers, fresh from the pen of a deep thinker, a vigorous writer and a practical worker. These lessons for 1869 are upon the general theme of

## "THE LAST YEAR OF OUR LORD'S MINISTRY."

They are eminently practical, and possess especial interest for all who are engaged in the Sunday-school work.

## THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES

Covers a field unoccupied by any other religious weekly published, and is intended for

**SUPERINTENDENTS, PASTORS, PEOPLE,**  
**LIBRARIANS, TEACHERS, PARENTS,**  
**SCHOLARS, CHILDREN.**

Indeed it is for all, of whatsoever age or condition, who are either enlisted or interested in the proper instruction of the young.

We publish Sunday-school intelligence from all parts of this country as well as from abroad, and keep our readers constantly informed in regard to improvements that are continually taking place everywhere; as "our field is the world." *Valuable Premiums* are given to all who will interest themselves in obtaining new subscribers.

A sample copy of the paper sent *free* to any one on application.

J. C. GARRIGUES & CO., Publishers,  
No. 608 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

Price \$1.50 a year, in advance.

"SONGS OF GLADNESS," in board covers, per 100 copies, \$30. In paper covers, \$25.

The only weekly paper for Sunday-school workers.

Every Superintendent and Teacher should be a subscriber.